THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Danger—Run Slow: By Sinclair Lewis

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DANGER—RUN SLOW

New Adventures in Free Air

By Sinclair Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

WITH darkness, as cañons below the track and overhanging bowlders and candid sky turned all into a mystery of black that seemed a little to menace the climbing train, the passengers in the club car on the Seattle flyer began to stir in their seats and turn toward one another. The Cascades had stirred their travel-drugged interest, but now, with the Pacific and journey's end only a few hours away, they roused nervously.

Yet the pleasantest-looking person on the car, the slim quick girl in the sports suit that hinted of recent mud and grease, sat low and still in her chair, rubbed her knuckles, and glanced at the passengers as though she was devoting to each of them a thoughtful and individual hatred.

She was violently engaged in falling out of love.

Her name was Claire Boltwood, of the Boltwoods of Brooklyn Heights. With her father she had just motored from Minneapolis over two thousand miles of prairie and mountain to a valley of the Cascades. There, weary of pounding the endless roads, they had left the car, to finish by train their journey to Seattle.

It had been motoring of the kind which the Sunday-afternoon driver dreams about—morning after fresh morning going on, each hilltop revealing a new world. Yet for Claire it had not been motoring at all, but an adventure in living, a time of high enchantment, when the choking proprieties had been torn away, and she had been permitted to taste fresh air—and dust. She, who had been reared to maids and chauffeurs, had learned to do things for herself; to get the car down swooping mountain roads when the brakes were slack; to change a casing at night, in the long gloom of a national-forest trail; to face hobos and surly innkeepers. And she, who had always known pretty boys with white flannels and rackets and families, had for playmate found a garageman.

He was a young garageman, with gay eyes and a fine forehead. His name was Milt Daggett, and he was the genuine American, for whom no limits were set save his own weaknesses or blindness. She had met him on the road, at a village called Schoenstrom, in Minnesota, where he repaired cars and wondered about the great world. One talk with her had abruptly determined him to go to Seattle and study engineering at the university. To help her in need he had kept his nimble, absurd Teal bug close to her big Gomez-Dep all the way. They had shared the thrills and tediousness of the trail till, when they had parted, this same evening, she had decided that she was in love with him, and had let him guess her half-hysteric fondness.

His own car had been wrecked, and he was to drive hers on to Seattle. They planned that there—oh, they should see all the wonderful things which a city girl can show to an eager lad from the backwoods. She was to teach him the ways of forks and operas and gossip. At the station she had hotly waved good-by. Then quite suddenly she had seen him not as a vigorous young god, gloriously close to earth, but as a garageman in an inferior sweater; and in a panic she had wondered if she wasn't a fool.

This interesting and absorbing speculation remained with her. It is an invaluable way to kill time on trains, but is otherwise not recommended.

She remembered the man whom, vaguely, she had always expected to be bullied into marrying—Mr. Geoffrey Saxton, of Brooklyn, otherwise Jeff; tall, dry, capable, humorlessly humorous, twenty years older; a man so used to saying No to his subordinates in the great copper-mining corporation that he could not hear her frequent quavering Noes.

"I Know What You Mean. I Like You for Being So Understanding. But—I Do Like You. Let's Have a Walk, and Try to Laugh Again"

It chanced that Jeff Saxton had joined the Boltwoods—Claire and her father, the good Henry B.—for an hour or two on the way. He had seen Milt Daggett then, and Claire had uncomfortably realized that to Saxton, the man of affairs, the boy was merely a crude workman. Jeff would merely have laughed in his dismayingly kindly way if she had told him that in Milt she found rousing companionship, all the wonder of youth pilgrimaging with youth.

Now, approaching Seattle and her cousins, the Gilsons, Claire felt weakly the impossibility of explaining Milt to the people of her own world and Jeff Saxton's. She had been unfortunate enough to encounter on the train two people whom she had known back home in Brooklyn, and had found herself unable even to mention Milt. What, then, could she do when the boy innocently came on to Seattle, and expected to meet her cousins?

She saw no way out—except cruelty.

And so her story, which had seemed ended, was begun.

The end of every comedy is the commencement of a tragedy. When the wedding bells have sounded their pink gayety and the author with considerable weariness and an interested thought of royalties leaves the happy couple surrounded by kisses and presents, and indicates that this is The End—then it is time for another author to creep in and reveal the actual story, with the tragedies of dull evenings and social slights and sickness and the loss of bachelor friends, with the drama of enduring loyalty and of pride in children that is so much more alive than courtship's tepid experiments, with the abrupt disaster or the glorious endurance of the effort, and all the deep sweet humanness of the trudging years.

So now, when Claire Boltwood and Milt Daggett believed that their real story was the motor flight in which they had found the easy and romantic companionship of outdoors, this typical prelude of an unengaged young man meeting a disengaged young woman was over, and their real struggle with life was beginning.

II

CLAIRE could only mutter in growing panic: "I'm crazy. Insane! Pledging myself to this boy before I know how he will turn out. Will he learn anything at the university besides engineering? I know it—I do want to stroke his cheek and—his kiss frightened me, but —— Shall I hate him when I see him with nice people? Can I introduce him to the Gilsons? Oh, I was mad; so sure I was a romantic heroine and—and I'm simply an indecisive girl in a realistic muddle!"

Threatened by darkness and the sinister evening chill of the mountains, with the train no longer cheerfully climbing the rocky ridge but rumbling and snorting in the defiles, and startling her with agitating forward leaps as though the brakes had let go, she could not endure the bleak observation platform, and even less could she endure sitting in the chair car, eyed by the smug tourists—people as empty of her romance as they were incapable of her sharp tragedy. She balanced forward to the vestibule. She tried to look out into the fleeing darkness; she tried to imagine that the train was carrying her away from the pursuing enemy—from her own weak self.

Her father, her companion on the drive, came puffing and lip-pursing and jolly, to take her to dinner. Mr. Boltwood had no tearing meditations; he had a healthy

interest in soup. But he glanced at her, across the bright, sleek dining table; he seemed to study her; and suddenly Claire saw that he was a very wise man. His look hinted, "You're worried, my dear," but his voice ventured nothing beyond comfortable drawling stories to which she had only, from the depth of her gloomy brooding, to nod mechanically.

She got a great deal of satisfaction and horror out of watching two traveling men after dinner. Milt had praised the race, and one of the two traveling men—a slender, clear-faced youngster—was rather like Milt, despite plastered hair, a watch chain slung diagonally across his waistcoat, maroon silk socks, and shoes of pearl buttons, gray tops and patent-leather bottoms. The other man was a butter ball.

Both of them had harshly pompous voices—the proudly unlettered voices of the smoking compartment.

The slender man was roaring: "Yes, sir, he's got a great proposition there—believe me, he's got a great proposition—he's got one great little factory there, take it from me. He can turn out toothpicks to compete with Michigan. He's simply piling up the shekels—why, say, he's got a house with eighteen rooms—every room done different."

Claire wondered whether Milt, when the sting and faith of romance were blunted, would engage in great propositions, and fight for the recognition of his—toothpicks. Would his creations be favorites in the best lunch rooms? Would he pile up shekels?

Then her fretting was lost in the excitement of approaching Seattle and their host—Claire's cousin, Eugene Gilson, an outrageously prosperous owner of shingle mills. He came from an old Brooklyn Heights family. He had married Eva Gontz, of Englewood. He liked music and he wrote joky little letters. He was of her own people, and she was near now to the security of his friendship, the long journey done.

Lights thicker and thicker, a factory illuminated by arc lamps, the baggage, the porter, the eager trail of people in the aisle, climbing down to the platform, red caps, passing the puffing engine which had brought them in, the procession to the gate, faces behind a grill, Eugene Gilson and Eva waving, kisses, cries of "How was the trip?" and "Oh, had a wonderful drive!" The huge station, and curious waiting passengers, Jap coolies in a gang, lumbermen in corks—the Gilsons' quiet car, and baggage stowed away by the chauffeur instead of by their own tired hands, streets strangely silent after the tumult of the train—Seattle and the sunset coast at last attained.

Claire had forgotten how many charming, most desirable things there were in the world. The Gilsons drove up Queen Anne Hill to a bay-fronting house on a breezy knob—a Georgian house of holly hedge, French windows, a terrace that suggested tea, and a great hall of mahogany and white enamel with the hint of roses somewhere, and a fire kindled in the paneled drawing-room to be seen beyond the hall. Warmth and softness and the Gilsons' confident affection wrapped her round; and in contented weariness she mounted to a bedroom of Bakst sketches and a four-poster and a bedside table with a black-and-orange electric lamp and a collection of Arthur Symons' essays.

She sank by the bed, pitifully rubbed her cheek against the silk comforter that was primly awaiting her commands at the foot of the bed, and cried: "Oh, four-posters are necessary! I can't give them up! I won't! They—no one has a right to ask me." She mentally stamped her foot. "I simply won't live in a shack and take in washing. It isn't worth it."

A bath, faintly scented, in a built-in tub in her own marble bathroom. A preposterously and delightfully enormous Turkish towel. One of Eva Gilson's foamy negligées. Slow, exquisite dressing—not the scratchy hopping over ingrown dirt, among ingrown smells, of a filthy small-hotel bedroom, but luxurious wandering over rugs velvety to her bare feet. A languid inspection of the frivolous colors and curves in the drawings on the wall. A glance at the richness of the toilet table, at the velvet curtains that shut out the common world.

Expanding to the comfort as an orchid to cloying tropic airs, she drew on her sheerest chemise, her most frivolous silk stockings. In a dreaming enervated joy she saw how smooth were her arms and legs; she sleepily resented the redness of her wrists and the calluses of the texture of corduroy that scored her palms.

Yes, she was glad that she had made the experiment—but gladder that she was safely in from the long dust-whitened way, back in her own world of beauty; and she couldn't imagine ever trying it again. To think of clumping out into that world of deliberate and brawling crudeness.

Yes, She Was Glad That She Had Made the Experiment—But Gladder That She Was Safely In From the Long Dust-Whitened Way, Back in Her Own World of Beauty; and She Couldn't Imagine Ever Trying It Again

Of one Milt Daggett she didn't think at all.

Gorgeously sleepy—and gorgeously certain that by and by she would go, not to a stingy hotel bed with hound-dog ribs to cut into her tired back, but to a feathery softness of slumber—she wavered down to the drawing-room and on the davenport by the fire, with chocolates by her elbow and pillows behind her shoulders, she gossiped of her adventure, and asked for news of friends and kin back East.

Eugene and Eva Gilson asked with pyrotechnic merriness about the funny people she must have met along the road. With a subdued hidden unhappiness Claire found that she could not mention Milt—that she was afraid her father would mention Milt—to these people who took it for granted that all persons who did not live in large houses and play good games of bridge were either queer or common; who believed that their West was desirable in proportion as it became like the East; and that they, though Westerners, were as superior to workmen with hard hands as was Brooklyn Heights itself.

Claire tried to wriggle out from under the thought of Milt while, with the Gilsons as the perfect audience, she improvised on the theme of wandering. With certain unintended exaggerations and certain not quite accurate groupings of events she described the farmers and cowpunchers, the incredible hotels and garages. Indeed they had become incredible to her own self. Obviously this silken girl couldn't possibly take seriously a young garageman who said "ain't."

Eva Gilson had been in Brooklyn within the month, and in a passion of remembrance of home Claire cried: "Oh, do tell me about everybody!"

Fire-enamored and gliding into a perfumed haze of exquisite drowsiness Claire saw even the flightiest of the boys she had known at home as heroic and wise. But the firelight got into her eyes, and her lids wouldn't stay open, and in her ears was a soft humming as of a million bees in a distant meadow golden-spangled—and Gene was helping her upstairs; sleepiness submerged her like bathing in sweet waters; she fumbled at buttons and hooks and stays, let things lie where they fell—and of all that luxury nothing was more pleasant than the knowledge that she did not have to take precautions against the rats, mice, cockroaches, and all their obscene little brothers which—on some far-off fantastic voyaging when she had been young and foolish—she seemed to remember having found in her own room. Then she was sinking into a bed like a tide of rainbow-colored foam, sinking deep, deep, deep.

And it was morning, and she perceived that the purpose of morning light was to pick out surfaces of mahogany and orange velvet and glass, and that only an idiot would ever leave this place and go about begging dirty garagemen to fill her car with stinking gasoline and oil.

The children were at breakfast—children surely not of the same species as the smeary-cheeked brats she had seen tumbling by roadsides along the way—sturdy Mason, with his cap of curls, and Virginia, with bobbed ash-blond hair prim about her delicate face. They curtsied, and in voices that actually had intonations they besought her: "Oh, Cousin Claire, would you plee-ease tell us about the drive to the Coast?"

After breakfast she went out on the terrace for the view.

The view is to Seattle what the car service, the auditorium, the flivver factory or the price of coal is to other cities. All real-estate deeds include a patent on the view. At parties in Seattle you discuss the question of whether the view of Lake Union or the view of the Olympics is the better, and polite office managers say to their stenographers as they enter, "How's your view this morning?"

Mrs. Gilson informed Claire that they had the finest view in Seattle. Below Claire was the harbor, with docks thrust far out in the water, and steamers puffing at anchor. Mrs. Gilson said they were Blue Funnel Liners, loading for Vladivostok and Japan. The names, just the names, shot into Claire's heart a wistful, unexpressed desire that was somehow vaguely connected with a Milt Daggett who, back in the Middle Western mud and rain, had longed for purple mountains and cherry blossoms and the sea. But she cast out the wish, and lifted her eyes to mountains across the sound—not purple mountains but sheer silver streaked with black, like frozen surf on a desolate northern shore—the Olympics, two score miles away.

Up there one could camp, with a boy in a deteriorated sweater singing as he watched the coffee.

Hastily she looked to the left, across the city, with its bright new skyscrapers, its shining cornices and masses of ranked windows, and the exclamation point of the tallest building outside of New York. Beyond the city was a dun cloud, but as she stared far up in the cloud something crept out of the vapor and hung there like a dull full moon, aloof, majestic, overwhelming, and she realized that she was beholding the peak of Mount Rainier, with the city at its foot like white quartz pebbles at the base of a tower.

A landing stage for angels, she reflected. It did seem larger than dressing tables and velvet hangings and scented baths.

But she dragged herself from the enticing path of that thought, and sighed wretchedly: "Oh, yes, he would appreciate Rainier, but how—how would he manage a grapefruit? I mustn't be a fool! I mustn't!"

She saw that Mrs. Gilson was peeping at her, and she made herself say adequate things about the view before she fled inside—fled from her sputtering, inquiring self.

In the afternoon they drove to Capitol Hill; they dropped in at various pretty houses and met the sort of

people Claire knew back home. Between people they had views; and the sensible Miss Boltwood making a philosophic discovery announced to herself: "After all, I've seen just as much from this limousine as I would from a bone-breaking Teal bug. Silly to make yourself miserable to see things. Oh, yes, I will go wandering some more; but not like a hobo. But—what can I say to him? Good heavens, he may be here any time now, with our car! Oh, why—why—why was I insane on that station platform?"

III

SNOQUALMIE PASS lies among mountains prickly with rocks and burned stumps, but the road is velvet with broad saucer curves; and to Milt Daggett it was a release from all the drudgery of life to soar up the coaxing inclines and slip down the easy grades in the Boltwoods' powerful Gomez-Dep. "No more Teals for me," he cried, in the ecstasy of handling an engine that slowed to a demure whisper, then at a touch of the accelerator floated up to a rise, effortless, joyous, humming the booming song of the joy in speed. He suddenly hated the bucking tediousness of the Teal. The Gomez-Dep symbolized his own new life.

He was to see Claire Boltwood in the perfection of her real life, of beautiful houses and clever people; she was to make the way easy for him, and happy.

So he came to Lake Washington, and just across it was the city of his long dreams, the city of the Pacific—and of Claire. There was no ferry in sight, and he rounded the lake, struck a brick pavement, rolled through rough woods, among suburban villas and petty business streets, to a region of factories and mills, with the funnels of ships beyond.

And every minute he drove more slowly and became more uneasy.

The pavement—the miles of it; the ruthless lumber mills, with their thousands of workmen quite like himself; the agitation of realizing that every three minutes he was passing a settlement larger than his barren native village of Schoenstrom; the strangeness of ships and all the cynical ways of the sea—the whole scene depressed him as he perceived how little of the world he knew, and how big and contemptuous of Milt Daggetts that world must be.

"Huh!" he growled. "Quite some folks living here. Don't suppose they spend such a whale of a lot of time thinking about Milt Daggett and Bill McGolwey and Professor Jones and the rest of the Schoenstrom folks. I guess most of these people wouldn't think Heinie Rauskukle's store was so gosh-awful big. I wasn't scared of Minneapolis—much; but there they didn't ring in mountains and an ocean on you. And I didn't have to go up on the hill and meet folks like Claire's relations, and figure out whether you shake hands catch-as-catch-can or Corinthian. Look at that sawmill chimney—isn't it nice of 'em to put the fly screen over it so the flies won't get down into the flames. No, they haven't got much more than a million feet of lumber in that one pile. And here's a bum little furniture store—it wouldn't cost more'n about ten times all I've got to buy one of those morris chairs. Oh, gosh, won't these houses ever stop? Say, that must be a jitney. The driver snickered at me. Will the whole town be onto me? Milt, you're a kind young fellow, and you know what's the matter with Heinie's differential, but they don't need you here. Quite a few folks to carry on the business. Gosh, look at that building ahead—nine stories!"

He had planned to stop at a hotel, to wash up and to gallop to Claire. But—well—wouldn't it maybe be better to leave the car at a public garage, so the Boltwoods could get it when they wanted to? He'd better look round before he tackled the watch-dog.

It was the public garage which finally crushed him. It was a garage of enameled brick and colored tiles, with a plate-glass-inclosed office in which worked young men clad as the angels. One of them wore a carnation, Milt noted.

"Huh! I'll write back to my own garage and tell Ben, the foreman, that hereafter he's to wear his best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and a milkweed blossom when he comes down to work!"

Milt drove up the brick incline into a room thousands of miles long, with millions of new and recently polished cars standing in lines as straight as a running board. He begged of a high-nosed colored functionary—not in khaki overalls but in maroon livery—"Where'll I put this boat?"

The Abyssinian prince gave him a check, and in a tone of extreme lack of personal interest snapped: "Take it down the aisle to the elevator."

Milt had followed the natural lines of traffic into the city; he had spoken to no one; the prince's snort was his welcome to Seattle.

Meekly he drove past the cars so ebon and silvery, so smug and strong that they would have regarded a Teal bug as an insult. Another attendant waved him into the elevator, and Milt tried not to look surprised when the car started, not forward but upward, as though it had turned into an aëroplane.

When these adventures were over, when he had had a shave and a shine, and washed his hands, and looked into a department-store window that contained ten billion yards of silk draped against polished satinwood, when he had felt unhappy over a movie theater large enough to contain ten times the population of Schoenstrom, and been cursed by a policeman for jaywalking, and had passed a hotel entirely full of diplomats and marble and caviar—then he could no longer put off telephoning to Claire; and humbly, in a booth meant for an umbrella stand, he got the Eugene Gilson house, and to a female who said "Yes?" in a tone which made it mean "No!" he ventured: "May I speak to Miss Boltwood?"

Miss Boltwood, it seemed, was out.

He was not sorry. He was relieved. He ducked out of the telephone booth with a sensation of escape.

Milt was in love with Claire; she was to him the purpose of life; he thought of her deeply and tenderly and longingly. All the way into Seattle he had brooded about her, remembered her every word and gesture, recalled the curve of her chin and the fresh feeling of her hands. But Claire had suddenly become too big. In her were all these stores, these office buildings for clever lawyers and surgeons, these contemptuous trolley cars, these careless people in beautiful clothes. They were too much for him. Desperately he was pushing them back—back—fighting for breath. And she belonged with them.

He mailed the check for the stored car to her, with a note—written standing before a hacked wall desk in a branch post office—which said only: "Here's check for the boat. Did not know whether you would have room for it at house. Tried to get you on phone. Phone again just as soon as rent room, etc. Hope having happy time. M. D."

He went out to the university. On the trolley he relaxed. But he did not exultantly feel that he had won to the Pacific; he could not regard Seattle now as a magic city, the Bagdad of modern caravans, with Alaska and the Orient on one hand, the forests to the north, and westward the spacious inland empire of the wheat. He saw it as a place where you had to work hard just to live; where busy policemen despised you because you didn't know which trolley to take; where it was incredibly hard to remember even the names of the unceasing streets; where the conductors said "Step lively!" and there was no room to whistle, no time to swap stories with a Bill McGolwey at a Schoenstrom lunch counter.

He found the university; he talked with the authorities about entering the engineering school; the Y. M. C. A. gave him a list of rooms; and because it was cheap he chose a cubby-hole in a flat over a candy store—a low room, which would probably keep out the rain, but had no other virtues. It had one bed, one table, one dissipated bureau, two straight bare chairs, and one venerable lithograph depicting a girl with ringlets shaking her irritating forefinger at a high-church kitten.

(Continued on Page 86)

"You Were Speaking of the Dudenants, Weren't You, Mrs. Corey? I Do Remember Them Now. Poor Dan Dudenant; Isn't It a Pity He's Such a Fool?"

Why Competing Railroads?

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Plowing Through the Snow

IN A PRECEDING article we interwove fact and fancy and sought to create sixteen or seventeen competitive national railroads. This policy temporarily at least is in high favor with those who are giving the largest amount of thought to this grave national problem. But when we arrived at the New England States our competitive structure came a cropper. It was neither logical nor practical to divide the closely knit New Haven property. Yet without such a process of division it would be quite impossible to give competition to such highly important industrial communities as Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford and Providence. And surely any one of these cities is as fairly entitled to the benefits of transportation competition—if transportation competition really does bring benefits—as Cleveland, Rochester, Youngstown and Peoria, to choose at random four other industrial centers that certainly would have plenty of railroad competition in the event of the adoption of the competitive plan. Are not the four New England cities as fairly entitled to competition as the others that are bound to receive it?

And as a further matter of entire justice, what about the smaller communities all over the face of the land, which in the past have been worrying along with a single railroad? If competition is a good thing, are they to be denied it merely because of their size? Is a national policy to be shaped for the big and the strong, and against the small and the weak? And so tend to make the big still bigger and the small still smaller? The weak still weaker? Is this sound American policy? Or wise?

The little communities can answer this question for themselves—rather bitterly, I fancy. Here, for instance, is Xerxes. Xerxes, as its classic name would indicate, is a Central New York community. It is in its way a brisk manufacturing town, with a variety of output. Some twenty or twenty-five years ago it enjoyed railroad competition. The branch lines of two separate local railroads crossed in the heart of the town and in the days of unregulated rates and traffic practices Xerxes really had a modicum of service—both freight and passenger. Then, in the inevitable processes of consolidation that came to pass before the Sherman Act became fact and bugaboo, the two lines became one. The separate and rival passenger stations and freight houses were consolidated, and Xerxes became a one-railroad town and began to suffer the torments of competition.

Necessities Give Way to Luxuries

LET me explain just what I mean by this phrase: The big consolidated railroad system that condescended to accept the money of Xerxes—and a goodly quantity of it each twelvemonth—received other money, which came nowhere near so easily. The big road was in the great competitive fight for traffic for New York and Chicago, which meant that the money it won in that traffic was hard won indeed, and at a considerable cost. And sometimes this cost ran close to the borderlands of downright extravagance. Take the passenger service—the most conspicuous example of its waste. The larger roads running between New York and Chicago formerly had a gentlemen's agreement between themselves—the rigors of their competition did not forbid gentlemen's agreements—by which when one of them decided to put on a new train between the two big cities the others were notified a certain definite number of hours in advance.

So stood the agreement seven or eight years ago when the big Transylvania system decided, almost overnight, to place a new de-luxe limited out of the heart of Manhattan into that of the loop district. It came hard, but in strict accordance with the terms of the gentlemen's agreement, the Great Midland—as we shall choose to call the road that served Xerxes—was notified of the decision. The Great Midland did not hesitate. The Transylvania forever was the large fly in its ointment—its chief competitor, if you please. It mattered not that the road did not need another limited train to Chicago—another passenger train of any sort whatsoever there; it mattered equally not that an all-Pullman train running 969 miles daily at an average rate of 40 miles an hour costs like original sin to operate. The thing that mattered in the Great Midland's head offices was that the other fellow was going to have one more afternoon train to Chicago on its time cards than the Great Midland possessed. So it, too, decided quickly.

The new Great Midland train—let us call it the Michigan Avenue Special—was placed in service on the same day and the same hour as the Transylvania's new flyer. It made the daily trip to Chicago at exactly the same rate of speed, even to the exact number of minutes—its extra fifty miles of main line being compensated for by far easier grades and less curvature. Its equipment was precisely the same as that of its competitor—the same standard sleepers, the same baggage-buffet cars, the same barber shop, bathroom, observation cars at the rear—all as same as the machinery of the Pullman Company could turn them out, differing only in their outer colorings. The rates of fare on the two trains were the same; so were the costs for chicken soup, and a shave and a shampoo by the barber. Blessed be competition!

Blessed be competition!

That was the headline that the Memphis Evening Thought used when it described the coming of the Michigan Avenue Special. Memphis could see the new train—it had that advantage over Xerxes, which, you will remember, was not on the main line at all, but up at the crossing of the branches. It could see the train coming and going—a whirl of dust in the middle of the night. It did not stop, it did not even hesitate at the small and humble brick depot which stood by the side of the main-line tracks as they curved through Memphis. For as far as that small city was concerned it might just as well have been put upon the main line of the Canadian Pacific, many, many miles to the north, as upon the main line of the Great Midland. Whenever Memphis had asked the Great Midland folks for a new station to replace the well-worn brick structure that had served it since the days of the Civil War, or for a viaduct to remove the dangerous grade crossing in the heart of the town, it had been met by long faces and by shakings of the head. The big road would really like to accommodate little Memphis, but it couldn't possibly do it. It couldn't afford it. You see, with the assessment boards jumping its taxes and the state commission holding down on the rates——

Memphis had heard all that argument before. It could have recited the formula quite as easily as the road's attorneys. But—there was the Michigan Avenue Special, the extravagantly unnecessary train, which was running all the time only one-third to one-quarter filled. That rankled and rankled hard.

How about Xerxes all this while?

Xerxes, too, had heard of the new train. When first he learned of it, the young secretary of its enterprising chamber of commerce walked down to the office of the mayor in the new city hall and talked it over with him. They had been begging the G. M. for nearly two years past to give Xerxes a sleeping car of its own in and out of New York. They had been told that such a service was quite impossible even though the prosperous town stood ready to guarantee the sale of at least one-half the berths each month. It seemed that there was a shortage of sleeping cars—at least that was the way the railroad people put it; though they were a little vague as to the reasons for and the probable duration of the shortage. Yet here was the new special, five and six sleeping cars a night, which meant at least twenty or twenty-four cars set out for the total service. Its cars did not even fill the lowers, while Xerxes went down to the junction half the time berthless and counted itself lucky to get a chance at a spare upper.

How Competition Costs Friendships

IT MATTERS not that the Michigan Avenue Special was not long-lived. It came off inside of six months. The thing that really mattered, it seems to me, was that before the train was withdrawn Great Midland lost many friendships that it very much needed. Competition had shown itself—in one of its truest, if in one of its least agreeable, lights.

These facts are set down here without rancor and without feeling. If there is any feeling it is one of sympathy for the operating folk of Great Midland. No one saw more clearly than they saw the folly of such competition, for no one knew more clearly than they knew the real needs of the noncompetitive points upon the system. And it was they who saw, and who saw all too clearly, not only the waste of service upon the competitive lines, to the virtual starvation of it upon the noncompetitive—a condition prevailing in every corner of the country and apparently fundamental and inherent to the competitive idea of railroading—but the huge outgo in the solicitation of traffic. There it was that the money flowed easily. The Northern Division might not only be asking for, but almost as a safety necessity standing vitally in need of, new bridge work, and be unable to obtain it, in face of an apparent policy of economy, yet——

Yet I have known of a man up in a big city in Western New York who decided to take five members of his family with him out to Seattle, where he was resettling his business. Through their ingenious investigating bureaus the passenger-traffic solicitation departments of the big

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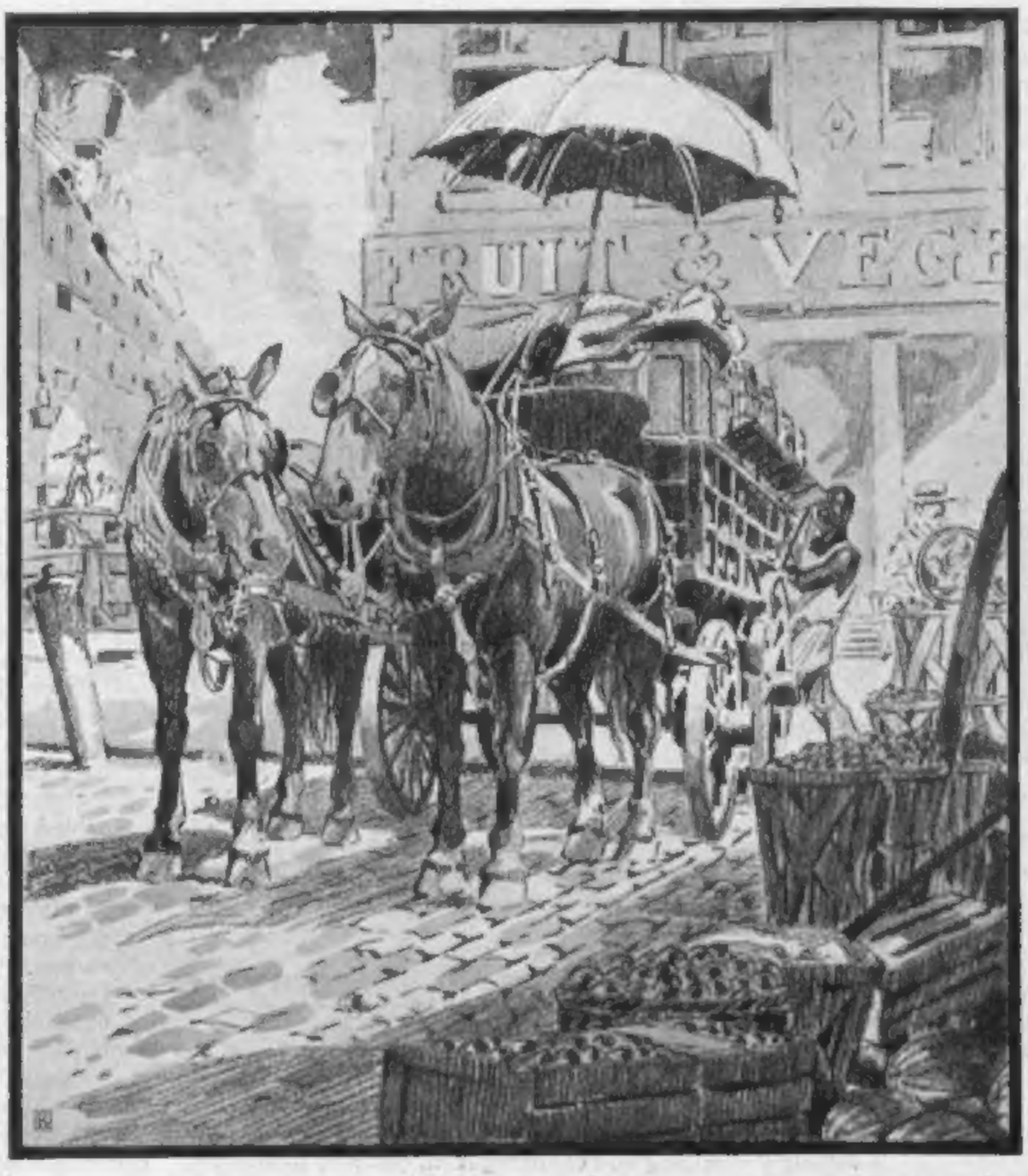
A Short Way With Profiteers

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

DECORATIONS BY WILMER J. RICHTER



THERE is no symptom of the economic disturbance left by the war which is more uniform in its character and more widely distributed in its incidence than the wrath of the masses of humanity at what they allege to be the inhuman rapacity of those who control the supply of essential commodities. Profiteering and the profiteer, and their equivalent terms in other languages, are expressions of bitter hatred to be found liberally in the daily press of the entire world. Everywhere the consumer, as such, is unsparing in his denunciation of the wicked producer and distributor. And he does not confine himself to those hard words which, however weightily they may fall upon a guilty conscience, proverbially break no bones. Everywhere in the world that was, until 1914, civilized, the harassed consumer proceeds en masse to violence.

In Italy the shops are looted until the trembling tradesman is glad to sell what remains to him at half the marked prices. In France the same mob violence is of everyday occurrence. In England—for example, in Liverpool during the police strike—an erstwhile law-abiding population loots blocks of stores at the first opportunity, and it is noticeable that the commodities looted are not so much luxuries or the valuable metals as articles urgently required and highly priced, such as boots and shoes.

Economic Suicide

AT HOME unrest caused by the advance in all prices engages the attention of Congress. In Holland the difficulties of living have for months past threatened a revolution in sympathy with the German Spartacists, the Bolshevist destruction of a scheme of society which has become insupportable for the majority of the members of that society.

The governments of all states—all the civilized governments of the world—are much alarmed at the economic pressure upon their citizens. They see clearly that this economic pressure produces that blind, destructive reaction which its preachers and opponents alike to-day term Bolshevism—and they know that Bolshevism is the suicide of modern civilization. Nothing inflames the pinched masses more than to be told that they are exploited by the heartless capitalist. They believe it. Does a dollar purchase what it did in 1914? It does not. And they proceed to destroy accumulated stores of commodities under the persuasion that thereby they are retaliating upon the temporary owners. In point of fact, obviously, they are making matters worse for themselves. It is imaginable that the clear-sighted among the preachers of Bolshevism deliberately incite the sheeplike masses to this destruction with the set purpose of making matters worse. They aim at the collapse of society, and accept starvation for thousands as the general accepts casualties, the regrettable but unavoidable price of victory for the principles he champions.

But were it not the fact it would be unimaginable that the orthodox governments fan this resentment of one arbitrary and fanciful division of their populations against another. Yet so it is. The Italian and the French Governments do not venture to protect their pillaged tradesmen. On the contrary, they issue vindictive decrees against profiteers. The British Government appoints commissions to inquire into profiteering and thereby tacitly admits the fact.

The reason is, of course, that every government, however autocratic—and autocracy is not a distinguishing feature of the world's polity to-day—merely reflects the attitude of the majority of its citizens. Governments do not lead, they follow. They carry out the desires of those who appoint them and can remove them—the people who pay the taxes which are their income.

Unwitting Propagandists

NOW the vast majority all over the world of those people who pay taxes, direct and indirect, and who delegate authority to governments of their choice have no interests to benefit by Bolshevism. Bolshevism is chaos, starvation—village communities fighting with isolated townships for the possession of the all-necessary grain. The most effective war cry of the Bolshevist anxious to spread disorder is "Down with the profiteers!" And in echoing this cry, without due inquiry into its effect, the masses who desire to earn their living by honest labor and to enjoy it in peace and freedom, and the governments who represent the sane, plain citizens, are playing the game of the enemies of society.

Amid this chorus of denunciation of criminals, whose existence on the large scale suggested may prove to be imaginary, hardly a voice is raised to plead for a dispassionate examination of the phenomena which confront us. The money price of all commodities has indeed risen in the most startling fashion; and alike those whose money price for their labor has failed to rise in proportion and those who receiving higher payment fail to find themselves in the more luxurious circumstances which they conceived they had a right to expect, are filled with a sense of bitter grievance. But if we are to retain any control over our human destinies in mass—and politics is nothing more than a certain measure of such control, a measure painfully arrived at through long centuries of struggle since the days of the thieving, hyperexcitable, solitary-living anthropoid ape—if we who make governments are to retain governments that are in any sense better than gangs of brigands led by madmen, then we must calmly investigate the causes of our present difficulties, and upon such investigation base our necessary measures of readjustment. Some readjustment is plainly necessary. The mob vociferation of a shibboleth which is, under analysis, meaningless to our common sense is not a prelude to readjustment—it is the prelude to a riot.

Of the existence of profiteering in the abstract, and in definite concrete instances, there is not and never has been any doubt. Combinations of producers or distributors of essential articles have been, are and always will be, formed with the object of forcing the consumer

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Concerning Cautious Clyde

"Yes, Sir," Says Bobby. "Like Thunder I Will! Come Out From Behind Them Brindle Whiskers and Show Signs of Life, You Deleterious Old Gorilla"

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

THEY were watching the stock tender of the Box Elder stage station as he nervously put the finishing touches to the midday meal—Jay Slyfield, the Hermosilla storekeeper, and Lon Selby, the lately elected young district attorney. These two had arrived in a buckboard an hour or two before with a sizable bag of sage hens, which they had slaughtered, not wantonly, but under the impression that they were prairie chickens. The old bullwhacker was present, almost as a matter of course, and almost equally of course "shooting off his fool mouth," as the stock tender expressed it.

Disregarding this rudeness the old bullwhacker continued to remark admiringly upon the stock tender's deft culinary motions. "It's a real pleasure to look at him," he murmured. "His arms ain't what you might call dimpled and his apron might be cleaner and his ankles trimmer, and I ain't excusing or palliating what he said when he took a-holt of that hot skillet handle, which wasn't ladylike; but all the same you can see that he's working; and industriousness and perspiration in others is beautiful to behold. And I've seen women that was worse cooks than Hank is when he's spreading himself for honored guests."

"But I don't see no pie," observed Slyfield in a stage undertone. "He must be sort of weak and futile on pie or he'd have made a stagger at it. That's where a woman puts it all over these leathery old sour-doughs. If anything would make me marry it would be pie. Lemon-cream pie, custard pie, ros'b'ry pie, mince—light, flaky brown crusts and juicy innards! Ah-h-h-h!" Jay smacked his lips loudly.

"If anything would make you marry it would be finding a woman crazy enough to take you," the stock tender rejoined as he flopped the potatoes into a bowl. "But there ain't none such," he added, scraping out the flour gravy. "I ain't got no exalted opinion of the female mind, but it don't get that unhinged. Grub pile!"

For fifteen or twenty busy minutes there was no table talk beyond necessary requests, but at the prune stage of the repast, discussion of woman, marriage and cookery was resumed. Slyfield maintained that though bachelor existence had its inconveniences, connubial bliss was obviously a paradoxical phrase. In support of this contention he related several instances, modern and ancient, and appealed to the stock tender, who opined that marriage—carried to excess, at least—was to be classed among the bad habits. Witness their mutual friend, Lee McArthur, who had just been sent up by Judge Moody for his eighth indulgence, on complaint of his second and fifth.

Selby argued that this testimony was incompetent, immaterial and irrelevant, proving only criminal carelessness on the part of Mr. McArthur, and tending rather to support the theory of connubial bliss but for the divine discontent indicated by the same flitting from flower to flower, which made the first hypothesis absurd, illogical and improper; *exitus acta probat*.

"In other words," said Selby, "Mac was a hopeful cuss, who played against a long run of bad luck. Me, I'd marry in a holy minute if I could meet up with the right kind of a lady; but I'm a particular man and I'd hate to be everlastingly chopping and changing from one wife to another. I'd want to make dead sure."

Upon this the old bullwhacker was seized with a convulsion that started at his diaphragm and worked upward in a series of seismic waves to his shoulders and found vent in a disappointingly brief chuckle or two, as a prelude to the following narrative:

You remind me of Clyde Britten. Clyde wanted to make dead sure. Clyde had ideas on the subject of marriage and he'd got his notion of what a girl would have to be to make him perfectly happy and contented like he had a right to expect to be. If there was anything Clyde prided himself on it was good hard horse sense and looking before he leaped. He'd stand on the brink of a chassum for days and weeks at a time, and longer if necessary, with his hand shading his straining eyes and his knees ready bent until the pale mists sort of cleared off and let him see the other side. Then maybe he'd leap, and maybe he wouldn't, but if he did he'd most always land with both feet. He'd landed general manager, head clerk and chief roustabout of the Blueblanket express office thataway, and looking ahead he couldn't see no obstructions but a few years' time to a good paying job in the Deadwood branch. He was only twenty-five years old then, and he could afford a little time. Yes, that was him. Same identical boy. Used to be at Blueblanket.

The only trouble with him then was that waiting all by himself he got kind of lonesome. What he needed was a congenial companion to take an undivided half interest in his welfare and the condition of his socks. This thing of bedding down on a cot in the office and boarding round places that wasn't no better than the last place got kind of old to Clyde. I gathered that from what he told me and from his actions. I reckon most boys get thataway if they ain't too busy helling round. The ticking of the little old tin clock ain't no good substitute for the music of a loved voice, and talking to yourself gets monotonous anyway. Even having a-plenty of reading matter round the shack don't help much, and the first thing you know you're planning out a program of this here connubial bliss.

It sure looks like a dead open-and-shut proposition as well as a real pious idea; blissful, all right, and at the same time a heap practical. About all there is lacking is a girl to fit into the scheme, and that part of it is easy as falling off a log. You can find a girl anywhere—some sort of a girl—and that's the kind you get. She ain't cross-eyed, nor pigeon-toed, nor hump-backed, nor over thirty at the outside, and gosh! how she loves you! It's sure touching the way she looks up to you and admires you after she's quit deviling and got down to cases. If you find later on that there's some little things about her that you don't exactly approve of—it ain't likely; but supposing there was—why she'd sure be glad to change to suit you. Sure!

Now Clyde wasn't that foolish. He hadn't not only read the papers but he'd run acrost one or two cases himself where young men had leaped into preachers' back parlors and justices' offices like these here bounding gazelles you hear about, and, years after, had owned up that if they'd looked ahead a little first ropes couldn't have drug them, as long as there was something for them to grab and hang onto. They didn't make no bones of saying that they had been real disappointed in the ladies that they thought they had chosen. There was points of difference between what they figured them ladies was and what they turned out to be, and every dad-blamed point was sharp and barbed and poisoned with gall and bitterness. And all because they had took everything for granted in a way that would have covered them with hot shame if it had been a horse that they had acquired similarly heedless. But Clyde knew better.

"Me, I'd marry in a holy minute if I could meet up with the right kind of a lady," says Clyde to me one time when he'd got a confidential streak on him. "But I'm sort of particular," he says, "and I'd take at least a day or two off beforehand to investigate into the lady's accomplishments and disposition, and then I'd keep her under observation for a spell. If she come up to specifications in every respect it wouldn't take me long to decide whether I wanted her or not, and once I decide I sure make the lurid levin bolt hump to keep up with me in the matter of action."

"Son," says I, "you are wise beyond your years. If all young men was like you this here divorce evil would die for want of nourishment. I reckon the marriage evil would be some debilitated, too, specially if all the young women was to get equally cagy. But, be that as it may or may not or couldn't possibly, I'd like to know what them specifications of yours is. I travel quite a heap between this and Sidney, and I might find you something like it on the way. What kind of a young lady would you want, son?"

He studied a while before he spoke, looking right profound for an apple-cheeked young slim-jim with a smear of brown mustache. "Well, Mr. Stegg," he says finally, "I'd want, the first thing, a girl with a cheerful and amiable nature. I don't mean right on the everlasting giggle and grin, but sweet and serene, so to speak."

"I'm glad to hear you talk thataway, Clyde," says I. "The most of you young bucks want her to be a daisy looker the first thing and the last thing, forgetting that beauty's charms decay, as the fellow says, and golden hair turns gray—if it's let to—while a sunshiny sperrit is a crown of rubies that never dieth and moths can't break in and rust. You've got a level head, boy. It's the peaches that makes all the trouble in this world."

"I don't say that having the general aspects of a mud fence would be any recommendation," says Clyde. "I'd want her to be good looking too. I reckon I couldn't be perfectly happy with a girl that wasn't restful to the eyes after a long all-day strain on waybills and tariff sheets. Beauty ain't no drawback if it goes with sense and intelligence, and Mrs. Clyde Britten would be sensible and intelligent. Not so much so that she'd be setting up her judgment against mine and starting arguments, but not empty-headed and foolish, like some I could name. I'd want her to be an educated and refined lady that could

move in the best circles in Deadwood and do me credit and have domestic tastes and know how to make a good loaf of bread and put up preserves and all such and keep down expenses. If she had a little money of her own it wouldn't hurt nothing, if it didn't make her too blame independent. She could fix it so that the children could get it if she wanted to. I wouldn't stick out for that though. A man can't get everything. It wouldn't be reasonable to expect it, and I ain't unreasonable, I hope."

"Considering what the girl would get, I think you're more than reasonable," I told him. "Here you are, handsome and high-sperrited and well-conducted and brainy and polite and popular. You're drawing down sixty a month as regular as clockwork and you've got the ambition and business ability to bring it up to seventy-five or a hundred. I never seen you when your finger nails wasn't clean; you're a good dancer and an elegant performer on the guitar. I ain't saying this to flatter you; I'm just stating facts, and you can't deny 'em."

"No, I don't know as I can," says Clyde. "Putting aside all false modesty and such. I reckon that ain't no more than the truth. I don't go round blowing about it, but it's so."

And it was so. He wouldn't have said it himself, but he knew it and wasn't ashamed of it. Excepting here and there a crank or two, all Blueblanket liked Clyde. He had a smile and a pleasant word for everybody, even if he was a little short of change, and you could go into the express office and ask him all the fool questions you'd a mind to and he'd answer them as cheerful and accommodating as if he owned the business himself and was trying to make it go against stiff competition.

"But the poor girl died quite a few years ago, Clyde," I says.

"What girl?" says he. "What are you talking about?"

I didn't tell him, thinking he might figure it out for himself. I allowed at that time that he had an elegant chance of finding what he wanted still living, but it was just one chance in a million or two against it. That's where I missed my guess.

I reckon it was clost onto a year after that conversation that I come into Blueblanket again with some freight. Just happened thataway. As soon as I'd got my bulls corralled and fed I went to Henry Frush's to feed myself, and there was Clyde, fresh and apple-cheeked as ever, or more so, in a new-laundered seersucker coat and a baby-blue necktie. Myra Frush was serving him just as I come in—dropping things round him, sort of, in a way that surprised me. I took notice that he got an extry small-sized piece of steak cut from near the horns, burned in the middle and pink round the edges, and that his tomatoes wasn't much more than the dab of a teaspoon in the dish, and his baked potato had bad skin trouble. I also noticed that he didn't seem to mind it and was in good sperrits. Myra gave me a glad smile of welcome, which I sure appreciated, she being considerable of a girl, with the liveliest pair of black eyes you ever seen, and teeth as white as her eyes was black, and plump as a little pattridge. Her and me was old friends too.

"Hungry, Mr. Stegg?" she asks, when our greetings was over.

"Kind of finicky, my dear," I says, with an eye on Clyde's plate. "Poorly! Poorly! I feel like my appetite needed temptation to overcome. If you was to set down and let me feast my eyes on you it might do me more good than mere vittles."

She tossed her pretty head. "Oh, there's girls that's a heap more worth looking at than what I am, round here," she says. "I might take away what little appetite you've got if you gave me more'n a glance. You'd better eat first and then go call on 'em." Saying which, she turns away and kicks into the kitchen.

"What's biting Myra?" I asks Clyde. "Seems like I've hurt her feelings some way."

"She takes streaks," says Clyde. "She's a right lovely girl and she can cook when she wants to, but somehow I've found her sort of notional. One day she's as pleasant as a basket of chips and the next time you see her she ain't like the same person at all." He sighed. "Too bad!" he says, "because otherwise I—yes, it's too bad she's like that. I reckon that the man she gets would have to watch out for danger signals a good part of the time and govern himself according, if he wanted to lead a peaceful life right along."

"I've known husbands here and there that deemed it advisable to do that with their wives," I says. "You'll find such once in a while. But if there's any girl in Blueblanket that's better worth looking at than little Myra I'd like to see her."

Clyde smiled at his steak. "Well, your eyesight don't seem to be failing yet," he says. "If you was to stay round Blueblanket a spell I don't know but you might have that pleasure. The city ain't got so populous but what it's possible."

"Yes?" says I.

"Yes," says he, and turned the smile in my direction.

"O-ho!" says I.

"I won't say you are wrong," says he, widening it. Then, looking serious and lowering his voice, he says: "I know that you wouldn't repeat nothing, Mr. Stegg, and I ain't telling it round; but I remember we was talking on the subject the last time you was here. Well, sir, I won't say I'm quite sure, but I think—I think I've found the right kind of a young lady."

"With all the specifications?" I asked him.

"I think so, Mr. Stegg," he says. "I've been calling quite regular for the best part of a year now, and I needn't say that I've kept my eyes open, and I'm just about sure that I wouldn't make no mistake in asking her to be mine. I've compared her with every young lady that I ever knew and if I ain't deceived, which wouldn't be very easy done, I couldn't reasonably ask for more desirable qualities than what that young lady has got."

"You say she's good looking?" I says.

"It wouldn't be putting it too strong to say that she's a poet's dream of beautiful young maidenhood," says he, "though a blonde."

"And a good cook?"

"Particular gifted that way. Far out of the common."

"Intelligent? But she must be that. Is she good-tempered?"

"Unless I'm mistaken she's got the disposition of an angel of light," Clyde says. "And her mother told me only the other day that she makes her own dresses and trims her own hats. It just come up in the course of conversation; and the old lady owned up that Margarita was a better hand at buying than what she was—meat and groceries and such. She's got a certificate to teach eighth-grade school—not the old lady; Margarita—and you ought to see some of the things she's painted, hanging up in the setting room!

"She plays the organ at the Baptist Church, and the attendance has gone up sixty-five per cent since she begun, the Reverend Gillick tells me."

"At first blush she would seem to be worthy of you, Clyde," I says. "But don't you get too reckless and carried away by your enthusiasm and emotions, son," I told him. "Remember you ain't known her but a year and you might have overlooked some serious drawback. She might just regard you as a brother or a very dear friend, for instance," I says.

"I ain't afraid of that," he says, resuming his smile and giving a twist to one end of his mustache. "I might say—I wouldn't wish for it to go no further, and I know ——"

Just then the kitchen door flew open before Myra's fairy foot and she come in with my supper. There was a full-grown man's-size steak, smoking hot and browned to a turn, with a lump of butter on it melting and running down to mingle with the red juice; the tomatoes was more than liberal and inviting, and an Irish dermatology specialist couldn't have found nothing wrong with the potatoes I got. Besides that there was biscuit right out of a fresh pan in the oven, and a big wedge of layer cake and a dish of elegant prunes.

"If you can't eat this layout I'll bring you a bowl of sage tea and heat up some bricks to put to your feet," says Myra. "Catchup? Don't touch that bottle; it ain't fresh. I'll open a new one. You tell me if the coffee ain't the way you like it. How would you like some eggs? It wouldn't take more than a minute to fry up a few for you. I'd clean forgot you was fond of eggs. I ought to be ashamed of myself. Well, tell me anything that you would like, Mr. Stegg, and I'll be tickled to death to get it for you. Ma's fixing up her hair to come in to see you."

Clyde got up and handed her his meal ticket to punch, which she done in the same careless, chilly, high-toned way that she'd dealt his grub. Clyde looked at the ticket when she'd give it back, and seen that she'd punched the previous hole twice, which he mentioned. "I don't want to take advantage of you and get a supper free," he says, smiling at her.

"Well, Right There I Decided; and When I Decide it Don't Take Long to Act. I Believe She Knew I Was a-Going To"

Myra's black eyes snapped simultaneous with the second punch, and her red cheeks got redder. "I hope you enjoyed your supper, Mr. Britten," she says, sort of disdainful.

"I'm truthful, as well as honest, Miss Frush," says Clyde. "I didn't enjoy my supper. Being you mentioned it I ain't enjoyed a meal here for a month or two, excepting when your ma or Hilda has served it to me. Not that I mind. I just happened to think of it when you spoke."

"Maybe if you prospected round town, sort of, and tried 'em all out again you might find a place to eat that would suit you in all respects," says Myra.

"I'm afraid I wouldn't," says Clyde, as good-natured as you please. "It's like Mr. Stegg says: Looking at you does a man more good than mere vittles."

"I'll thank you not to talk to me thataway," she says, and flounces off into the kitchen again.

Clyde grinned at me and then shook his head. "Streaky!" he says. "She never minded me talking to her thataway before. Well, I'd like to stop and gas with you a while but I'm due elsewhere. I reckon you'll be pulling out bright and early in the morning, so I won't be apt to see you again for a while; but when you hit Blueblanket again you're likely to find that I've decided in that matter we was speaking about, and acted according."

I told him that probably I wouldn't be back again for a year or two, and maybe by that time the matter we was speaking of would be settled one way or another, like he presumed it would be. I wouldn't have bet heavy on it just then, but the next morning I found that old Buck, my nigh wheeler, had busted the last bow I'd got and I had to wait until Albien opened up his store to get me a new set, and whilst I was in there Old Man Fletcher happened in and allowed that he needed a couple of yoke of well-broke good-pulling critters to rip up an eighty of tough sod, and I figured that I might spare him what he wanted from my outfit and pick up some likely three-year-olds to fill the gap; and while we was talking about it, kind of casual, here comes a flood of golden sunshine and a flock of nightingales into the store and takes my attention plumb off what I was a-saying to Old Man Fletcher and what Old Man Fletcher was a-saying to me.

"Who was that?" I asked Henry Albien when she'd got her pound of butter and gone out, a-leaving us in sudden gloom.

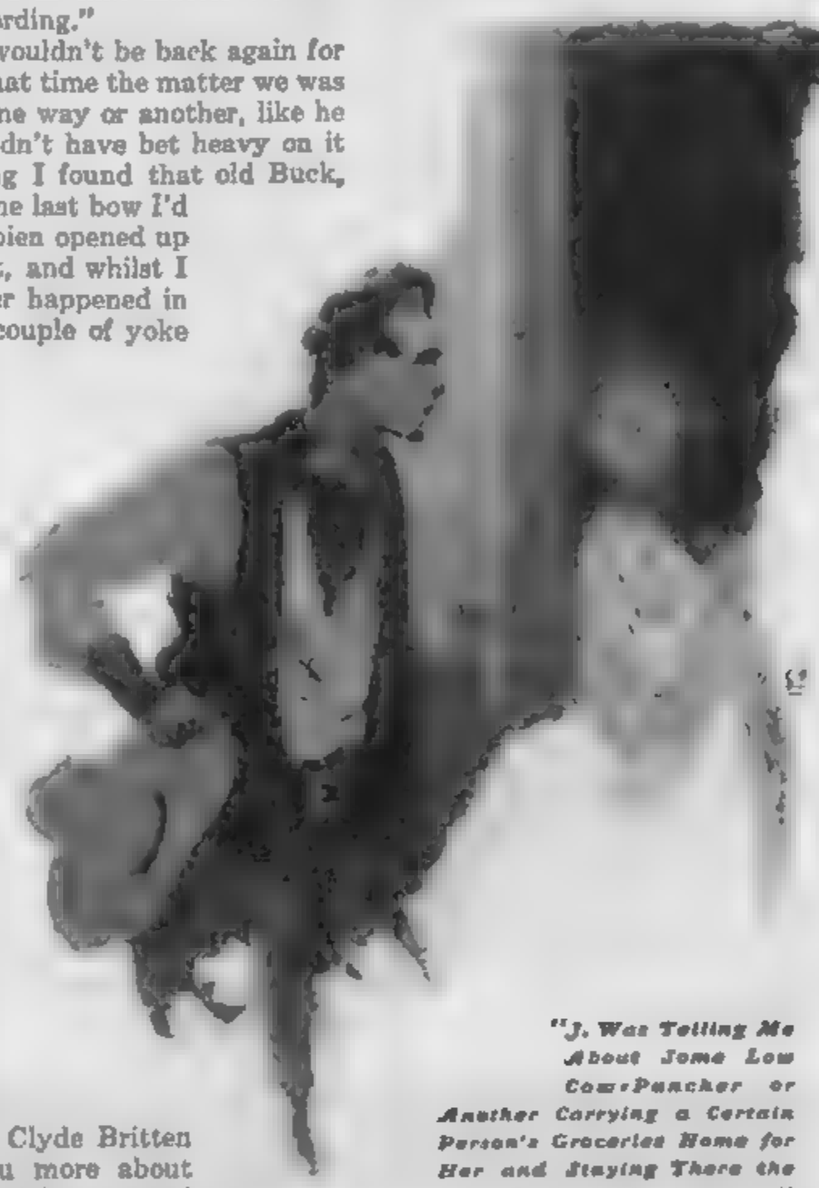
"Margarita Biglow," says Henry. "Her folks come here from out near Sundance about a year ago and the old man bought out Mackay's harness store. A right nice family. Clyde Britten ought to be able to tell you more about Margarita than anyone else, but in a general way I'd say that she was prominent among them present when good looks was handed out and wasn't slighted none in the distribution. I'll go as far as to say that," he says.

I'd have went that far. I'd have said she got the bluest eyes there was in stock at the time, and the cunningest little nose and the sweetest, smilingest mouth and goldenest hair and the gracefulest curves. And when they picked the voice to go with them features—where they don't always show the best judgment or even the kindest intentions—they sure gave that girl a voice worth listening to. And there wasn't not a flicker of an eyelash nor the swing of a skirt to show that she had any idea that she was anyways favored by Nature. That was what I liked about her.

"If you ain't interested and don't want to talk trade, just say so, and I won't waste no more time," says Old Man Fletcher, breaking in on my musings and waking me up. So I took him over to the corral to see the two yoke I had in mind to part with if compelled to, and before the morning was over I'd sold them to him. Then not to lose no time I got me a horse from the livery and rode out to the Z Bell ranch to look over a bunch of steers I'd heard of. On the way I done a considerable speculating about Cautious Clyde, and a considerabler about Margarita. Seemed like almost from the first Clyde had had the inside track with her. He'd got all them advantages that I've mentioned, which the other boys round town hadn't got, and while there had been some competition at first Margarita didn't encourage none of it. Seemed like she'd made up her mind what she wanted and was willing to wait till she got it. I figured that she must be tolerable sure of getting it in the long run, and could afford to wait. I'm great on figuring out things, me.

Well, as I was a-saying, I got to the Z Bell, and I was shacking up to the ranch house when a shock-headed, sawed-off, brown-faced, wide-mouthed, barrel-chested, bow-legged young son-of-a-gun come skittering up behind me and letting out a yelp, swatted me between the shoulder blades with a hand that seemed mostly extry solid and heavy bone. I swung round with purposes and intents to paste him prompt and plenty, but he ducked under my arm and spurred ahead, taking me with him and leaving my horse behind. I accompanied him a couple of rods in his rush, and then he pulled up short and dropped me easy on my feet, letting out another whoop.

I reckon I'd have had that boy's blood on my soul in something less than ten seconds but for two or three reasons. One was that I hadn't got no gun nor no breath, and the next was that he had slipped out of his saddle and was shaking me by the shoulders like I was a sieve of sand; the third reason was I'd got a quick look at him before he grabbed me for the second time and I reco'nized him: Bob Nivens, from up in the Powder River, the toughest and worst little imp of Satan for a right well-meaning boy that ever risked his neck and reputation, free, glad and willing, whenever and wherever there wasn't no occasion for it in the world. And this here manhandling wasn't nothing but a mark of his esteem and affection.



"I Was Telling Me About Some Low Cow-Puncher or Another Carrying a Certain Person's Groceries Home for Her and Staying There the Best Part of the Morning"

"You—bleary—old—blister!" says he. "You—salivated—old—sagebrush—salamander—you!—Dog-gone—my——"

I got my knee well home in the pit of his stomach and broke his hold; but he come at me again, his mouth stretched in a five-inch grin full of white teeth.

"Dog-gone my wild heart! I'm tickled to see you!" he says. "I knowed you by the lop of your ears a mile away back.

"Who chased you thisaway, anyway? How——"

"Keep away from me or I'll do you a mischief," I says. "I ain't swallowed no fishbone, nor I ain't going to be treated like a tough steak. You may shake me by the hand if you want to, but if you ain't gentle about it I'll show you what real rough acting is. And now you might as well tell me what name you're going by here, so's I won't embarrass you before folks," I says.

"I'm going by the name of Mr. Nivens, now and here," he says. "As foreman and manager of this here outfit I'm to be addressed with humble respectfulness; but I'll let you call me Bob in private for the sake of old times. Come on in and we'll eat. One of the boys will look after that old plug of yours."

Naturally I thought he was codding, but it didn't take no more than the way he talked to the cook to give me a suspicion that he might be telling the truth, and when the said cook brought the grub strictly according to directions and waited on us himself I didn't need no more evidence. Of course nobody but one of the boys—a kid—called him Mr. Nivens, but Bobby was boss, all right.

I don't know nothing in this here world that's harder for a man to believe than that some young snipe that he's known and maybe spanked years ago has rose in them few years to pomp and power. It don't seem reasonable; nor yet right. Shucks! It couldn't be! I wasn't denying to myself that in them old days, when he wasn't up to some deviltry, Bobby was hustling like the devil. He didn't dally-dally about nothing, and them bowlegs of his—which they was uncommonly bowed—covered a heap of ground from daylight to dark, even when they wasn't wrapped round a horse. And I wouldn't say that he wasn't smart or that he lacked good judgment, outside of being fond of foolishness—but that he was filling Jim Hopkinson's job, and him not much more than half as old as Jim, was plumb ridiculous. Seemed like he was, though. Sobered down and learned some sense of course—just like I had done myself, come to think of it.

And then I remembered that it hadn't been more than an hour or two before that he'd yanked me out of the saddle and generally conducted himself in a plumb, boisterous, undignified manner, and I concluded it must have been plain bull-headed luck, which would terminate mighty sudden, especially if the president of the company or one of the directors happened along unexpected and incognomen and heard him laugh or sing Little Ball of Yarn or something. He was a great singer, Bobby was, and that night he warbled some of the simple lays of the range so's you could have heard him, down wind, five or six miles. No, he couldn't last.

Then, next morning, he took me out to see them steers, and the way he conducted the negotiations made me change my mind again. I can most generally pick my choice so's the person selling ain't aware of it and feels sort of sorry for me; but not so with Bobby. I got what I wanted, but somehow—I ain't clear how it come—when I studied over it I seen that the Z Bell hadn't got none the worst of the deal by no means; and by the time I'd got back to Blueblanket I had to struggle to keep from brooding over the incident. However, I'd got what I wanted, and reflecting on how I'd come out with Old Man Fletcher I hadn't done so bad on the whole.

"Where's Clyde to-night?" I asked Myra, not seeing no signs of him as I was finishing my supper.

"I reckon he's took my hint and found himself another place to eat," she says. "I reckon he's mad at me. Not that I care. He can get mad or get glad for all of me. I won't lose no sleep if he is mad, and you can tell him I said so if you like. Not that he'd care. I'm glad I told him what I did, come to that."

"I don't never take water on my prunes, Myra, my dear," I says.

"Oh, excuse me!" she says. "I thought it was the cream. I mean I thought your prunes was your coffee. I mean—I—I guess I'm about crazy. With a toothache."

"Wisdom tooth, I s'pose," I says. "They're right painful to cut; but you'll feel a heap better when it's through, and it won't seem so bad when you look back on it."

I sa'ntered out and walked down the street to the express office. The door was shut but it opened when I tried it, and Clyde got up out of his chair where he'd been a-setting with his head in his hands. I noticed that his hair was all rumpled and untidy and his face didn't look as if he'd shaved it a few minutes ago, like it usually did. He didn't smile either.

"What's the matter, son?" I asked him. "Toothache?"

"Toothache hell!" says Clyde, and you might have pushed me over by pointing a finger at me.

"Tut, tut!" I says. "Tut, tut, tut! Oh, naughty, naughty Clyde."

"I lost my temper," says he. "You'll have to excuse me, Mr. Stegg. But the sight of you right now—well, I might as well out with it," he says. "Sit down. Mr. Stegg, my hopes has been dashed in the bud. I've done lost my trust in womanhood and human nature and appearances and every dad-blamed thing. You can't tell me that white ain't black when you get right down clost and look at it careful. No, sir-ree! The acid in my disposition this moment is such that you show me a eighteen-carat warranted gold ring and I'll turn it green by breathing on it. One thing I'm thankful for is that I had sense enough to back out before it was too everlasting late! When I think of what might have happened in about another minute I realize that there is a Guiding Hand."

"Clyde," says I, "this suspense is killing of me."

"It was like this," he says. "I got to thinking of what you said the other night and I got an idea that you thought I was maybe putting off longer than was necessary and I come mighty nigh committing myself then, but I reckon something must have whispered to me to wait. Anyway, I did wait until I went up to the house last night; and almost the first thing she told me that the old folks and her little brother Jimmy had gone to the stereopticon at the Presbyterian Church. Somehow, when she said that I felt that the time had come—maybe. She certainly looked like a poet's dream of fair young maidenhood. It come to me as she was a-setting on the sofa that that was what she was—a poet's dream of fair young maidenhood."

"Sure!" I says. "You told me she was, I remember."

He sighed.

"Well, right there I decided; and when I decide it don't take long to act. I believe she knew I was a-going to. I allowed she was a considerable nervous and embarrassed and at the same time she didn't hate the idea of it. I don't know whether you know what I mean?"

I told him that I'd got a sort o' an inkling.

"Well, I didn't want to be too brash about it, so I kind of led up to the subject by mentioning Henry Voss, who was going up to Rochford to get married to Susanna Smithson, who was down here visiting last fall. Margarita was real interested and allowed that she'd like to be at the wedding. She thought weddings was lovely. I says, 'Yes, but they don't always turn out well.'

"'Not all of them of course,' she says; 'but don't you think most of them do? I know in our own family my own sister has been married three years and she told me she didn't know what real happiness was before she married Clarence.' *(Continued on Page 170)*

The Anthology of Another Town

By E. W. HOWE

Bill Harmon

DURING the winter days, when there isn't much to do, a favorite gathering place for the men is Bill Harmon's harness shop. It was Bill's habit to make up a stock of harness in advance for the spring trade; so, though busy in winter, he was able to talk while he worked and enjoyed the idlers who made his shop a meeting place.

And Bill was a good talker and had ideas. He had been discussing for years the questions of the day, and picking up a fact here and another there had accumulated a fund of information that was really unusual. Of all the talkers who gathered at his shop not one was so good as Bill and they all quit when he began; a rare tribute, for men usually interrupt to express their own ideas.

When the bond election came on Cap. Stabler went privately to Bill and suggested that he deliver a public speech against the bonds. The railroad had imported a lot of paid orators, and they were having an influence. Cap. Stabler and Bill and most of the regulars at the harness shop were opposed to the bonds; and Cap. Stabler urged that Bill make a speech.

"I've heard you talk for years," Cap. said to him, "and I know you can sway the people. None of these paid hirelings of the railroad can equal you."

Bill said he couldn't talk in public; that he had thought of it, and cold chills ran all over him.

"Don't expect it of me, Cap.," Bill said; "I'd like to make a speech and have an influence in the community; I don't deny I've often thought of it, but you'll have to excuse me. If I should attempt to stand before an audience I should die of fright."

But Cap. Stabler kept at Bill, and one day he promised. So Cap. got out bills announcing a citizens' meeting at City Hall, when the important issues of the day would be discussed by able speakers.

Nate Sommers, who played solo alto in the band, was opposed to the bonds, too, and one of the regulars at Bill's shop; and being let into the secret said he believed he could get the band boys to turn out for nothing.

The night for the speaking came on, and a tremendous crowd was present; Nate Sommers had coaxed the band boys to turn out for nothing, and they played four of the town favorites outside the hall and two more inside.

Cap. Stabler and Bill went in early, and Bill sat down in the front row, while Cap. took a seat on the platform; he thought a good deal of his own ability as a talker, so he often made himself chairman of a meeting without any action on the part of those present.

After there had been a round or two of stamping and clapping, indicating that the people were impatient to hear the able speakers promised, Cap. Stabler stepped to the front of the platform and said a crisis in the town's affairs had arisen, that certain corrupt influences were showing themselves and that an able speaker was present to warn the people.

"I refer, fellow citizens," Cap. concluded, "to a citizen you all know and respect; a gentleman of intelligence and ability to express his thoughts; a man whose words are respected by those who know him. I take pleasure in introducing Colonel William Peyton Harmon."

The people all knew Bill Harmon, but they did not know Colonel William Peyton Harmon; so they cheered and applauded and were anxious to hear the new man; they had long ago become tired of the regular town orators and wanted to hear arguments they had never heard before.

Cap. Stabler noticed that Bill was sitting on the front seat with his head bowed on his breast, but that he made no move to take the platform. So Cap. went down and spoke to him; touched him.

He was dead; scared to death.

Doc Robinson

I HAVE noticed that the people take as much delight in praising a worthless man as they take in abusing a respectable one. People say Doc Robinson, the town drunkard, was once a noted surgeon in London; that he was engaged to a beautiful young lady of New York, but gave her up because his parents objected, and thus went to the dogs; that he has the best education of any man in town; that he is a man of fine intellect; that he is a younger son of a titled family in England, and that when his brother dies he will become duke.

I looked Doc up and discovered that the only notable thing that ever happened in his life was that he attended a veterinary college in Canada, where he was born on a farm and where he lived until he came to this country to make horse liniment, the basis of which, alcohol, he sweetened and drank, and thus became a drunkard.

Cleve Went to the City to Accept a Job

Jim Shields

DOC SHIELDS attended the recent Fireman's Ball without his wife; and, what is more, his wife was at home sick; so sick, indeed, that the neighbor women were compelled to go in and sit with her while her husband was dancing. The women at the ball knew Mrs. Shields had been very poorly for several months and did not welcome Doc; but Maria Dunlap, who is old and plain, accepted an invitation to dance with him.

While they were engaged in a waltz Maria thought it only polite to inquire about Mrs. Shields, so she asked: "Mr. Shields, how is your wife?"

Doc is not a real doctor; they call him that because he once bought a drug store, and failed; and as he whirled in the dance Doc replied to Maria's question about the condition of his wife: "She is a very sick woman. I don't believe she'll live till morning."

Ben Thompson

WHEN Ben Thompson married Alice Hurley he was forty-one years old, and Alice twenty-nine. The disparity in their ages caused people to make a complete investigation, and those were the official figures: 41 and 29. But within a year people began exaggerating Ben's age upward, and Alice's downward, and this they have kept up until I heard this week that Ben was sixty when he married, and Alice nineteen.

Jerry Shackelford

MANY years ago a man named Jerry Shackelford lived in a lonely house in the woods south of town. His wife asked him one afternoon to get an armful of oven wood; she was baking and wanted wood to heat the oven of the cookstove to the best advantage. But he delayed going, and his wife finally spoke to him sharply, as her bread was ready to bake. Jerry was very sensitive, and the reproof made him so mad that he went out of the house, and for fifteen years nothing was heard of him.

His wife continued living in the old house, and the neighbors told the story of the runaway in whispers. They noted that through every night a light burned in the window, as though inviting Jerry to return. Mrs. Shackelford loved her husband as much as wives usually do; the trouble was that Jerry was more sensitive than most husbands.

One cold blustery night as Mrs. Shackelford sat with her feet in the oven of the cookstove, to keep them warm, the front door opened and Jerry walked in carrying an armful of oven wood, which he deposited in the wood box behind the cookstove.

Mrs. Shackelford was glad to see her husband and welcomed the chance to make up, but she thought she should in some way indicate that his long absence had been unusual and improper, so she said: "Well, I will say you have been a long time about it!"

That made Jerry mad again, he was so sensitive; so he went out of the house again and has never been heard of since.

People Finally Began Laughing at Him, He Worked So Hard

Cap. Hansen

WHEN the rebellion broke out Cap. Hansen promptly enlisted and came back a captain.

Cap. Hansen was such a hard worker that he had no time to acquire an education, so about all he knew of the classics was the saying, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy," though after the war he was occasionally heard to say, "All quiet along the Potomac," and probably knew in a general way from hearing it talked about so much that Byron awoke one morning and found himself famous.

Cap. Hansen somehow found time to marry and had a large family of children, all of whom he sent to college as they became old enough, but continued to work very hard himself. When he felt tired or discouraged he quoted his favorite saying, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy," and that seemed to make him feel better.

There never was a better man than Cap. Hansen, but people finally began laughing at him, he worked so hard. They said he was an old fool, and criticized him because he did not get something out of his money. After passing seventy he began to get out of shape; his hands were crooked from toil and there was a stoop in his shoulders. It was pitiful to see him hurrying about, feeble and old.

Cap. Hansen finally crossed the Alps and reached Italy and the age of seventy-nine. There was a contest over his will, in which one faction in the family contended that he had been crazy twelve years; the fact also came out that he had worked so hard to make money that he had neglected what he had, and there wasn't a great deal to quarrel over.

Henry Wulfburger

WHAT citizen of this town is most highly spoken of? Henry Wulfburger, the iceman, who is so polite and capable that no one can get his customers away from him. He isn't very good looking and not a fastidious dresser; but he delivers ice promptly and puts things back in the refrigerator as he found them.

Henry Wulfburger owns one of the best homes in town, and they say he receives a salary so large that nothing is said about it before the other employees of the ice plant. Who do you suppose will be manager of the ice plant and the big iceman of the town in a few years? Everybody knows it will be Henry Wulfburger.

Henry manages to do some good as he goes along. Nate Salsbury is his assistant on the ice wagon. Nate comes of very shiftless native stock, but Henry Wulfburger is making a man of him. If the people will keep out of it Nate will be saved; there is some grumbling because Nate gets only six dollars a week and works long hours; but the young man is learning more than the ice business. He is learning industry, politeness, honesty and efficiency from the example of Henry Wulfburger. Nate will get more wages in plenty of time; the other iceman will attend to that in case his present employer neglects it.

George Pendleton

GEORGE PENDLETON came to town twelve years ago and opened a grocery store. He has always been a selfish man, and the other storekeepers at first laughed at him; but he turned out to be capable and they soon began abusing him. He was a tremendous worker, and instead of joining the local trust and making just a living he went after business and made money. Many of the storekeepers were becoming careless. George Pendleton caused them to straighten up. There was a gentlemen's agreement among the merchants, and their prices were too high. George Pendleton reduced prices and brought trade to town from a larger area. We had stores about which people grumbled; now we point to them with pride.

All this good was accomplished by a selfish man who had no other ambition than to make money. He gave liberally to every worthy object—really as an advertisement for his business and to make friends; I have heard him grumble at some of the hold-ups—but his main object was to make money. He built a business house, and a good one; his rivals followed his lead. He built a residence; his rivals followed him again. He felt the need of better facilities for doing business, and got them,

(Concluded on Page 181)

Cinders of the Cinderella Family

By KEENE ABBOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

NO WIND blew, but in the night he could feel the wind of motion pressing against him while he sped along the top of a freight train energetically chased by an unobliging brakeman. As he smirched through the darkness, a bulky figure leaning forward, one arm waving, the other pressing his blanket roll to keep it from jouncing off his shoulder, there was something in the language of his pursuer that made him feel unpopular. He heard himself called a hobo, also a blanket stiff—and even a damned dirty blanket stiff.

Once he humorously jeered, shouting back over his shoulder, while the yellow bobbing light of a lantern kept gaining upon him:

"Don't get so disrespectful! Cinders, if you please. Call me Cinders—Mister Cinders."

Ahead of him the tumbling billows of smoke and steam flushed warmly with spurts of brilliancy from the engine's fire box. Cautious in leaping gaps lest he fall down between cars and so be ground to pieces by heavy wheels briskly growling, he raced along with the shambling gawkiness of a lad much overgrown. If only the train would slacken its speed at some bridge or crossing then he might have a chance to end his journey without any bruising lunge and consequent hurtsof a grievous character!

In an effort to hide he began to scurry down the ladder at a car end, and there watched the jerky saffron fleck luminously advancing until it developed into a lantern of regulation size.

Gripping an iron rung, he looked down appraisingly. What if he were to go lower and chance swinging himself to earth? He shuddered. One does so hate to smash any arms or legs or to get his back broken—or his neck! The rim of the graveled roadbed seemed to come streaming along under him at sizzling speed.

In another way too this was not a happy place. A hot grit of cinders stung his face; they burned under his collar, down his back; and fumes of locomotive smoke, acrid and sulphurous, made him cough.

With neck upon a strain, he kept glancing upward in watchful apprehension. And all at once the stars that had seemed to gambol and strangely swim in the sky were cut off by a blotching shadow. Next a lantern's glow came swinging brightly within a few feet of his head. A raucous voice stridently informed him that if he did not care to get kissed on the coconut with this lump of coal maybe he had better drop off his perch.

Distressing situation! Below him a dim and dizzy blur; above him a black craggy weight poised with menacing insecurity! If that skull-crushing weight were to fall, what then? Would he be able to dodge the thing?

All at once he began to urge conservation. The audacity of youth! He was imploring the brakeman not to waste coal.

"It's bad—extravagant," he avowed. "Nobody ought to waste good fuel."

Had he whimpered and cravenly begged the promised ten-pound kiss would very likely have shattered itself upon him. As it was, the trainman chuckled. He chuckled, but he also cursed, then trod upon the fingers gripping the iron bar of the ladder.

So the "blanket stiff" came to earth with a catapulting heave, with somersaulting rolls, with many grunts and much extemporaneous eloquence. He had scratched gravel, as the saying goes, at a place scented strongly with the penetrating and bitter smell of sunweeds freshly cut down. But finding a grassy level a few rods distant from the railway track, the ground was made to serve him as a bed and the sky as a roof for the remainder of the night.

His knuckles and knees were bruised; cinders and pebbles had been rasped into his palms, and his whole body ached, not merely from the violent jolt of being hurled into the ditch but from a severe knocking about recently experienced as a hint for him to move on.

They were persons of his own station in life who had given him this hint. While he had money; while he contributed his share of provisions or tobacco or cash to the camp fund of the hand-out, as such a rendezvous is termed, his comrades put up with him despite his overwhelming appetite and greediness. Such a fellow, however, quickly outlasts his welcome. That he was big and looked stout, even formidable, had not helped him to live upon the bounty of his fellows. No "jungle buzzard" was wanted. Cinders had been told so. They said he never seemed able to get enough, but they would try to accommodate him. He replied—during their fisticuff and kicking accommodations—that he thought they were overdoing it.

Now in addition to his more recent hurts the pain in his swollen eye kept him unpleasantly wakeful. He heard the crowing of cocks near and far, spreading by degrees from farm to farm through all the prairie spaciousness, and not until they had concluded their midnight vocalization did he finally go to sleep.

At dawn when he heard them again it seemed to him that all night long they had never left off their clear, prolonged and chanting calls. From the lumpy coat in which his shoes were wrapped for a pillow he raised his head, and while he lay propped up by his elbows with a blanket over him he was like a gray cocoon bending upward at one end.

The cocoon listened to early morning sounds—the pattery stir of cottonwood leaves in the little grove beyond the farmhouse on the other side of the railway; the listless clink and clank of a windmill pumping water; the brisk tappings in the barn when a currycomb was knocked against a stall post.

All at once rhythmic jettings began to pulse with a rapid zim-zim at the bottom of a tin pail in the cow corral. Milking time! He could hear it. He could almost smell the good smell of warm milk frothing. And oh, for a drink of that good warm milk! The thought of it was nearly as tantalizing as the savory fragrance of breakfast coffee delectably emanating from the kitchen of the farmhouse.

To betake himself thither and ask for a job—that was the thing to do. Yes, if there were no dogs about. But they always do have dogs, these devilish farmers!

He stretched himself, yawned cavernously, growling out an "Oh, hum! Oh, good Lord!" And once more he took a long survey of the harvest fields—the immense fields spreading wide like a tawny ocean clear to the thin lilac rim of the faintly engirdling horizon.

Reaching back from the railroad, the expanses of stubble were like enormous rugs with a nap of some bright brittle stuff and with a margin of black velvet along the right of way. This black border was a fire guard plowed to defend the cut and sheafbound grain against any burning that might get started from sparks scattered by locomotives.

As for the fields not yet disturbed by the slash and clatter of the binder, the wheat stood waist deep—ripe, warmly rich, drowsing in heavy-headed opulence. Aureate glory lay everywhere, and languishing with the birth of it the land now seemed to brood and dream wanly with no fresh color in it save for the cottonwood groves.

These, the windbreaks planted by settlers to protect each farmhouse from bleak winter winds and ruffian storms, spotted the yellow ocean with forested isles and far leafy clusters, delicately tufting the remoter zones with small bouquets of greenery. Those farthest removed were but phantom flecks of dainty color, blue with the haze of distance, dreamfully dim and cool and mystical.

By virtue of the verdant notes of contrast the wealth of the far-reaching fields seemed all the more prodigal.

Cinders was like this harvest. Rich saps had developed him, maturity had claimed him and to him had come the languor and enervation which follow the quickening of vital forces. He was seventeen. Broad of chest, six feet tall, muscled like an ox, it was his misfortune to be regarded as a man while he was still but a lad.

Loafers, trampe, the ranks of casual labor are greatly multiplied by youngsters such as he. For in the period of rapid growth they do not get on well at school; too much is expected of them at home; nobody understands their laziness; they are so discouraged by censure and contempt and nagging that they finally run off.

There could be no more striking example of the nasty trick Nature plays on boys than this great hulking specimen. Cinders could never get enough to eat. He was hungry all the while—immensely, raveningly, outrageously hungry. The chronic weariness of him, the fatiguing expenditure of sap to build so much brawn, the loathing of toil, the glutton's eagerness for food, the sloth's craving for sleep—all these were but the necessities of his being.

This morning as he lay sniffing warm breakfast odors lusciously wafted from the country kitchen the grinding ache within him steadily increased; he could have cried with the pain of being so empty. But the dread of being bitten by the farmer's dogs and the cowardice of a bruised body shrinking from further hurt now caused his shaggy head to fall back upon its lumpy pillow. He shoved his felt hat over his face to keep out the sun and once more went soundly to sleep.

It was a rigorous prodding in the side that roused him. A pitchfork handle, so polished with rubbing palms that it gleamed like glass, had pried and poked him into wakefulness.

"Eh, what's up?" the drowsy fellow asked.

"We're short of help. Want a job? To-day we start a-threshin' over here on the Nordstrom place."

Clad in brown denim, a suit of overalls in one piece with the waist half open down the front, the farmer leaned upon the fork handle as upon a staff, his broad chest and his muscle-swollen arms, with sleeves rolled up, very red and sunburnt.

"A job? Well, maybe. And do I eat first?"

Not much inclined to bestir himself, the questioner put cautious finger tips to his bruised and purplish eye to feel whether the swelling had gone down, while the employer observed rather suspiciously: "Some shiner you've got!"

"I—I know it."

Further discussion of this topic was not encouraged. Cinders got to his feet, shook out his blanket, folded it and rolled it up. He was scrutinized meanwhile from under the broken rim of a straw hat whose edge had frayed to saw-toothed raggedness. The squinted blue eyes with hay-colored lashes kept winking in saturnine moodiness. It could easily be surmised that the man was not very favorably impressed by the appearance of this new recruit, for truth to tell there were certain members of his crew unhappily wearing facial decorations similar to this, and a strong misgiving had come to him that the stranger might have been in the same conflict—as an enemy leagued with the rival threshing outfit.

"Who did you work for last?"

The question was brusquely put as the two set out along the dusty road; and the answer—beginning with a chuckle—was the bland assertion:

"It was for a man who neglected his chance to pay me off. Just wait! I'll tell you about him. He used to have me take care of his motorcycle for him—clean it, oil it, adjust bearings, put in a new spark plug, and the like. Handy with tools himself, if it comes to tinkering with a traction engine or a thresher, but ignorant as a Chinaman about his popgun goer."

"Who is he?"

"I'm telling you. One day not long ago he made a trip to town with his speed-stinker and something he drank didn't seem to agree with its constitution. It got to going crooked and skidding on him and acting dizzy. Finally it whiffed into a ditch and skated up the bank and hung him on a barbed-wire fence in a way that made him feel noticeable."

The ominous silence of the listener was very disconcerting; but like the monologist of the variety stage dealing with an unresponsive audience the babbler went on determinedly, striving to win a smile or a laugh.

"If," he added, "if such a thing as that happens to a man he's got a right to speak to the machine and swear some and knock it about; but to kick it don't seem a suitable revenge. Don't ever do that. I wouldn't advise it. For if you are all slashed up and the sole ripped off your shoe and your toes spilling out, then there sure is no happiness in battering them against the steel framework of a motorcycle. Mile after mile my boss came trundling his joy joker along the road. He hobbled as he came and sometimes he sat down to pet his foot and talk to himself and take a gloomy view of life."

The talker grew discouraged. All this lively chatter had not lifted in the least the suspicious dolefulness from the red face, heavily Teutonic.

"Did he get hurt?" the farmer asked, and Cinders decided not to tell the rest of the story. Only subsequent proceedings impressed him as being so unusual and interesting that he could not stop talking, if only for his own satisfaction.

"Hurt? Well, a little maybe—here and there. And didn't look neat. Sorta smeared up and wanting first aid. Not much of a trick, though, to get him patched up; but the motorcycle nurse said it would take time to cure that patient. Yes, plenty of time. Nurse thought he hadn't better make a rush job of it. If he could fuss in the shade of the cook shack with a lot of bolts and springs and ratchet wheels it would be more restful, he thought, than to work in the field, pitching grain bundles all day long in the sweltering sun."

He chuckled, but the farmer was silent. They went on together, the gabbler still talking.

"Now if you take all the valves and levers and springs out of a motor cycle one great trouble is that they refuse to go back where they belong. I never saw anything so stubborn. Lord love you, such a mess! Parts looked like a peck o' scrap iron, neither pretty nor useful. Not a bit useful, but oh, so numerous! Every day for a week the repair expert kept promising that to-morrow he would sure have the machine all fixed up and running again as good as new. Finally the owner raked together the whole jumble and took it off to the garage man in town. Cost a hundred dollars to get the stuff sorted out and reassembled and adjusted. When the boss got back to camp he did not seem pleased or grateful. The way he talked to me was almost insulting. I meant to quit and I would have quit, but it was just dinner time and I was all washed up and first to reach the cook shack. That's a specialty of mine—being first at the cook shack. It's a gift."

The farmer dryly commented: "I'll say one thing for you, young fellow—you're pretty gabby."

Heedless of the rebuke, the newcomer assumed a hurt look and an aggrieved tone of voice as he added: "Would you believe it?. I didn't get a cent for all my services as a mechanician. No, sir, not a cent! Shag Miller refused to pay me. Wouldn't give me a cent. Not a copper red cent!"

The farmer stopped short. Down came the polished handle from his shoulder, the end striking the ground with a force that made the tines ring like a tuning fork.

"Who did you say? Miller? Shag Miller?"

"That's just who! Know him?"

Gusts of guttural German and splutters and a clenched fist seemed to indicate that Shag Miller was known. The rush of blood to the farmer's face turned the sunburn purple; and then the outburst having subsided, that massive fellow grew ominously quiet, sullenly taciturn.

Southward along the dusty road in the early morning the two had been walking at a brisk pace in the direction of black smoke heavily lifting and smirching the blue sky—the fumes from a traction engine now generating steam for the day's threshing. The lusty stride of the robust farmer, the truculent slant of the fork handle across his shoulder and above all the grim silence of him gave token of a sinister antipathy against the threshing contractor named Shag Miller.

After a long interval and many glances furtively precocious Cinders hazarded the assertion: "Must be that you boss the Nordstrom outfit. You will be Max—Max—I forget what. Max Kruger or Krieger—something like that."

"Krieger—yes, that's it."

"Can't be! No, you can't be Max—for by now there's nothing left of him but a grease spot. Shag Miller did that. I mean, he promised—and it must be so, because Shag is so honest."

The young fellow should have known better than to continue pleasantries of this sort; but after shifting his crumpled coat to his left shoulder he went on in the same strain:

"Sour grapes—that's what ails Shag Miller. You've cut him out of some business, clubbing together and buying threshing machinery—you and Nordstrom and the rest of the Swedes and Danes living round here. And what is it Shag calls your mob? Hyphenated Huns—that's the moniker he's got for you. Last Saturday he was to start something if your fellers came to town to the firemen's picnic. Said you wouldn't have the guts to come. Hoped you would, though. Had his huskies all primed for it. Juiced up the whole gang with redeye booze that was bootlegged to him from K. C. Nuff fight and fury in it to win the war all over again. Wanted me along to aid in his liberty drive, as he called it. But I couldn't see where I'd lost any hyphenated Huns."

All at once Krieger said: "Look here, my friend! I told you I'd give you work and I will. But you better understand right now that it's no showy recommendation for you that you hail from Shag Miller's outfit. You may be all right. I'll risk finding out. But before you start to work I might as well be plain-spoken about one or two little happenings. When we first started up we had an engineer that wired the safety valve shut and crowded on a full gauge of steam while we were at dinner. Maybe the engineer was hired to do that—hired by Miller. I don't know. Another time a few days ago someone slipped a railroad spike into a bundle of wheat. Know what that did? It ripped hell out of the cylinder teeth of the thresher. And was Mr. Miller behind that? Don't know. Can't say. And I can't tell—yet—whether you are another skunk that he wants to unload on us."

Cinders grinned, then impudently observed: "This ain't no Sunday school. Better cut out the moralizing."

But he was uncomfortable. He began to cast longing glances to the east and to the north, where in the remote distance, miles and miles across the yellow land, other traction engines had begun to send up their dark wraiths of smoke. He wished

"There, How's That? Wow! When You Do Land You Sure Do Land! Another One Like That and I Won't Love You Any More"

himself there—at either of those places. For here, if anything went wrong, if a suspicious accident were to happen, if some piece of malicious sabotage should occur he foresaw that he—no matter now innocent—might be the victim of a brutal punishment.

He decided promptly that he had brought his appetite to a poor place. But this decision was nothing to stop his hunger. He was resolved not to clear out; not yet—not until after he had breakfasted.

In the Nordstrom kitchen after Krieger had talked with the farm women Cinders was grudgingly received, for by this time breakfast was all out of the way and the dishes washed and hustling activities started in the preparation of a big dinner for the threshers. All was fluster and hurry—bread to be baked, pies to be made, chickens to be dressed and cut up for the pot, the table in the dining room to be extended with boards.

But coffee was warmed up for him; he was also served with remnants of breakfast, such as cold bacon and cold fried potatoes. He ate fast and long, gorging himself; and when he had finished he produced from a coat pocket a tin can with a wire twisted about it for a handle. He said he believed in conservation and that if the coffee was to be thrown out anyhow he might as well take some along with him. It was such good coffee!

During his meal Mrs. Nordstrom and her sister-in-law remained together in the kitchen. Obviously the farm wife did not want to be left alone with the great burly fellow. When he went off, not in the direction of the field and the threshing machine but slinkingly round the house with the watch dog growling at his heels, the two women stole to the windows to observe his furtive departure. They hoped he would get clean away. A good riddance!

Krieger on the contrary did not like this behavior. The fellow had eaten. He should also work. Cinders was challenged from afar, commanded to halt and about face. But he kept on down the lane in the direction of the road, walking deliberately in the fear that if he started to run the white fangs of the snarling dog would surely be snapped into his flesh.

So having been overtaken and asked what was the idea in going off like this, he dolefully replied that he was afraid he would have to give up trying to work. He felt dizzy. The cramps had caught him. He was subject to cramps. Awfully sorry to disappoint. The women had noticed that he wasn't feeling well. They had given him this coffee. They thought it might help to settle his stomach.

"Maybe this will help," said Krieger, and the fellow jumped, spilling all his coffee and dropping the can. Steel points of a pitchfork had jabbed him in the thigh.

"Don't!" he cried out, whining with pain. "Don't do that! It tickles!"

"Does, eh? But it's good for the cramps," Krieger observed. "You feel better, don't you? Feel maybe that you can put in a good day's work. Do you, or not?"

"Now that you mention it," Cinders conceded as he felt of his thigh where reddish stains began to appear, slowly blotting through the soiled blue cloth, "I do believe that my stomach feels some settled. I'll work."

II

LIKE a prisoner of war he was marched back through the farmyard, across a fenced inclosure northward and so into the crisp-stubble where engine fumes lifted and where the threshing machine stood gaudily new, all inflamed by early sunbeams. During this its first season in the harvest fields of farmers who had bought it for communal operation the angry red of its glistening paint shrilly typified the hot passion which had been kindled by the acquisition of this equipment.

Naturally Shag Miller, who formerly had done the threshing for this entire district, would not be pleased to have competition. For was it not to be expected that after these men should finish their own work they would be likely to enlarge the scope of their activity, thus cutting him off not merely from their business but also from the business of some of the big wheat growers? He bitterly complained that the foreign-born element, though they had closed with him to do their threshing this year as in other years, had suddenly dropped him.

Commercial animosity had been further aggravated by wartime prejudices, as in the case of young Nordstrom. Immediately after he had been exempted from the draft his father's bank in Spring Junction had been nocturnally bedaubed all over the front with yellow paint to stigmatize the son as a slacker and a coward. This unpleasantness, which was supposed to have been in retaliation for the financial encouragement which the senior Nordstrom had extended to farmers in the purchase of their threshing equipment, gave some cause to believe that the patriotism of Shag Miller had taken a course so malicious that there would be no trick too mean, too rowdyish or even too incendiary for him to perpetrate in reprisal for the collapse of his monopoly as a thresher.

So as Krieger brought in his captive suspicious attention was instantly focused upon the unhappy Cinders. The robust hilarity and laughing frolic of the men about the traction engine and threshing machine had instantly stopped short. Two who had been wrestling and tumbling about upon the ground suddenly got to their feet.

The one known as Stub Watson questioned ironically: "What you got there? One of Shag's engine sparks?"

Laughter jeeringly resounded from lusty throats, for this sarcasm referred to a fire that had swept wide through a field, destroying many shocks of grain. A minion of the opposition was supposed to have started the blaze, even though Shag Miller had stoutly maintained that it must have been sparks from a locomotive that started "all hell a-poppin."

"No," Krieger replied, "this rooster is one that's plumb crazy to work. Only he ain't feeling right chipper. Got stomach trouble. Won't do to give him any hard job. Something right easy is what he needs. Guess we'll have to try him out as a spike pitcher."

Here followed another loud guffaw, for of all toil in threshing operations none is more rigorous or fatiguing than the continual forking of grain sheaves into the machine. The crew gathered about Cinders, eying him curiously and grinning crookedly, with quids of tobacco raising lumps in their bronzed cheeks.

Now as the first load from the field drew up beside the machine, the rack piled high with grain bundles, the observant Cinders took note that the bandaged right arm of the driver was carried in a sling.

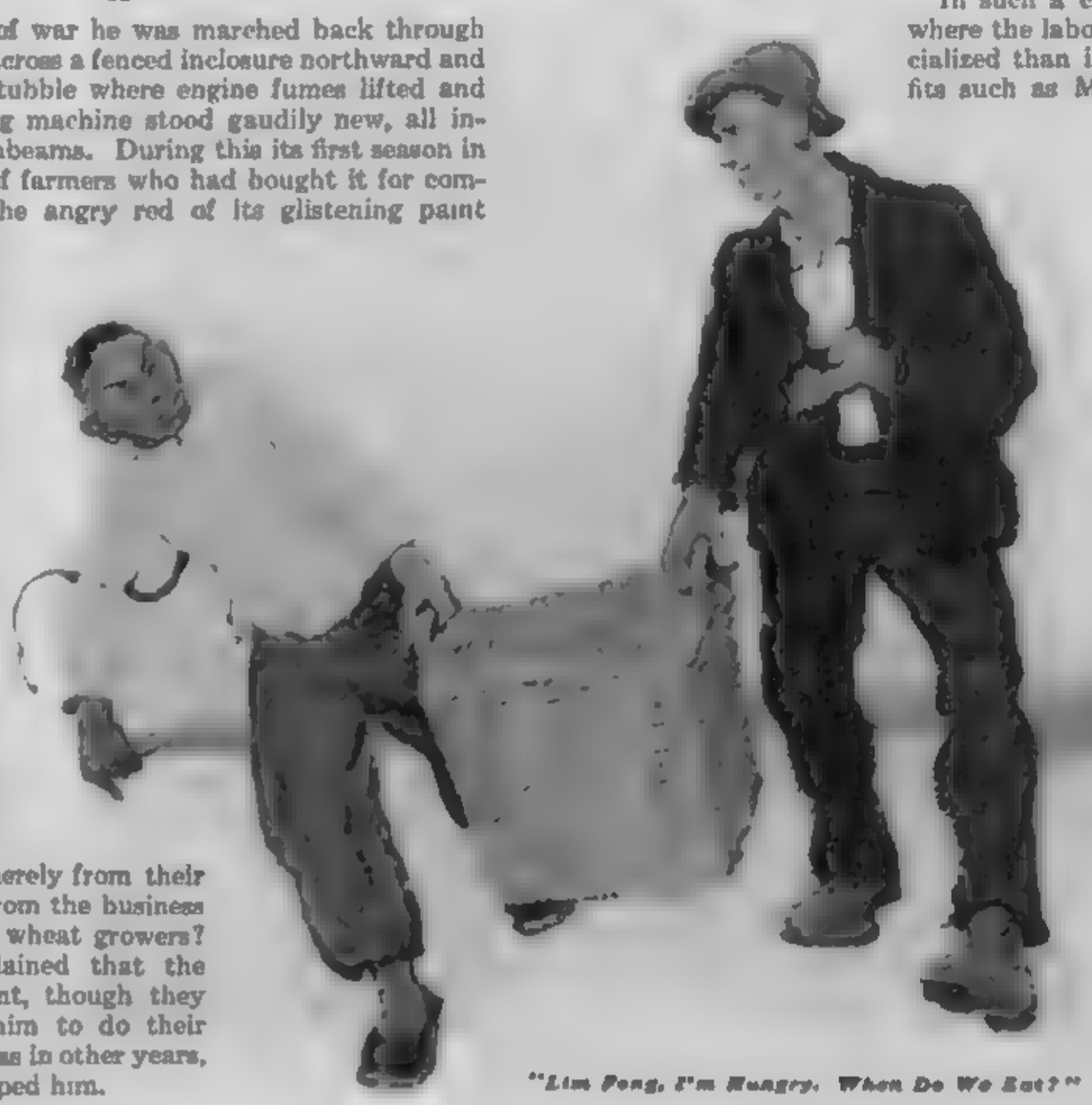
"Too bad," a joker commented, "that the new hand wants to exercise himself. Looking so pale too—and thin and wasted away."

"Don't mention it," the burly youth answered as he rolled up his sleeves, stripping bare his brown powerful arms. "I seem to be stuck on the job. Very sudden I got stuck."

Turning his back upon Krieger, he faced the others, flung down his hat beside the coat and blanket he had dropped and then took a desperate chance in bluffing.

"I," he blurted out—and wondering how fast he would have to run—"I can lick anyone in this outfit that wasn't whelped under a sheep shed."

"We're glad to hear," Krieger commented, "what a good man you are. So just you crawl right up there on that load and show us. We want to see how good you are. Yes," he added, "and it had better be good."



"Lim Pong, I'm Hungry. When Do We Eat?"

In such a crew as this, where the labor is less specialized than in large outfits such as Miller's, it is common for the driver of a wagon to empty his load into the feed chute of the machine. But the man up there Lars Nordstrom himself—was incapacitated. Another of the gang, the one tending the separator, wore a gray ribbon of adhesive plaster across a nut-brown cheek.

Noting these details, Cinders clambered to the top of the load and as he swung nimbly upward at the rear of the rack he told himself: "They did have a run-in after all—the two outfits. Sure did! Yes, in town at the firemen's picnic last Saturday."

In Spring Junction, where he had gone with his farmer associates, those swaggering threshers full of bad whisky and the lust to batter heads, he had made discretion the kind of valor that had sent him sneaking away to the railway water tank, there to catch a freight train for scenes and prospects more pacific. But now once again he found himself cast back into the hopper of hostilities.

Suddenly the seven-o'clock whistle let out a prolonged double screech; the team jumped nervously; a white plumage of vapor drifted forward, mingling with the black and velvety smoke. The wide power belt connecting engine and machine and crossed in the middle slid along smoothly over the wheels, and as a lever was applied the cylinder of the thresher began to snarl with a thunderous clamor.

"All ready!" Krieger yelled, throwing up a hand as a signal. "Let her go!"

Carefully pitched grain bundles began to fall and the blower to churr in a deep-toned roar. Steel teeth snatched at the grain, crushing the straw with growling ferocity, while evenly and persistently in a steady stream the tossed sheaves went whisking downward into the insatiable gullet of the machine.

Soon the flow of grain, all threshed and winnowed, commenced to splash into an empty wagon in great swishings like sleet against the side of a house, for having been separated from straw and chaff, automatically weighed and dumped, the wheat kept spouting into the conveyance—a fountain of cereal wealth, golden brown.

The feeder worked diligently, the sun glinting upon the polished handle of his pitchfork and the tines brightly aflash after each sheaf was sent speeding upon its way. For a time Cinders enjoyed the rippled play of powerful muscles. The cadenced swing of tossing the grain, the spring of the fork handle yielding a little with a slight bend each time it swung a tousled burden into place and the expertness of effort deftly spent gave him a deceptive assurance, while still in the freshness of his strength, that he could keep this up all day long. He rejoiced in his skill; he even forgot that this was enforced labor.

For young fellows of his sort do not make much of the hardships and brutalities of life. Theirs is the humorous point of view. Cultivating comedy as an essential shock absorber, they can laugh at almost anything—if only they have a full stomach to help them do it.

That Cinders had been bullied and hurt; that the wound in his thigh still bled a little and smarted terribly from the sweat running down into the two holes pricked in the flesh seemed nothing special to bother about. He worked on, exulting in his strength, and wished that the girl in the house—Nordstrom's sister—might "take a slant" at this performance. Sometimes he gazed toward the kitchen, where the chimney was smoking. He thought of her, with yellow hair coiled on her head in a thick braid, as "not a bad looker."

Now what if he, a hobo recently kicked off a freight train, should stick here and work and win confidence and marry the banker's daughter? That's how it goes in the magazine stories. Humble clerk gets his employer's daughter and is taken into the business as a partner of her millionaire father. Reflecting on how such stories happily end, he saw himself married to that "not bad looker" with papa-in-law presenting him a farm or two for a wedding gift.

"Hey, you, don't weaken!" a voice was yelling from the ground. "Ginger up and keep gingered up!"

"Sure, boss—all right," Cinders called back.

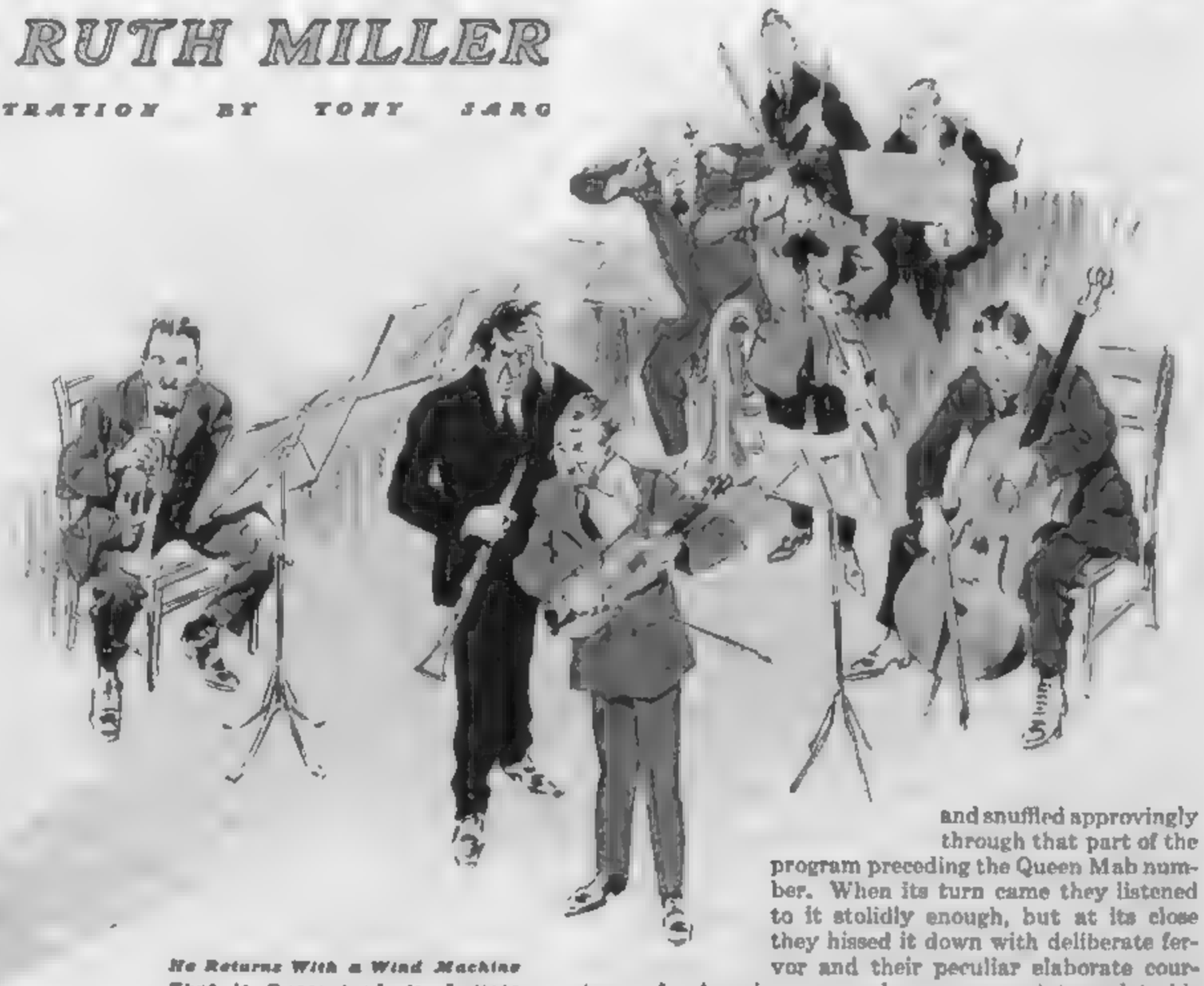
He finished the load; but another had drawn up, this one driven by a boy of twelve or fourteen. Still other wagons, far off in the field, were being corpulently swollen. Pitchers raised the shocked grain, tossing up two or three bundles with a single lift of the fork.

It saddened him to see such capability. Devil take those fellows—they would give him no breathing spell! The spirit oozed out of his work. He labored doggedly, while broken straw, chaff and dust went right on fuming from the spout of the blower and from the separator; while load after load drew up on one side of the machine with wagon after wagon drawing up on the other side to be filled by the

(Continued on Page 141)

Our American Music Makers

By RUTH MILLER

ILLUSTRATION BY TONY SARG

He Returns With a Wind Machine That is Guaranteed to Imitate Everything From a Kansas Cyclone to a Cuddlesome Summer Zephyr

I FAIL to see why," said Doctor Hodges resentfully, "when I go to one of the weekly concerts given by our symphony orchestra I should be compelled to sit for forty minutes listening to a composition that is so ineffably stupid that it doesn't even do me the good turn of putting me to sleep. Why," he demanded with such violence that his friend jumped guiltily—"why should I have to listen to a lot of senseless sounds put together by someone I never heard of before and, considering the torture he has just put me through with his infernal music, I certainly never want to hear of again? Now take that Suite Tragique that was played last week—fat little chap wrote it; has something to do with one of the universities; forgotten his name ——"

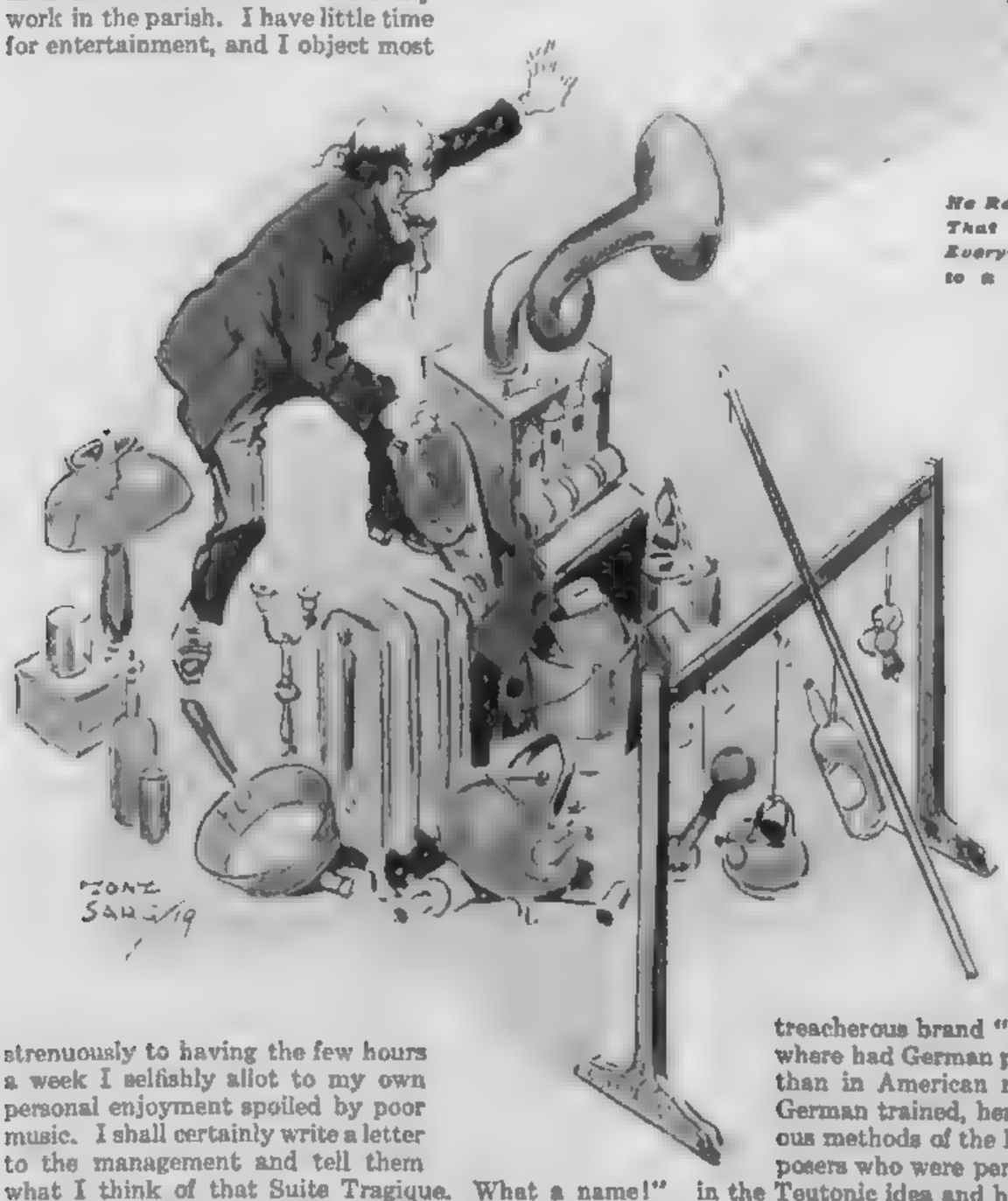
"But," his friend ventured to protest, "that was a scholarly piece of musical writing."

"Scholarly! What's that got to do with music?"

Pained Protests of Thousands

"BUT, Doctor Hodges, you know that new music must have its hearing. Our American composers ——"

"Don't try to tell me that that outrageous stuff I listened to last week was American music. I know better. There wasn't a thing American about it. As for its being new—it was nothing but a hodgepodge of all the music that has been written since Adam. I insist that it is an insult to the patrons of music to have to listen to such stuff. I look forward every week to that symphony concert as a means of relaxation after my work in the parish. I have little time for entertainment, and I object most strenuously to having the few hours a week I selfishly allot to my own personal enjoyment spoiled by poor music. I shall certainly write a letter to the management and tell them what I think of that Suite Tragique. What a name!"



And doubtless he did write a letter to the long-suffering management of that particular orchestra. He probably waxed most eloquent about the scurvy trick they had played him in enticing him to that concert and then making him listen to the nice efforts of a perfectly worthy gentleman to put a fence of limited imagination and smug musical sophistries round an art that in its higher forms is only endurable when taken glowing from the fiery furnace of inspiration and tempered with great originality. There is little reason to believe that he did not write such a letter. For some are born to letter writing, some acquire it and some have it thrust upon them, but Doctor Hodges deliberately hunted it out.

No doubt his attitude was narrow. But after all he was only voicing a little differently the pained protests that thousands have made before him against perpetrating dull, ugly and senseless atrocities in the name of art. The average man, that indispensable character of fiction, particularly if he be American, wants his music with a tune and a swing to it, something to tickle his ear. And he likes the old things best. He flees from innovations as from a pestilence.

But progress inexorably demands experiments, and so in spite of his fervent and disgusted protests our typical American citizen has had to submit to listening to new music. However, until recently he consented to listen to it only when it bore a foreign label. Laboring under the modest delusion that he was commercial and commonplace, an æsthetic dud in fact, he clung to the conviction that predigested artistic opinions were the only sort for him. And of these his favorite, the most trusted, wore that treacherous brand "Made in Germany." For nowhere had German propaganda been more effective than in American musical life. Her artists were German trained, her teachers adopted the ponderous methods of the Fatherland, the few of her composers who were permitted a hearing were steeped in the Teutonic idea and her critics and writers eulogized the art of Wagner and Strauss.

In 1912 Berlin was the acknowledged music center of the world, and in that year there were seventeen hundred-odd concerts given within the environs of that self-complacent city to prove it. It is a matter of record that there are few violets among the Berliners, and in that year if one were inadvertently trapped by one of them he could do nothing but listen to him expound at great length and with much unctuous detail concerning this vast artistic superiority of theirs.

It was in the fall of that year that an English composition called Queen Mab was given its initial Berlin performance by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Nikisch. As was always the case with the orchestra concerts, Philharmonic Hall was jammed. The sleek audience came early, peered their way to their seats—there were no ushers in the concert halls of Berlin—and once there they had settled themselves, inspected their neighbors and then sniffled and snuffled approvingly through that part of the program preceding the Queen Mab number. When its turn came they listened to it stolidly enough, but at its close they hissed it down with deliberate fervor and their peculiar elaborate courtesy. An American man who was present turned to his hostess, a placid *Grafin*, and asked for an explanation of the hostile demonstration, saying that he had heard that same audience applaud music a great deal worse.

"But can't you see?" she answered him patiently. "It is so stupid for the English and Americans to think that they can do music. Don't they understand that we have it all? All the great composers were Germans. There is Beethoven, Mozart ——"

When that American repeats that story to-day he says that she mentioned every living or dead composer of any note or any nativity with the sole exception of Tschaikovsky, and he presumed that the sibilant final syllable of his explosive cognomen was all that saved him.

The Under Dog on Top

AMERICAN music was the starveling stepchild, the Cinderella of the arts, and if anyone inadvertently gave her a word of commendation her German stepsisters went into shrieks of derisive laughter and indulged in many ill-natured sneers at the mere idea of her having artistic pretensions.

But that was before that momentous August in 1914. Since then our composers have been coming decidedly into their own. It has become distinctly the thing to praise the art that is indigenous to our soil. After years of sneaking pitifully round the corners with a kicked-dog air, forever dodging the blows of artistic condemnation, our composers have blossomed out and flourish like ragweed. Concert artists have eliminated the Teutonic from their programs, and search in the highways and byways for American compositions. There are programs devoted to American songs, and our orchestras ostentatiously emphasize on their programs the numbers by American composers. Supersensitive souls have even got up on their hind legs and yipped about whether or no long-dead composers, Beethoven and Brahms, should be eliminated from their musical diet. Thus American music, having for so long snatched eagerly and thankfully at the few crumbs of public favor, painfully grateful when an artist used her smaller literature as anonymous encores and overcome when some philanthropically inclined musician gave it printed credence on his program, at last found her fairy godmother in the late war.

Men and women who had pleaded vainly before for the cause of American music, finally vindicated in their sponsorship, began to strut and incidentally black the eye of all the European music they could lay their hands on. Theirs was the inevitable retaliation of the under dog when he gets on top, and for a while the fate of many splendid works by men many years gone to their eternal rest hung sadly in the balance.

(Continued on Page 68)

THE BUSHER PULLS A MAYS

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

N. Y., July 29.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal here we are on the gay white way but they don't nobody on this ball club feel gay and no wonder. In the 1st. place to look at our club you would think we had just came back from the Marne as Gandil was left home in a hospital with appendix and Felsch is so lame that he can't cover no more ground then where his dogs is parked and Cracker Schalk has to be wheeled up to the plate and back you might say and to cap off the climax I got stomach trouble from something I eat or something and wile I don't pitch with my stomach a man can't do themself justice when the old feed bag acts up.

To make it worse Detroit has got a hold of a couple pitchers that can do something besides make 9 men on the field and Jennings club is comeing like a house on fire and all and all it looks like we was a bad bet and will be mighty lucky to get back off of this trip in 1st. place. For inst. Cicotte pitched a nice game today and lose it because they was a couple fly balls hit to center field that Felsch only had to take 3 or 4 steps to get under them but his sick dog layed down on him and wouldn't buge and zowey they went for 3 base hits. So as I say they can call this the gay white way but they can't hardily call us the gay White Sox eh Al.

Well I suppose you seen in the paper what Carl Mays the Boston pitcher pulled off and you will half to hand it to him. He walked out on the Boston club wile they was playing us out in Chi and said he wouldn't pitch no more baseball for them and of course they was out of the race for the pennant though when the season opened up and they had all their men back from the service we all of us thought they would be the club we would half to beat as they had 2 stars for every position you might say and they could stick 1 club in the field 1 day and a whole different club the next day and 1 of them as good is the other but any way they blowed up like Willard and it got so as they felt cocky when they only lose 1 game per day so Mays said he was through and instead of the club suspending him why they pretty near kissed him you might say and all the other clubs in the league begun biding for him.

Well we would of had him only I guess the Boston club insisted on Gleason giveing them Cocky Collins or Schalk or myself or somebody so of course Gleason give them the razz and finely Huggins got him for the N. Y. club for 4 or 5 ball players and the liberty loan and now Mr. Mays is with a club that has got a chance to get in the world serious and it shows what a sucker a ball player is to stick with a club where you can't get nothing only the worst of it.

Well Al I guess if I was to have a run in now with Gleason or something I will know what to do as the minute he looks X eyed at me I will Mays him and I guess they wouldn't some clubs jump at the chance to get a hold of me and specially Detroit as Jennings is makeing a great fight for the old rag without hardily any pitching at all you might say and what would he do with a man like I on the club to go in there every 3d. day and take my own turn besides helping the other birds out when they begin to weaken.

Well old N. Y. is some dry town since the 1 of July and the only way a man can get a drink here is go in a saloon and the only differents between old times is what they soak you for it now which is plenty but when a man has got to have it he has got to have like today after the game for inst. my old stomach was freting pretty bad and I got myself 6 high balls on the way back from the pk. and it set me back $2.40 but as I say what is $2.40 compared to a man's health.

Your pal,
JACK.

BOSTON, Aug. 2.

FRIEND AL: Well Al we are haveing a fine trip and the way we been going you would think we must of clumb in to 1st. place some night after dark but we won't be there long if Gleason don't wake up and use his pitchers right. He acts like Cicotte and Williams was Adam and Eve and they wasn't nobody else in the world and he keeps yelping about what tough shape he is in on acct. of not only haveing 2 pitchers and as far is the rest of us is conserned we might as well be takeing tickets.

Well a man can't hardily blame him for going slow with birds like Kerr and Faber and Lowdermilk that when they do throw a ball somewheres close to the plate somebody's bat gets in the way but just because I lose them games to the St. Louis and N. Y. clubs in Chi with my stomach why that isn't no reason I should spend August with my feet on the water cooler and as I said to Gleason today he might as well of left me home and he says yes and the rest of the club to.

Well you don't see Jennings trying to cop the old rag with 2 pitchers but he works his staff in turn like a mgr. should and some A. M. we will wake up and find ourself a few laps behind Detroit instead of leading them and all because Jennings gives his pitchers a chance but instead of Gleason giveing me a chance he sets around and mones about what tough shape we are in and if he could only get a hold of some pitcher like Page with the Phila. club but it looks to me like if Page was so dam good the Athaletics would get rid of him. We have all ready signed up Pat Ragan that every club in the National League tried him and I don't know what and the he—ll they can expect him to do here where a man has got to have something beaides acquaintences in all the big citys and it looks to me like Gleason has went plain cuckoo and it wouldn't surprise me to see him bark like a dog.

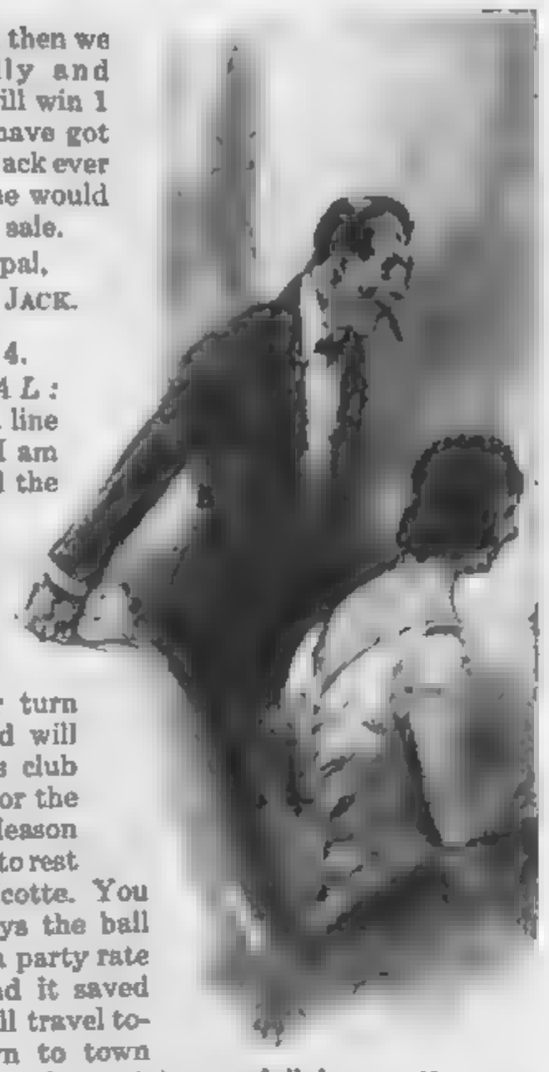
Well I suppose you seen where Ban Johnson stepped in and suspend it Mays after it come out that the N. Y. club had boughten him and I don't see what Ban has got to say about it now and I suppose we will be reading pretty soon where he has plastered a $5.00 fine on Hap Felsch for limping.

Ban said a few yrs. ago that Ty Cobb wouldn't never play another game in this league but the last time we played the Detroit club they had somebody in center field that looked a whole lot like Cobb and Jennings and the rest of the boys called him Ty.

Well this old burg isn't running as wide open as N. Y. and if a man wants a little refreshmunts they have got to go out and hunt for it like tonight I and 1 of the boys thought we better lay in a qt. to last over the sabath and 1 of the boys on the Boston club told us where to go get it so we got a qt. of it and it cost $7.00 and that means $7.00 a drink as they couldn't nobody in the world take more then 1 swallow and I wouldn't be surprised if that is what ails the Boston club. They are poisoned. Well the qt. all but 2 drinks is standing on my burro and that is where it is going to spend the sabath and when we leave here I will give it to the chamber horse for a tip and tell her what it cost and she will know she died a high price death. In the old days when we was here on a Sunday they closed up the bars but you could walk in the hotel cafe and order up a drink as long is you ordered sandwichs with it and if they knowed you they would bring you the same sandwichs every trip.

Well 1 more game here Monday and then we go to Philly and maybe we will win 1 there as we have got 4 to play and if Mack ever win 4 in a row he would put on a auction sale.

Your pal,
JACK.



PHILA., Aug. 4.

FRIEND AL: Well Al just a line to let you know I am here in Philly and the club still up in Boston yet and don't get here till tomorrow. Well that means that I am going to take my regular turn from now on and will start against this club either tomorrow or the next day and Gleason sent me on ahead to rest up along with Cicotte. You see in the old days the ball clubs use to get a party rate on the R. R. and it saved them money to all travel together from town to town but now everybody has got to pay full fare so if a mgr. wants to send a couple of his star pitchers a day or 2 ahead to the next town to rest them up why it don't cost nothing so that is how it come that I and Cicotte is here in Phila.

I didn't have no idear I was comeing on ahead till yesterday A. M. when I run in to Gleason in the hotel dinning rm. up in Boston and he motioned me to come and set down with him. Well he said how is your heart so I asked him what did he mean. "Well" he says "in them last 2 games you pitched vs. St. Louis and N. Y. out in Chi it looked to me like you was missing." So I said I guest my heart was O. K. but my stomach had been freting me on acct. of something I eat. I said "I would of made them 2 clubs look like a bum only a man can't work when your stomach aint right." "No" he says "and your stomach won't never get right on that liquid diet." So I asked him what he meant and he says you know what I mean and I should think you would get wise to yourself. So I says I guest I was wise enough so he says "Well if your wise you will cut out the rough stuff and get to work." So I asked him how could I get to work when he wouldn't give me no chance and he said "I will tell you what I will do with you. Cicotte is going over to Phila. tonight to rest up and you can go along with him and rest up includeing your stomach and if you aint in shape to pitch when I call on you it won't be nobody's fault only your own. And remember they won't be nobody over there watching you and you can behave yourself or not just as you feel like but when I get there I will know if you been behaveing."

So he had Joe O'Neill buy me a ticket and birth and I and Cicotte got here this A. M. and have the whole day to ourself and maybe we will go out this P. M. and see the game as the St. Louis club is playing here and besides we will have a chance to study Mack's batters. They are some study Al but maybe we can set where we can watch foxy Connie waggle his score card and maybe get his signs though it looks to me like he would do a whole lot better if he give up his score card long enough to have a few good ball players names printed on it.

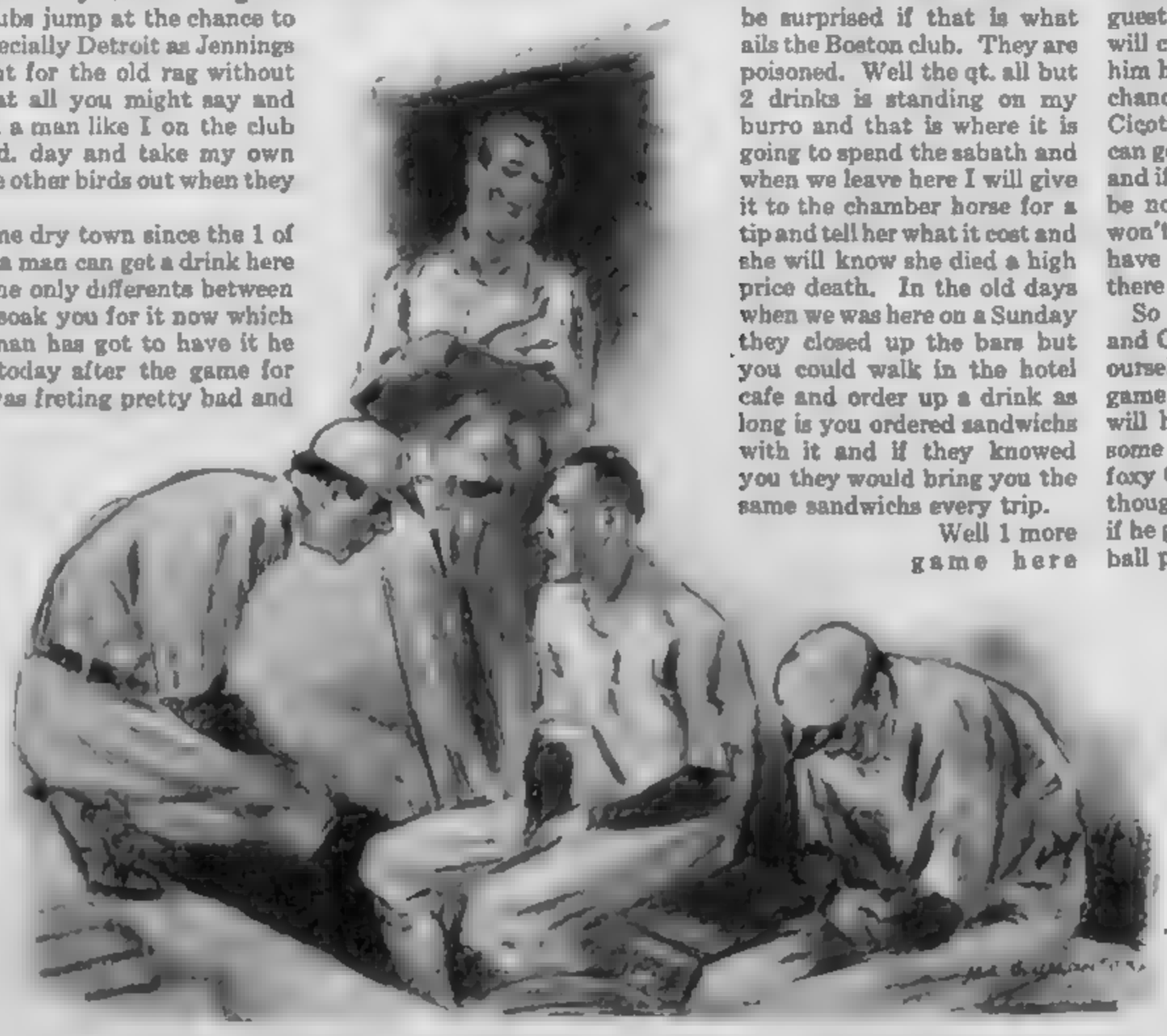
Well 1 of the waiters here in the hotel telis me a man can get all they want to drink here in Phila. if they go at it right but nothing doing Al as I am going to be in shape to give Gleason the best I got though 3 or 4 wouldn't hurt me and what Gleason don't know won't hurt him.

Your pal,
JACK.

PHILA., Aug. 6.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I guess they's no use of a man trying to go along with a mgr. that has went cuckoo and if it wasn't for the rest of the boys on the club I would pull a Mays and walk out on the club and go to some club where a man can get a square deal but if I done that it might maybe cost this club the pennant and it wouldn't be the right thing towards the rest of the boys.

Well I guess I told you that I and Cicotte was sent on here ahead of the rest of the club to rest up



So I Said "Well I am Not Going to Pitch That Way or No Other Way for You No More But I am Going to Pitch for a Mgr. That Don't Ask a Man to Work When He is Only 3 Laps This Side of a Corpse"

After Supper We Turned on the Jazz and Triped the Life Fantastic

so as we would be in good shape for the serious here and we layed around the hotel here all Monday A. M. and after lunch Eddie said he was going out to the ball pk. and did I want to go along. Well I said I guest I seen enough of baseball without spending a P. M. looking at a couple clubs like Burke and Mack has got a hold of and the more a man seen of Mack's club why the lest he would know about how to pitch to them and besides the best thing for me would be to get my mind off of baseball. So Eddie went out to the game and pretty soon I got kind of lonesome so I called up a friend of mine that is quite a fan and we found a place where you can still get it and we histed a few and then he said how about running down to Atlantic City.

Well Al we went down there and seen the sights and took a dip and my friend says he wondered why all the queens was giveing us the double O as they didn't never pay no tension to him when he was alone so I just laughed and didn't say nothing and didn't even look X eyed at 1 of them as I leave the flirting game to birds that hasn't no wife or no respect for the ones they have got so we got a dinj to dig us up a qt. and we was comeing back here at 11 P. M. but they must of been sleeping powders or something in that stuff we got and any way we layed down on the beach to rest for a few minutes after supper and the both of us overslept ourselfs and missed the train. Well Al we finely got back here at 9 o'clock yesterday A. M. and the club was all ready here and Gleason was setting in the lobby when I come in. Well he said where have you been. So I told him I had been out for a walk and he didn't say nothing so I come up to my rm. and layed down.

Well when we got out to the ball pk. he had both Cicotte and I take our turn in batting practice and when it come time to warm up he said it would be me. Well I didn't feel any to good but I warmed up pretty good and finely the game started and I hadn't pitched for pretty near 2 wks. and no wonder I couldn't start right out as good as ever but instead of giveing me a chance to get started he halls me out of there after I walked the 1st. 2 men. Well Cicotte went in and I come in to the bench and Gleason begin to rave and I said how can a man pitch when you don't even leave him get started. "Well" he says "you was out for 1 walk this morning and you was out for 2 walks this afternoon and I thought 3 walks a day would be enough for you." "Where was you last night?" he says and I told him nowheres. So he said "Yes you was. You was out for a board walk down to Atlantic City and I have got a notion to board walk you 1 in the jaw."

Well Al I don't know how he could of knew where I had been but I am not the kind that trys to lie out of something so I says yes I went down to Atlantic City and took a dip. So he says you mean you took a dipper. Well they's no use arguing with a crazy man Al so all as I could do was walk away from him before my temper got the best of me so I went in the club house and dressed and went up in the stand and watched the rest of the game. Well they didn't score off of Cicotte and we got 1 run in the 11th. off of Page and beat them 1 to 0 but I might of shut them out just the way Cicotte done if he had of left me in there but he has went cuckoo Al and to show you how bad he is he has signed up Mayer that has been in the National League 20 or 30 yrs. and the next thing you know he will be sending for Geo. Van Haltren or somebody. Well I only wished I was off this club and I would walk out on them in a minute only for the rest of the boys that has got their heart set on winning.

Your pal, JACK.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal don't be surprised if you pick up a paper some A. M. and see where I have walked out on this bunch of cuckoos and pulled a Mays on them only it won't be no 2 or 3 wks. before I land somewheres else as they's a certain club in this league that would give their eye to get a hold of me as it would mean the pennant. Don't think I am bosting Al as I am just giveing you the facts and when I tell you what come off yesterday you will know who I refer. Even if the deal don't come off I can give Gleason a good scare and maybe come to some kind of a understanding with him.

Well yesterday was our last day in Philly and the Detroit club had finished up their serious in Washington the day before and their whole bunch was over in Philly yesterday and out to see our game. Well afterwards we seen the whole bunch of them and Jennings kind of smiled at me like he wanted to see me alone so I give him the chance and he says what was on my mind. So I seen he was trying to give me a opening so I said I was tired of pitching for Gleason. So he says "Well I been watching the box scores where you pitched lately and it didn't look to me like you was pitching for Gleason." He is a great kidder Al but that is just his way.

Well he humed and haud and finely he says they was no use him talking to me as Gleason wouldn't trade no pitcher to a club that was fighting him for the pennant. So I said maybe he wouldn't trade me but suppose I walked out on him like Mays done on Boston why then maybe he would give me to the club that made the best offer.

So Jennings said "Yes but we tried to get Mays but all as we could offer for him was jack and we couldn't offer nothing else for you and when a club offers money to Comiskey why it is like takeing coal to a castle."

So I said "Well it looks to me like it would be to your int. to offer something besides jack as Gleason could use a couple of your ball players." Yes said Jennings but when you begin talking trade to Gleason he can't only talk in words of 1 sylable Cobb and Bush. Well I said if I make up my mind to walk out on him Cleveland or N. Y. will get me either 1 and you know what that means. So he says "I guess you won't go to neither 1 of them clubs." That is what he said Al and they's only 1 way to take it but at that it wasn't so much what he said as how he looked when he said it. He kind of half smiled and give me a kind of a wink and walked away from me and besides he was scared to make it to strong as a mgr. of a club is not supposed to temper with a player on another club. But last night just before we left for here I seen Bush of the Detroit club and I told him what had came off and he says why didn't I go ahead and pull a Mays and see what happened. He says "We are going to win the pennant any way so you better take a chance of getting on a live 1."

Well old pal I am not going to do nothing I will be sorry for and if our club wakes up and begins to show something I won't leave them in the lerch but Gleason better get help to himself or he will wake up some A. M. and I won't be around for him to snarl at me.

Well comeing over on the train I set with 1 of the reporters that travels with the club and he told me that Gleason had been trying to get this here Page that pitched the 11 inning game vs. Cicotte and Gleason wanted to pay cash for him but Mack must of been unconsious or something and any way he turned it down so it looks like Gleason would half to struggle along without Mr. Page and I guess we will get along just as good without him as from what I seen of him you could write up the game on his fast ball wile its comeing up there but maybe he would bring us luck as a bird that can make us go 11 innings for 1 run must have god with him.

Well I asked this reporter if Gleason had said anything about me lately and he said nothing that could be printed so I said well maybe I will have a story for you 1 of these mornings so he asked me what I meant and I said well if Gleason didn't give me a square deal I would maybe pull a Mays on him and go to some club where I can get fair treatmunt. "Well" he says "if I was you I would cut out that line of talk as it may get back to Gleason and he will beat you to it." Well Al I should worry if it gets back to Gleason or not as it might give him a scare but I don't want him to know nothing about it yet a wile till I see how things comes along so I haven't told nobody about my plans only a couple of the boys on the club that knows enough to keep their mouth shut and in the mean wile mum

(Continued on Page 182)

Well I Seen Him Fall Over But He Couldn't Get Out of the Way as I Catched Him Right Over the Ear

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

I HAVE had a liberal education in party convocations, state and national. In those of 1860 I served as an all-round newspaper reporter. A member of each National Democratic Convention from 1876 to 1892, presiding over the first, and in those of 1880 and 1888 chosen chairman of the Resolutions Committee, I wrote many of the platforms and had a decisive voice in all of them.

In 1880 I had stood for the renomination of the old ticket—that is, Tilden and Hendricks—making the eight-to-seven action of the Electoral Commission of 1877 in favor of Hayes and Wheeler the paramount issue. It seems strange now that anyone should have contested this. Yet it was stoutly contested. Mr. Tilden settled all dispute by sending a letter to the convention declining to be a candidate. In answer to this I prepared a resolution of regret to be incorporated in the platform. It raised stubborn opposition. David A. Wells and Joseph Pulitzer, who were fellow members of the committee, were with me in my contention, but the objection to making it a part of the platform grew so pronounced that they thought I had best not insist upon it.

The day wore on and the latent opposition seemed to increase. I had been named chairman of the committee and had at a single sitting that morning written a completed platform. Each plank of this was severally and critically scrutinized.

It was well into the afternoon before we reached the plank I chiefly cared about. When I read this the storm broke. Half the committee rose against it.

At the close, with more heat than was either courteous or tactful, I said: "Gentlemen, I wish to do no more than bid farewell to a leader who four years ago took the Democratic Party at its lowest fortunes and made it a power again. He is well on his way to the grave. I would place a wreath of flowers upon his tomb. I ask only this of you. Refuse me, and I will go to that mob yonder and, dead or alive, nominate him, and you will be powerless to prevent!"

Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, a suave gentleman who had led the dissenters, said, "We do not refuse you. But you say that we 'regret' Mr. Tilden's withdrawal. Now I do not regret it, nor do those who agree with me. Could you not substitute some other expression?"

"I don't stand on words," I answered. "What would you suggest?"

Mr. Barksdale said: "Would not the words 'We have received with the deepest sensibility Mr. Tilden's letter of withdrawal,' answer your purpose?"

"Certainly," said I, and the plank in the platform, as it was amended, was adopted.

Mr. Tilden did not die. He outlived all his immediate rivals. Four years later, in 1884, his party stood ready again to put him at its head. In nominating Mr. Cleveland it thought it was accepting his dictation reënforced by the enormous majority—nearly 200,000—by which Mr. Cleveland, as candidate for governor, had carried New York in the preceding state election. Yet, when the votes in the presidential election came to be counted he carried it, if indeed he carried it at all, by less than 1100 majority, the result hanging in the balance for nearly a week.

II

IN THE convention of 1884, which met at Chicago, we had a veritable monkey-and-parrot time. It was next after the schism in Congress between the Democratic factions led respectively by Carlisle and Randall, Carlisle having been chosen Speaker of the House over Randall.

Converse, of Ohio, appeared in the Platform Committee representing Randall; and Morrison, of Illinois, and myself, representing Carlisle. I was bent upon making Morrison chairman of the committee. But it was agreed that the chairmanship should be held in abeyance until the platform had been formulated and adopted. The subcommittee to whom the task was delegated sat fifty-one hours without a break before its work was completed. Then Morrison was named chairman. It was arranged thereafter between Converse, Morrison and me that when the agreed report was made Converse and I should have each what time he required to say what was desired in explanation, I to close the debate and move the previous question.

At this point General Butler sidled up. "Where do I come in?" he asked.

"You don't get in at all, you blasted old sinner," said Morrison.

"I have scriptural warrant," General Butler said. "'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.'"

"All right, old man," said Morrison, good-humoredly; "take all the time you want."

In his speech before the convention General Butler was not at his happiest, and in closing he gave me a particularly good opening. "If you adopt this platform of my friend Watterson," he said, "God may help you but I can't."

I was standing by his side, and it being my turn he made way for me, and I said: "During the last few days and nights of agreeable though rather irksome intercourse, I have learned to love General Butler, but I must declare that in an option between him and the Almighty I have a prejudice in favor of God."

In his personal intercourse General Butler was the most genial of men. The subcommittee in charge of the preparation of a platform held its meetings in the drawing-room of his hotel apartment, and he had constituted himself our host as well as our colleague. I had not previously met him. It was not long after we came together before he began to call me by my Christian name. At one stage of the proceedings when by substituting one word for another it looked as though we might reach an agreement he said to me: "Henry, what is the difference between 'exclusively for public purposes' and 'a tariff for revenue only'?"

"I know none," I answered.

(Continued on Page 65)

Coming to Great Wealth With the Discoveries of Columbus and the Conquests of Pizarro and Cortés, the Latin of the Sixteenth Century Proceeded to Enjoy its Fruits According to His Fancy and the Fashion of the Times

Taking the Water Out of the Cost of Living—By Herbert Quick

I BELIEVE that in the not far distant future there will come about a great revolution in the matter of keeping, selling and storing our vegetables and fruits. I believe that this will profoundly affect all city dwellers, the farmer, gardener and fruit grower. And I am convinced that new processes of dehydration that are coming in will make it much more profitable to preserve many meats by taking the water out of them than by salting, smoking and using cold storage. I am convinced that an immense industry will be established in the dehydration of fish and shellfish, and that dehydrated oysters, clams, shrimps and many other fish will be sold, with all the manifold vegetable and fruit products, in light cartons, weighing a fraction of what they weigh now, instead of in cans and refrigerator cars; that such meats as caribou and reindeer will come to us as good as when killed; that vegetables, fruits, fish and meats will be converted from perishable to imperishable commodities, so that the surplus of a good year may be carried over to lean years without loss; carried on warehouse receipts as wheat and cotton are now carried.

I believe that by dehydration a large part of the more than 50% of our fruits and vegetables which now spoil will be saved, that we shall be able to ship such things as sweet potatoes and potatoes, for instance, to foreign countries without danger from freezing or rotting, and that these products will be so reduced in bulk and weight that one railway car or one ship will carry as much food as ten can carry now, that it will be as good in quality as the foods we obtain by our present methods, and much of it better; and that by this development of saving food by taking out the water in it the world will be able to support its present population in greater comfort, and to care for an immensely greater population in case of the seemingly inevitable increase as it takes place.

I believe that the time is coming, and coming soon, when by the use of processes that have now been perfected the city flat dweller will be able to keep for any length of time all the vegetables and meats needed to furnish forth any ordinary meal in cartons in a cupboard, without ice, and that in such a flat from these cartons will be taken the things from which to prepare a soup of either meats or vegetables, an oyster or clam stew, shrimps, a steak, potatoes, stewed tomatoes, French-fried, German-fried, lyonnaise or mashed potatoes, any cooked vegetable such as beets, carrots or string beans for the salad, any kind of hot or cold fruit dessert except the ones served raw. Dehydrated milk may be served, as now.

Get Busy

Some Far-Reaching Possibilities

THIS is a broad confession of faith, and I shall now tell the basis of it. It affects almost every industry in the country. Especially does it affect the producer of foods everywhere. It affects the shipping business, since the change predicted will make it possible to send abroad ten times as much food in a ship as now. It affects banking by offering a new class of credits. It affects the railway business since it causes an equal shrinkage in its tonnage. It affects the great business of canning and preserving foods of all kinds. It affects those producers who profit by their nearness to market and its advantages in shipping fresh products. It affects the localities remote from market since it decreases the disadvantages from which they suffer. It affects the enormous industry of slaughtering and packing meats. It affects everybody who produces, handles, sells, buys, cooks or eats food. This takes in everybody.

We get this new knowledge as a by-product of the war, and it seems possible that it alone is enough eventually to repay to the world the huge material losses of the war. The most nearly perfected methods of dehydration are as much superior to the old ways of drying as the modern cold-storage warehouse is better than the ancient mode of keeping things fresh by hanging them down the well. So far as is known the improvements have been made in America, though before the war other countries were far ahead of us in this old-new industry. For instance, Germany went through the war on dehydrated potatoes. Petrograd was fed for a long time—and may be yet, for aught I know—on dehydrated potatoes shipped in gunny sacks.

The magnitude of the industry in Germany is astounding. In 1914 there were 488 potato-drying plants in operation there. In 1917, under the stress of war, this number of plants had been increased to about 1900, and some 2000 breweries were utilizing a part of their plants for drying potatoes. In 1917 Germany dehydrated more than three times as many potatoes as were produced in the whole of the United States! Says Major Prescott, detailed from the Bureau of Chemistry for dehydration work: "The German product is not so good as the best American product of to-day, and we have little reason to doubt, therefore, that if insistence is laid upon the high quality of the raw material and the use only of the best methods, the dehydrated-vegetable industry in the United States will develop at a rapid rate and become a powerful factor in the conservation movement and the stabilization of agricultural crops."

The Division of Dehydration was a war activity. It was a part of the Department of Agriculture, but worked intimately with the Food Administration and the War and Navy Departments. Through its work some 500,000,000 pounds of raw foods were dehydrated, reduced to 50,000,000 pounds by the process, and shipped abroad. This amounts to 25,000 tons, or, say, five shiploads, which, in its raw state, would have taken 50 ships, and much of it could not have been shipped without great spoilage.

Egyptian Fruits

AND always remember that the new dehydrated foods are not the old dried foods. They retain all the food value of fresh vegetables, and all their flavor. Many tests, ample tests, show this; as an instance of this, soup mixtures of dehydrated vegetables were served at both the hospital mess and the officers' mess of the Walter Reed Hospital and at the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Oglethorpe for a week or ten days without the knowledge of the consumers, and the only remarks made with reference to it only called attention to its superiority over the soups served theretofore. This much to show that in improving our conservation system for foods and increasing our supply we shall not suffer in the quality of our food, the thing to which the American pays most attention. We shall gain.

I suppose that the greatest improvement in the food supply of the ancient nations came with the development of dehydration. Hay is merely dehydrated grass, and is still the basis of the livestock industry. In the sunny regions of Asia Minor and the valley of the Lower Nile dehydration began thousands of years ago in the drying of grapes for currants and the preservation of dates and figs. Herodotus, the father of history, tells us of the Nasamonians, who went up into the high country every summer to gather dates, and we may be sure they dried them, for they also caught locusts and dried them in the sun, "after which," says Herodotus, "they grind them to powder, and sprinkling them upon their milk so drink it." We need not be disgusted at this, for certain locusts make excellent food, good enough, when dehydrated, for a John the Baptist, who mixed his with wild honey. We could scarcely have gotten along without dried foods before the introduction of canning, about a hundred years ago. Dried corn, dried codfish, dried apples and peaches, dried plums and cherries—these were the things that carried us through the winter. And our pioneers dried over the fire their strips of venison or elk meat, while farther west, in the desert air, before the coming in of the blowfly, large pieces of the meat of either domestic animals, antelope, bear, deer

(Continued on Page 165)

AUTO-INTOXICATION

"If'n You Ever Comes Within a Hund'ed Miles of Me Ag'in, Mistuh Shooks," Said She, "You is Gwine to be Ain't. G'-by!"

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

MR. ANOPHELES RICKETTS was peeved, exceedingly peeved. He untangled his excessive legs and elevated himself from the easy-chair before the fireplace. Then he frowned with dark dank disapproval upon his bride of three months.

"I 'clare to goodness gracious, Clarissy," he remarked irritably, "automobiles is the on'y things you don't talk 'bout nothin' else but."

Clarissy pouted. "We is got money enough to buy us a car, honey. Lots of folks which ain't got as much as what we is got is got automobiles."

"Yeh—reckon they is. An' lots of folks is got bills which ain't paid, but we ain't. You jes' quit talkin' with yo' mouth bouten automobiles. 'Tain't gwine git you nowheres, an' ——"

"I could of had a automobile," flared Clarissy suddenly. "I sho' could of had a ninety-hawss-power Conley-Detroit if'n I had of chose."

The eyes of the toweringly skinny Anopheles narrowed. "Sometimes," he snapped, "I a'mos' wisht you had of went an' ma'ied that wuthless Adam Shooks."

"You ain't the on'y one!"

"The on'y one which?"

"The on'y one which wishes I had of ma'ied Adam. When I think of how I could of drove all roun' in his big car ——"

"You is got my premission, Missis Clarissy Ricketts, to do all the ridin' with Adam Shooks you wishes. The mo' you is with him the better I likes it, causen what that cullud man ain't got is no brains, an' soon's you git so you ain't thinkin' bouten his car all the time, you is gwine fin' that out."

"You ain't r'illy mean that?"

"Which?"

"Bouten I c'n go ridin' with Adam if'n he asts me?"

"Sho' nuff I means it. You c'n do anythin' you pleases previdin' you quits pesterin' me bouten we ain't got no automobile. Automobiles is like colds, Clarissy; they is easy to git an' hahd to git rid of. An' all along I is promised you that some day I was gwine buy you one—a reg'lar fine car. But right now I cain't affohd it, an' ——"

"You is got mo' money than Adam Shooks."

"Yeh! But I ain't in the taxicab business, an' he is. If'n he was to lose his car he'd have less money than what he is got now, an' I done heard he ain't got nothin'. Tha's what kin' of a man you is bein' sorry you ain't gone an' ma'ied. How much good you reckon joyrides would be doin' you if'n you ain't had no clothes to wear an' no food to eat? How much you reckon, huh?"

"I ain't so sho' that he ain't got money. With that big ——"

"Haw!" snorted Anopheles. "It wa'n't on'y yestiddy he was tryin' to borry th'ee hund'ed dollars offen me to make the las' paymint on that ve'y same big car which he is got. Tha's what kin' of a man he is. Seems like a feller would have mo' se'f-respec' than to try an' borry money offen the man which ma'ied the gal he was engage' to."

Clarissy sighed resignedly. "We ain't on'y been ma'ied th'ee months," said she, "an' a'ready you is beginnin' to unlove me."

"'Tain't no such of a thing," he denied stoutly. "It's on'y that I loves you too much to go broke buyin' a automobile. Automobiles ain't nothin' on'y li'bilities, an' them is things I ain't pretickeler good frien's with these heah days."

"Jes' the same," she said, "if'n you loved me a heap I reckon you could git you one."

Anopheles stared hard at her. That sentence rankled. When he eased his gangling fleshless frame out of the front door a few minutes later it was still rankling.

Anopheles loved his wife; he loved her more than any other man had ever loved any other wife, and there was nothing that he would not do for her—nothing within reason, that is. He shoved his felt hat farther back on an egg-shaped head and passed a talonlike hand across a worried brow.

"The feller what said that all things come to them which loves," he soliloquized, "sho' must of lived befo' automobiles was invented."

Clarissy's passion for a car of her very own worried him. He was a man of parts in Darktown, and the lack of a car was the only fly in his ointment of domestic bliss. And he didn't see how he could buy a car without tying up a sum of money that was certain to cripple his flourishing little tailoring business. He made his way mournfully to the Greater City Garage and bowed a lethargic howdy to the portly white man who greeted him. As for that gentleman, he bustled forward smilingly.

"You're the very man I wanted to see, Anopheles," he greeted. "I've kept my eyes open and I've got the very car you want."

"Yeh," came the dolorous answer, "you is got sev'al ve'y cars which I want, but I ain't got the money which buys 'em."

The garage magnate rubbed moist palms together unctuously. "This is different. I am about to put my hands on a real bargain. It's a secondhand car, but I have inspected it carefully and it is better than the day it rolled out of the shop."

"Name' which?"

"A Rollins touring car. Only run three thousand miles. Don't need ten dollars' repair work. Five nonskid tires all in perfect shape, electric starting and lighting, selective gear shift—three speeds forward and reverse, genuine leather top and upholstery, demountable rims, spotlight ——"

"Heah! Hol' on there, Cap'n Kenney. You is done got the idee in yo' haid that I is a millionaire."

"Haven't any such idea at all, Anopheles. I can get this car for you as she stands for six hundred dollars."

"Six hund'ed ——" Anopheles perked up. "Terms?"

The white man shook his head in slow negation.

"No-o, the owner demands spot cash. But the car is worth a thousand dollars, and ——"

"It could be wuth ten thousan' fo' all the good that does me," gloomed Anopheles. "I is been savin' ev'y extry penny I could git a-holt of fo' the pas' two months 'thout tellin' my wife I is doin' same, an' I is on'y jes' got one hund'ed."

"You might borrow ——"

"You knows well as me, Cap'n Kenney, what the poeck says 'bout don' borrow no money an' lend the same amount. Besides, a secon'han' automobile ain't no good as s'curity."

Captain Kenney was an astute white man and he knew his colored brethren. More, he knew the outward symptoms of automobile itch and he saw them intensified in Anopheles Ricketts. He stepped into the driver's seat of his private car and motioned Anopheles to a place beside him.

"Huh!" He Said. "That Ain't Near as Hahd as the Tailorin' Business!"

The lanky colored man glanced at him apprehensively. "Whar you is gwine to?"

"I'm going to show you that Rollins car. It's the greatest bargain of the age. You've simply got to buy it!"

Ten minutes later they parked before the Harden Garage. Captain Kenney led the elongated Anopheles between two lines of cars and came to a prideful stop before the Rollins.

Anopheles' eyes popped. His fingers twitched enviously as he took in the glories of the secondhand car scintillant with a new coat of paint.

"Six hund'ed dollars," he muttered softly. "My Gawd! Miss Agnes—it's that cheap!"

Captain Kenney argued. He pleaded and cajoled. But Anopheles was nothing if not canny. He simply did not have the money and there was an end to it. But he had acquired an overwhelming love for the Rollins touring car, and the last sentence of the garage man before they parted remained graven in his mind:

"I'll see that they hold the car a week, Anopheles. It's a wonderful bargain and I'd like to see you benefit by it."

What a car!

Anopheles trembled with delight as he envisioned himself at the wheel of the Rollins; at the wheel of his own new wonderful car, driving it up to the house as a surprise for his delectable young wife.

Anopheles knew something about automobiles. He had driven almost every make of car at one time or another. Of course he was not overly familiar with an automobile's innards, but he did know how to handle the wheel and the gear shift. And he knew now—knew definitely and positively, once and for all—that he wanted that Rollins five-passenger, wanted it with a desire that was almost agonizing. And he was grimly determined to stop at nothing short of bankruptcy to get it.

It meant more to him than the mere satisfying of a wifely whim. There was always Adam Shooks to be considered. Mr. Shooks was considerable man as men go; and though he was inclined to embonpoint Anopheles was no Adonis. There was just as much to him physically as there was to Adam, but the linear dimensions of Anopheles were astounding. If only he could raise an additional five hundred dollars.

With head bent forward on a pitifully inadequate neck he turned the corner of Eighteenth Street and Second Avenue. There was a collision and a grunt and the two men separated—one long and narrow, the other short and thick. The latter smiled.

"I'm dawg'd if'n 'tain't 'Nopheles Ricketts."

Anopheles grunted. "'Lo, Adam."

Mr. Shooks grinned amiably. "You is the ve'y man I was lookin' to see."

"You wasn't lookin' keen, else you woul'n't of bumped into me just now."

Mr. Shooks gave his lengthy friend a playful nudge. "G'wan! 'Nopheles, you always was the humorestes' feller."

Anopheles eyed the fat one suspiciously.

Excessive friendliness on the part of Adam was a positive sign of financial difficulties in which Mr. Ricketts was not interested.

"What you want, Mistuh Shooks?"

"Want how?"

"You said you was lookin' fo' me."

"Ain't it the truth?"

"Fo' which?"

"We-e-l!" Adam fidgeted in momentary embarrassment. "It's jes' a li'l matter of feenancial trouble."

"Huh! Seems like you an' money trouble is twins."

"Anyways, we knows each other when we passes."

"An' I ain't 'specially intrusted."

"Yes you is. Ten puh cent intrus'."

"Ten puh cent don' git me nothin' if'n the principal what I lends don' never git returned back to me."

"Yeh, but this money will be."

"How much?"

"Two hund'ed dollars. I ast you fo' th'ee hund'ed the other day, but sence then I went an' won a hund'ed on the Blood Gig in Cap'n Jackson Ramsay's Pool an' Ginuwine lott'ry, an' I on'y needs two hund'ed mo'. An' you knows well as me, 'Nopheles, that two hund'ed dollars ain't no money a-tall, countin' a man is got a heap of money like what you is got."

"Yeh—an' I di'n't git it by lendin' it out at ten puh cent intrus' 'thout no s'curity to no-'count cullud folks liken to what you is."

"Who says I ain't got no s'curity?"

"Who says you is?"

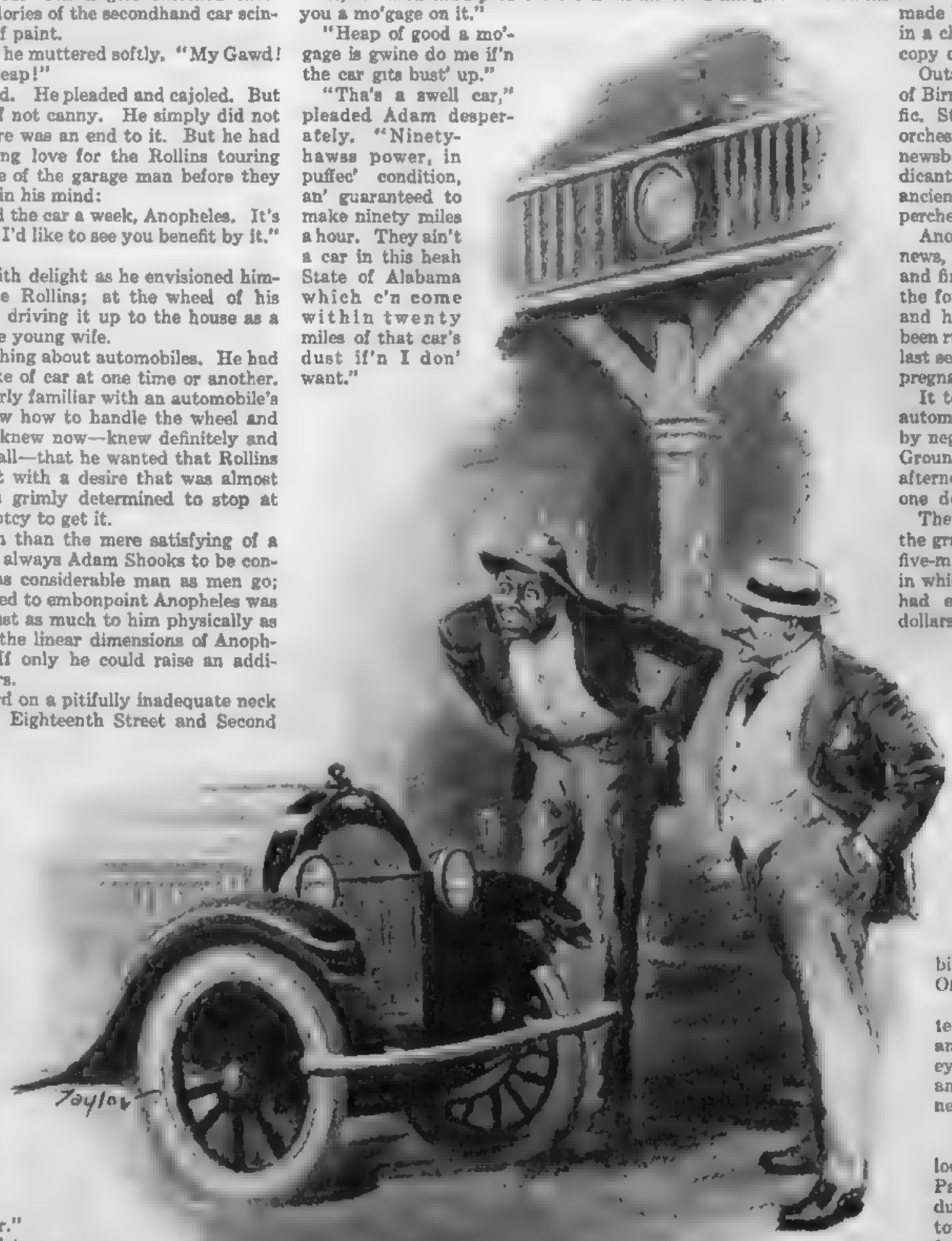
"I does."

"What 'tis?"

"My Conley-Detroit car. I owes th'ee hundred dollars on it, an' w'en tha's paid the car is all mine. I kin give you a mo'gage on it."

"Heap of good a mo'gage is gwine do me if'n the car gits bust' up."

"Tha's a swell car," pleaded Adam desperately. "Ninety-hawss power, in puffec' condition, an' guaranteed to make ninety miles a hour. They ain't a car in this heah State of Alabama which c'n come within twenty miles of that car's dust if'n I don' want."



Anopheles' Eyes Popped. His Fingers Twitched Enviously as He Took in the Glories of the Secondhand Car Scintillant With a New Coat of Paint

"An' they ain't a man c'n come within twenty miles of c'lectin' two hund'ed dollars from you if'n you ain't got it."

"But I will have it, previdin' I c'n make my las' payment on the automobile. It's them payments which has been holdin' me back from makin' a heap of money."

Anopheles looked at him sharply. "How long you wants this two hund'ed dollars fo'?"

"Six months."

"Ten puh cent intrus'?"

"You said it."

"An' if'n it ain't paid I c'n take yo' car?"

"You is tootin' now."

Anopheles placed hands in trousers pockets and teetered alarmingly as he gave himself over to a brief siege of intensive thought. "Hm!" he remarked at length. "A-ah hm!"

"You is gwine do it?"

Lack of due consideration was not one of Mr. Ricketts' besetting sins. He turned away—positively.

"See me down to my sto' at fo' 'clock this afternoon," he invited. "I'll give you an answer then."

"But, 'Nopheles ——"

"Fo' 'clock!" snapped Anopheles. "I done said it."

He reached his shop and inspected progress on a suit which his tailor had under construction. Well satisfied he made his way toward the door, seated himself in a chair, lighted a cigarette and picked up a copy of The Weekly Epoch.

Outside, Eighteenth Street—the Broadway of Birmingham's Darktown—seethed with traffic. Street cars jangled noisily by the door, an orchestrion blared its siren song into the air, newsboys shrilled their wares, an ebony mendicant strummed on a guitar and chanted the ancient and honorable lay of the jay bird that perched nudely on a hickory limb.

Anopheles Ricketts perused first the church news, then the lodge news, the social columns and finally the advertisements. And suddenly the forelegs of his chair banged to the ground and he stared at an advertisement that had been running in The Weekly Epoch through the last several issues; an advertisement suddenly pregnant with personal interest.

It told in large smeary type of a wonderful automobile race which was to be run of negroes, by negroes and for negroes at the State Fair Grounds at Fairview the following Saturday afternoon. Entries were invited. Admission, one dollar.

There were to be several minor dashes, but the grand event of the afternoon was a twenty-five-mile race round the one-mile dirt track, in which four noted negro professional drivers had entered. The prize was five hundred dollars. No entrance fee.

Anopheles Ricketts stared raptly into space, jaw slightly unhung, immense feet flat upon the floor, long fingers gripping knees of amazing skinniness. An idea had hit him and hit him hard. He didn't have to dovetail it: it was a scheme utterly flawless. But there was one thing that needed verification, and he rose suddenly, angled through the door and strode down the street with enormous space-eating strides.

He sought Florian Slappey and found him lounging before the Frolic Theater, the left lapel of his coat decorated with an enormous celluloid button bearing the inscription: Magic City Automobile Fast Racing Association—Chairman—Official.

Florian looked up without especial interest as Anopheles luffed into the wind and lost headway before him. Anopheles' eyes were popped open with excitement and his fingers were closing and opening nervously.

"Brother Slappey?"

The Beau Brummelish young negro looked up languidly from under a floppy Panama hat. He casually flipped a bit of dust from a flowered waistcoat, tenderly touched a purple necktie, inhaled a satisfying puff of Turkish blend and made answer: "Tha's the name I goes by."

"You is cheerman of this heah automobile races which is to be ran to the fair grounds Saddy afternoon?"

"I is."

"Does you know sumthin' bouten these heah fo' professional drivers which has a'ready entered?"

"I does."

"H-h-how fas' does their cars go?"

Florian gazed up in frank surprise. "How fas' does they go?"

"Tha's what I requested to know."

Mr. Slappey reached into an inner pocket of his pearl-gray suit and produced a batch of clippings. He glanced over several of them in an intently studious fashion. "The fastes' which any of 'em is ever made on a one-mile di't track, liken to the one at the fair grounds, is fifty-eight miles a hour fo' twen'y-five miles."

"Fifty-eight miles a hour? Is you shuah?"

"I is ontirely positive."

"Wiggilin' gol'fish! Why, that ain't no speed a-tall. If'n their cars cain't make no mo'n that, why —— Does you take any mo' entries fo' that twen'y-five-mile race?"

"We is always receptive to new cars up to Friday."

"How much entrance fee?"

"Fifty dollars deposit with the entry so's to insuah that the car will staht. Soon's it stahts the fifty stan's

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THE SELLING OF MR. BEEGIN

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

MR. JOHN J. BEEGIN had attained an eminent position in business, in finance, in trust and corporation circles—by whatever means he had attained that position. There is no need to go into details. Mr. Beegin was eminent as aforesaid and necessarily—not to say consequently—he was rich—had millions. Of course he wasn't so rich as common and newspaper report made him. No millionaire is so much of a millionaire as he is said to be, because after a man gets a certain amount of money everything concerning his fortune is comparative, anyhow, and it is just as easy to say he is worth forty millions—and looks better in print—as it is to say he is worth but six, which is generally nearer the fact but not so newsy.

Mr. Beegin got his reputation as a Crœsus in the good old golden days before there were any of these harassing income, excess-profit, corporation and other disconcerting taxes that put such crimps in the bank rolls of the wealthy. He felt quite chesty and important every time he saw his name in print as a multimillionaire instead of a plain millionaire and would have been pleased to confer a good cigar on the reporter who made him such if there had been opportunity, which there wasn't because the reporters who put him down as "multi" did it not caring a hoot about Mr. Beegin but having an eye to the news value of their stories. The importance and news value of a man in this country come considerably from the amount of money he has. It is much easier for a Rockefeller to make the first page than for a Robinson, not because the Rockefeller deserves the front page so much mayhap as Robinson, but because Rockefeller has the added news interest of his millions. And so in his degree with every other rich man. We think a heap of money in this country. It is our patent of elevation. Our leading families are founded upon it. Our upper classes are sustained by it. It is our hall-mark of distinction and position—with the bulk of us, that is.

All There Is to John J. Beegin Is That He Has Been Skillfully Sold to the American People by a Most Astute and Intelligent Expert in That Line

Now, in these tax-haunted days there isn't so much nourishment in the public repute of being a millionaire as there used to be. No millionaire tries to be—publicly and in places where the internal-revenue sleuths can find it out—more of a millionaire than he is, and in fact endeavors to be less. We see no more of the press-agented pieces in the papers telling how Peter R. McGuffin has an income of so many tons of dollars a year, which is so much a day and so much an hour and so much a second, and if changed into quarters would reach to the moon and back six times and have enough left over for a luncheon check at a New York hotel. Peter R. McGuffin is not boasting of that now. He is, instead, having his shoes half-soled and is buying his shirts at a department store, and every time his press agent bursts into print it is to celebrate some such fact about Peter or to tell how the recent slump in the market practically made a pauper of him.

The Livest Problem of All

MR. BEEGIN would not confer a good cigar on the reporter now for referring to him as a multimillionaire, but would send round a box for a designation of him as a man of moderate wealth who has recently met with heavy reverses, thus making it easier for such tax dodging as Mr. Beegin may have in mind.

I once read a most interesting book entitled The Problems of the Very Rich. It was written in 1910 and made no reference to the greatest problem of them all, not then discernible perhaps but pressing and importunate now, which is to beat the Federal tax collector. If you desire to do a great and outstanding favor for one of your millionaire friends do not go about celebrating his wealth, but rather move from place to place mourning his poverty.

Excellent methods are known for decreasing inheritance taxes, as the scanning of the appraisal of the taxable estate of almost any defunct millionaire will show, but this helps the harried millionaire very little unless he can chuckle about it "across the river." What he needs is a method for tax beating that will give him surcease while he is up and about to enjoy it, for the greatest joy a millionaire has is to hang to his dollars—except those he distributes about for personal advertisement; and the second greatest joy is to grab the dollars of someone else—nickels and other small change neither despised nor overlooked.

Mr. Beegin was rich, even when measured by prewar and pretax standards and computations. He had done all the conventional rich things. When his money began coming in in chunks instead of dribbles he bought himself a private yacht, which is the initial demonstration of wealth in this country—the first thing a new millionaire does. He abandoned the yacht after a year or two because he couldn't get anyone to go cruising on it with him except his servants and his employees. He built himself a palace up the Hudson—maybe it was over on Long Island—and spent a good deal of his time putting out traps, nets, birdlime and snares for guests to go to it for week-ends and use the twenty-two bathrooms the newspaper articles made such a furor about.

He went in for art, becoming "a well-known collecter and connoisseur" as soon as he had sufficient credit at the banks to compete with other similar and equally well-known connoisseurs, and laid in many pictures and other objects of art, such as tapestries and specimen furniture and high-priced rugs and so on. He was entirely complacent in the usual millionaire attitude toward the arts, which is that the possession of money in sufficient quantities to buy over other bidders in the galleries automatically makes of the money possessor not only a critic of art but an authority upon it.

The way of the millionaire in this country is a broad way that has been trodden by many affluent feet and is plainly marked by signposts: "Here Buy Pictures," "Here Collect Porcelains," "Here Build an Ornate Town House," "Here Begin to Import Your Automobiles," and so on. Mr. Beegin was entirely conventional. He spent his money as the signposts dictated. He did all the usual millionaire things. He gathered his meed of publicity and induced additional publicity in these matters when he was running shy in the public prints. He was a millionaire after the approved and usual pattern. After a time all this palled.

There was but momentary satisfaction in knowing that his agent had outbid the agent of Peter R. McGuffin for the purchase of an El Greco, particularly when Mr. Beegin wasn't quite sure in his own mind whether El Greco was an artist or the name of a sort of cheese.

He recalled the good joke on William Q. Bolus—the joke that made all the millionaires laugh publicly and made them all thankful privately for the providence that had protected them from making that identical display which Mr. Beegin confessed to himself he might have done in similar circumstances; confessed to himself but not to any other—and was loud in his jeers over William Q. Bolus' assumption of artistic knowledge and his humiliating lack of it when things came to a show-down. It seems that Mr. Bolus was one of a flock of millionaire guests at the home of a millionaire who was—as they all were—"a well-known collector and connoisseur," and had his house full of his various collections. As the millionaires came out from dinner William Q. Bolus, commenting in a most critical manner on the various exhibits on the walls and floors, stopped at a doorway and took a quick and critical glance about a room where the choicest products of the owner's check book were on orgulous exhibition.

Mr. Bolus and His Bad Break

"SOME very fair things here," said Mr. Bolus, condescendingly. "Some very fair things." He pointed to a table that stood across the room from him, twenty-five or thirty feet away. "Now, there's that table, for example. I can see that's a good little thing. Why, without going nearer to it than this, or making a closer examination, I would give twenty-five thousand dollars for that."

"You can have it," said the host. "I paid twelve hundred for it last week."

It would have girded Mr. Beegin frightfully to have made a break like that, and he watched his artistic step constantly, but art was done to death. Every millionaire had his Old Masters on exhibition. There was nothing left in the garnering of a Rembrandt or a Vandyke or a Gainsborough or any of the rest of them. They all had them, or what passed for them, and so too with similar other stuff. It got a man nothing but casual inclusion in the herd.

What Mr. Beegin pined for, longed for, yearned for was distinction. He wanted recognition. Anybody could be rich and almost everybody was. At about the age of fifty he had reached that state of life which comes to practically every rich man—to practically every very rich man at least. He wanted, aspired to and longed for public recognition as something else than a rich man—and something more.

In the country of millionaires the billionaire is king. Mr. Beegin would have been largely satisfied to be that sort of king, but he couldn't be. John D. had preëmpted the kingship and held it. Besides Mr. Beegin felt within himself the unsatisfactory quality of mere money as a means of public esteem and position. He sensed the commonplaceness of it after he had had his money for a time; not that he did not think money and the owning of it the greatest attributes of successful mankind and the securing of it the proof of the possession of transcendent abilities, but that too many men had those abilities; and money *per se*, he discovered, bears the same relation to public recognition as a personal attribute that notoriety bears to fame.

Mr. Beegin had ample celebrity for his money-making brains, and what he lusted for was

proof—by public acceptance and consideration—of his possession of other sorts of brains also. The fact is that Mr. Beegin didn't have any other sort of brains, but he did not know or would not admit that, and he determined to become a prominent citizen in other than the money sense—to take part in public affairs, to procure a standing in his community and in the country as a thinker on pertinent and public topics, to gain thereby additional and pleasant mention in the press, to pose as a solver of pressing problems, to appear as a voice to be heeded in momentous affairs; in fine, to get into the limelight as a publicist and thereby get publicity, recognition, applause, consideration.

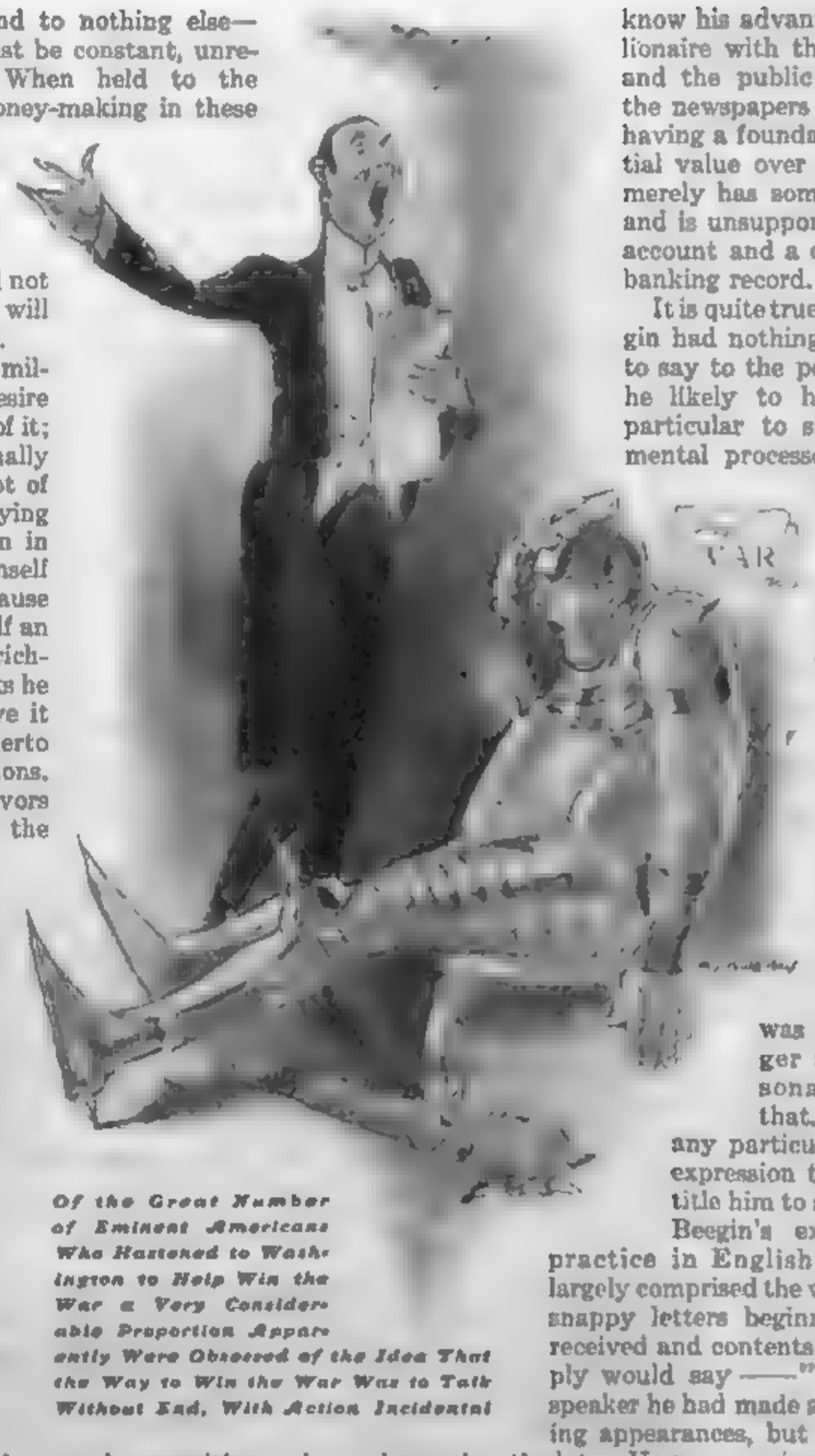
The great passion behind all this of course was Mr. Beegin's desire for intellectual respectability, for the apparent esteem of his fellow men and probably for their expressed admiration and for the unexpressed but cultivated admiration of the people as a whole because of his establishment as a public man. He was tired of getting on the first pages of the newspapers merely because he was one of the most successful stock waterers in the country or because his son—son of John J. Beegin, the millionaire—was arrested for breaking traffic laws or ran away with a chorus girl or because of the acquisition of a carload lot of Corots or a tapestry out of Windsor Castle or in some other way based exclusively on his millionairishness. He was keen on publicity, but he wanted another sort now. He wanted to be a leader of thought as well as a leader of Wall Street. He wanted to say things that the people would heed. He wanted to be a force. He wanted to be interviewed by the reporters when a pressing public topic was under consideration. Likely as not back of it too was the idea that he might in some way gain distinction by obtaining dignified office—round out his career that way.

The Vanity That Money Brings

JOHN J. BEEGIN differed in this in no way from a great many of the men of his type. The accumulation of much money breeds in many men a vanity that urges them to pose as having other sorts of brains than money brains, not because they have any particular admiration for any other sorts of brains than money brains but because they find after a time that additional publicity is to be gained by the exhibition of other sorts of brains than money brains. The status of being a millionaire in this country that has and does still exalt the news value of millionaires is nevertheless an ordinary status because often all there is to making money is to think of nothing but money—nothing—and it will come.

Of course this does not mean that any person—any clod—can do it, but given a fair endowment of business acumen, not the tremendous heritage of a Rockefeller or a Ryan or a Frick—a reasonable supply of money talent and any person thus supplied can make money in quantities, provided—and this is the important part of the prescription—he will devote himself to money-making and to nothing else—nothing. His labor at the task must be constant, unremitting, unchanging, perpetual. When held to the exclusion of every other interest money-making in these premises becomes a simple process. Most men who seek to make money as an incident in life rather than as the sole object of life fail to accumulate it in large amounts. Any person who starts on the line indicated here and not behind it can make money—who will think of nothing but money-making.

However, the status of being a millionaire brings publicity, and the desire for publicity feeds on the obtaining of it; that is, publicity of the sort that usually in this country goes with money, not of course the obverse side of it—the playing up of incidental scandals and so on in the press. A millionaire, seeing himself an object of note in the papers because he is rich, soon begins to think himself an object of note notwithstanding his richness. He isn't usually, but he thinks he is, and to emphasize that and prove it he often endeavors to show his hitherto concealed abilities in other directions. Naturally and logically his endeavors take the trend of public service, of the discussion of public questions, of participation in public affairs, of pronouncements on state, national and international topics. He has already done all that is necessary in the way of private service. He has his. Wherefore it is but natural that he should seek to advise the people, not only how to get theirs but how to minister theirs, how to conduct their affairs, how to run the country. He has been successful in running a trust or a bank or a corporation or in some other branch of expert and plenteous money getting. The fact that running a government in a country where the party system of politics obtains is somewhat different from running a corporation does not appeal to him.



Of the Great Number of Eminent Americans Who Hastened to Washington to Help Win the War a Very Considerable Proportion Apparently Were Obsessed of the Idea That the Way to Win the War Was to Talk Without End, With Action Incidental

And the thing that does appeal to him is the added publicity, the increased recognition he may get by breaking into public affairs.

John J. Beegin had thought of this considerably. His mind and manner of being were not different from the minds and manners of being of various other successful men who had bloomed forth as national voices of one sort or another and were getting much publicity therefrom. He, like most of the rest of them, was through with money-making—had enough. Therefore, having enough for himself it was time for him to march forward to the support of the country—or to its direction, which amounts to the same thing and procures pleasant mention in the public prints. He had been in the game too long not to know his advantage as a millionaire with the newspapers and the public educated by the newspapers in the way of having a foundation, a potential value over the man who merely has something to say and is unsupported by a bank account and a corporation or banking record.

It is quite true that Mr. Beegin had nothing in particular to say to the people, nor was he likely to have anything particular to say. His own mental processes considered, he had no message or any excuse for one save the huge desire to deliver one and get himself mentioned as so doing. He would have been vastly interesting if he had made public exposition of just how he made his money, but there was personal danger and not personal acclaim in that. Nor had he any particular manner of expression that would entitle him to a hearing. Mr. Beegin's experience and practice in English composition largely comprised the writing of short snappy letters beginning: "Yours received and contents noted. In reply would say ——" As a public speaker he had made a few stammering appearances, but to all impressive ends was inarticulate. He was concise, emphatic, informed on his own business in his board rooms, but he never had spoken more than a few minutes at a time in his life nor said more to an interviewing reporter than: "I have nothing to say." This was the truth usually, for concerning most of the things about which the inquiring reporters tried to interview him the less said the better.

He had the usual miscellaneous and distorted information about public affairs that many men of his sort have, gained mostly from headlines in conservative papers. He deprecated what his associates deprecated and upheld what they upheld. He had no idea as to government except that he thought Congress was always giving business the worst of it, nor any of statecraft.

Full of Platitudes

HE THOUGHT the Government that was in—either national, state or local—was rotten, but had never bestirred himself to do anything about it but complain. He was full of platitudes, full of his own sort of profitable political economy, constantly repeating things he had heard other men say. He had no originality of thought or expression. But also he was Millionaire Beegin instead of plain Mr. Beegin, and his vanity was great and his desire to gratify that vanity greater.

The ruling passions among certain millionaires, next to acquisitiveness, are envy and jealousy. They stick together in a business way, but they are sore perturbed when a fellow millionaire puts over a deal they have no share in, builds a bigger

(Continued on Page 58)

Peter R. McGuffin Is Now Having His Shoes Half-Soled and Every Time His Press Agent Bursts Into Print It Is to Celebrate Some Such Fact About Peter

THE PEDDLER

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

XVI

THE powerful torch flashing on trees and underbrush made swift progress possible. Striking the lane, Diana at his heels, the peddler broke into a run. Diana was not sure whether or not he was conscious of her following him, for she might have been Torp for all the notice he took of her. She knew that he must be furious at his humiliating failure, while her own disobedience of his strict injunction to remain in the house must have added to his anger.

Halfway down the lane he struck across the open woods, Diana still following, though she could not have told just why. She had thrown her pride overboard, as the captain of a ship caught aback might jettison a deckload in a squall. She wanted to know what was going to happen next, but even more she wanted a kind word, or to say one. They reached the edge of the road and the torch flashed on the tandem motorcycle.

The peddler jerked it upright and started to wheel it out onto the highway.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I want to go with you. I can ride that thing. Please! You might want to send a message."

"All right. Hop on! Perhaps you're right. I'm not so infallible as I thought."

Diana mounted. The road was level here, and running the machine for a few yards the peddler started the motor, leaped into his seat, and a moment later they were tearing along faster than Diana had ever gone over the road before. The broad back of the peddler made her a windshield, and thus, close to the ground and unable to see ahead with the pitchy darkness rendering objects on either side a mere blur as they whizzed past, Diana felt as though she were sitting astride a twelve-inch shell in full flight.

Evidently there was desperate need of haste. Diana rightly guessed that the peddler was racing against the speed launch back to the De Vallignacs'. Doubtless he felt that with Patricia knowing their operations to be discovered the criminal band might take its flight.

The distance by water, which is to say in a straight line, was about eight miles, but over the road it was easily fourteen, and there were some dangerous points where it would be necessary to slow down. Diana knew the De Vallignacs' launch to be very swift and it seemed to her that their chances of beating it were rather poor. Apparently the peddler thought so too, judging from the pace he struck. The first short spurt of two miles carried them to the crest of Oak Hill, and here he was obliged to slow down or follow James' example and land the motorcycle in the tree tops.

They got safely to the bottom and hit the steep rise opposite at a speed that made Diana feel as though she had exchanged the twelve-inch shell for a mortar bomb of high trajectory, and as they scurried across the plateau all coherent thought was swept away in the rush of air. She could only cling and pray that the hammering machine would hold together, and the peddler manage to keep it on the road. They tore through the town, where a couple of policemen shouted something peremptory and impolite, and of which the final clause could not catch up with them. The railroad crossing was open and the motorcycle hit the first rail and jumped the rest. Their passage of the road beyond reminded Diana of a motion picture worked at full speed, and she wondered dumbly what kept the fabric under her from flying apart and how many hundred yards away and in how many different pieces they might pick her up if it should.

Nevertheless, she was not actually afraid. There is an exhilaration about high speed which seems to deaden the centers of apprehension. Also, despite his recent failure, she had infinite faith in the squarely framed figure against which she crouched. She was actually beginning to enjoy the wild ride when she discovered that they had struck the broad avenue on which was the De Vallignac house. The peddler cut off the motor and let the machine run silently past it, then braked in front of the place adjoining. He got down and assisted Diana to alight.

"Wait here!" said he, and disappeared in the shrubbery.

Diana wheeled the motorcycle to a tree, against which she leaned it, also herself, for her head was whirling. Two or three people passed and gave her a curious stare as she turned her back to them.

Then a policeman crossed the road and came briskly up to where she stood.

"You're under arrest," said he gruffly.

"For what?" Diana asked.

"For not stopping when hailed at Fairs Crossing. Breaking the speed limit by about ninety miles an hour. Say, you must have been coming some. Where's the other fellow?"

"He'll be back in a minute," said Diana.

"What is this anyhow—an elopement?" asked the constable.

"Not exactly."

"Been cracking another safe?"

"Try again," said Diana.

The policeman flashed his light in her face, stared for a moment and gave a little whistle. Diana guessed he had recognized her as the sister of the man under suspicion for the burglaries. She laughed.

"I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed."

"Mebbe, and mebbe not. Your brother with you, Miss Kirkland?" He raised his whistle to his lips.

"Don't do that!" said Diana sharply, for she felt that a police whistle at that moment might work damage to the peddler's plans, and feeling that this should be prevented at all costs, she added: "Wait until the chief comes back."

"What chief?" he asked, the whistle still against his lips.

"Clamp, the peddler."

He stared at her for a moment, then let fall his arm.

"Oh—so it's him! Say, what's up, Miss Kirkland?"

"Ask the peddler," said Diana, and as she spoke a dark figure pushed through the lilac bushes and came across the path. The policeman straightened up and saluted. Clamp returned the salute mechanically.

"Willis," said he, "slip down to the De Vallignacs' boathouse and see that nobody leaves the place by water. Don't let yourself be seen if you can help, and don't interfere with anybody who may land. You're armed of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"Stay there until I send somebody to relieve you. If they try to get away in their car, let them go. The roads are watched. Mind your step now, and don't do anything foolish. Just see that nobody gets off in a boat."

"Very good, sir."

The peddler took the motorcycle from the tree and turned to Diana. "We've got a little farther to go, Miss Kirkland," said he, and helped her to mount.

A moment later they were speeding swiftly down the broad avenue.

"Is everything all right?" Diana asked.

"It is and it isn't," he answered over his shoulder, and with this ambiguous reply gave his undivided attention to running the machine.

They passed through the town, then turned off on a road which led down to the end of the cape. Here the peddler gave the motorcycle its speed again. Trees and fences smeared past, and presently Diana saw the glint of the water across the moorland at her right, with the twinkling riding lights of boats at anchor and the distant flash of a lighthouse.

When almost at the end of the point the peddler stopped and they both got down. The peddler offered her his hand.

"This way," said he. "Look out you don't get a fall. This place is full of rocks and holes."

They started across a sort of moor. The ground was very rough, but the peddler did not avail himself of his

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"You're Under Arrest for Breaking the Speed Limit by About Ninety Miles an Hour. What is This Anyhow—an Elopement?"

The Autobiography of a Race Horse

VII

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

I MADE my real entry in the racing world at New Orleans. I can assure you that this day of days was one full of excitement and interest for me. I was entered in a five-eighth dash for all ages. It was what is called a condition race, so framed that all the contestants will have as nearly an equal chance as possible; and based on previous performances and age, I was asked to carry one hundred and five pounds. My master wanted to ride me himself, and as he ordinarily weighed a hundred and ten pounds he had to go out on the road and do some reducing. Added to this, he did not eat anything but tea and toast for a couple of days previous to the event.

For an Instant I Did Not See How I Could Possibly Stand This Strain, But the Feeling of Panic Passed Away as It Came and I Buckled Down to My Work Again

In this connection I might say that the life of a rider who commences to put on weight and is desirous of keeping down to the scale where he can accept the ordinary run of mounts that are offered him is not by any means a bed of roses. To begin with, a growing boy is nearly always hungry, and very few of the riders have attained their full growth. As a usual thing they outgrow their usefulness as jockeys long before they reach their majority.

Some of the very best riders we ever had on the American turf, and for that matter some of the best on the other side of the water, came to an untimely end because they persisted in reducing until they undermined their natural strength and constitution. The famous English jockey, Fred Archer, and Fitzpatrick and many others in this country who could be mentioned were notable examples.

I have heard my master say that the last year James McLaughlin rode he tipped the scales at one hundred and fifty pounds in the wintertime and rode as low as one hundred and fifteen the following summer. But it was punishment of the worst kind and he had sense enough to give it up before he experienced permanent ill effects.

I guess my master had a pretty tough time getting off that extra five pounds. He used to bundle up in four suits of woolen underclothing, over which he would draw his ordinary clothes and over his coat would then pull a thick sweater. After that he would hit the road and jog five or six miles before he came back to the stable again. Barney begged him not to do so, as he was not of exceptionally rugged physique, but he said he was going to ride me my first day or know the reason why. As it was, I carried a pound overweight because my master could not possibly get rid of the extra avoirdupois.

If I do say so myself, I looked mighty fine going over to the saddling paddock. Ribbons of the racing colors were plaited in my mane and Barney had polished my coat until it looked like bronze copper. Whenever the sun hit it, it went to purples and pink with a dash of gold. Grassy went over to the paddock with me, because they thought I would not feel nervous if he came along. And this is a mighty good idea with colts starting for the first time, because if they have some of their own folks with them they don't pay much attention to the strange surroundings or the noise of the crowd or band playing and all the unusual scenes and excitement surrounding the race track.

Grassy kept on giving me advice and telling me not to be nervous. He said when I was at the post it would be a good idea to look out for the other horses' heels and to do one of two things—either to keep so far away that the horse next me could not possibly kick me, or to get so close to him that he could not hurt me if he did.

I reminded Grassy that I was pretty handy with my heels myself and that if they started anything with me they would have to finish it, but he said that that would be all right, only I was going out there to win races, not to fight. Grassy explained that it was always better to do the thing you started out to do, without figuring on doing something else. He said that lots of folks never got anywhere because they were always figuring on the side issues and not on the main thing. Grassy's philosophy was that there was very little in the old saying about looking out for the pennies and the pounds would take care of themselves. He said it was best to look out for the pounds and if you get enough of them you won't have to count your pennies.

I walked round the paddock for ten or fifteen minutes with a light sheet thrown over me. I had already been saddled. The other horses who were to race with me were kept walking round too. Some of the stable boys who knew Barney appeared to take quite an interest in my début and I think a few of them bet on me. I knew my master and the major also had bets down and the price was a long one, as it was my first start and nobody knew anything about what I could do.

After a while a man came along and blew a bugle and another big red-faced man came round and yelled to the jockeys to mount. My master came into the stall about that time and Barney gave him a leg up on me. He had a new racing jacket on and looked what Grassy called pretty nifty for a rider. Then Barney took me by the chin strap and led me as far as the gate which opened onto the track. We all paraded in single file up past the grand stand and then turned round and cantered to the post. My master kept talking to me all the time, just as he used to do when we were out galloping. I was not a bit nervous and felt that I could run as fast as anybody's horse that day. Then we went over to the post where we were all lined up back of the webbing which formed the barrier, and the starter was calling to our riders to line us up and to come toward him walking.

Some of the horses did not do this, but cavorted and turned and twisted until we all got into a terrible tangle. One of them reared and pitched and finally threw his rider. He did not hurt him, however, but we all had to wait until one of the girths was fixed, which caused considerable delay. I did not like this, as the tension was beginning to tell on me. I had remembered all my master taught me and had stood perfectly still, facing the barrier, until we were all called on to move up by the starter. Finally the boy on the fractious horse was mounted again and the starter's assistants commenced trying to line us up.

I guess they must have been a pretty bad bunch, because it seemed that they would never get them all headed the same way at the same time. Then the boys who were helping the starter seemed to lose their tempers. They both had long-lashed whips and one of them struck me across the hind leg when I was standing perfectly still. My master yelled to him not to hit me, as I was acting all right, but the roughneck down on the track swore back at him and said he would show him.

Barney had come over to the post and was standing inside the fence. He was belligerent as usual, and yelled to the starter's assistant that he would settle with him for hitting me. This appeared to make that individual more angry then ever, because just as the horses got straightened out and the barrier lifted he drew back his whip and struck me along the flank as hard as he could.

It was a cruel and uncalled-for blow. I had never been hit like that in my life before and did not know just what to make of it. So, acting on the impulse of the moment, I backed up as quickly as I could toward where this brute was standing and tried to reach him with my heels. I almost succeeded in doing so too.

Of course by this time the rest of the field had raced away and I was too far behind to catch them, so my master just cantered me round to the grand stand. He did not seem to blame me for what I had done, and for that matter Grassy did not either, except that he voiced the opinion that it might have been better to attend to the business on hand and to wait for some future time for a settlement with the assistant starter. I guess he was right, but under the circumstances I did not feel that I was much to blame.

When the starter got back to the judges' stand he told my master that he had put me on the schooling list, which is the racing term used when that official is of the opinion that a horse needs further education at the barrier before he is allowed to start in other races.

My master told him that I was well schooled, but he replied by saying that his assistant had said that I had given him more trouble than any horse in the bunch and had refused to break when the barrier lifted. There was enough truth in this, of course, to color it, which was about all one could say for it. And I still bore a big welt along my side where I had been struck with the heavy-lashed whip.

In those days—and I believe it is so still—it was entirely at the discretion of the official starter to keep a horse as

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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

XXII

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WINT CHASE had lived very comfortably that winter in Amos Caretall's home, with old Maria Hale to take care of him. In the beginning, when Amos went away, he had protested at this arrangement. He told Amos he would go to a hotel, to a boarding house, hire a room somewhere. He said he would not impose on Amos by living on his bounty.

Amos laughed at him and said Wint would not be living on anyone's bounty. "I aim to charge you board and keep," he said. "And that's velvet for me because I'd keep the house going anyway. Got to, to keep old Maria. If I ever let go of her somebody'd grab her in a minute."

Wint knew it was Amos' habit to keep the house open and Maria in it, even when he and Agnes were both away; so he accepted the proposition. The board which Amos required him to pay was nominal; and Wint wanted to pay more. Amos shook his head.

"First thing you want to learn, Wint, is never to pay a man more than he asks, for anything. He'll think you're a blamed fool."

So Wint had been comfortable. Maria knew how to cook, she kept the house neat, she picked up after Wint's disorderliness, and she mothered Wint as her kind know how to do.

He was comfortable but he was lonely — desperately lonely. Wint was a convivial young man. He liked to be with people. He had never been much in his own exclusive company. Someone said that it is not good for man to be alone; but it is equally true that it is not good for a man never to be alone. Solitude is good for the soul. It gives an opportunity for a certain amount of thought, for taking stock of oneself. If everyone could be persuaded to an hour's solitary self-consideration each day the world would be bettered thereby. It is hard to deceive yourself. Wint found out the truth of this in his solitary evenings that winter. He found himself forced to face facts and face them squarely; he found himself forced to recognize his own mistakes.

Thus his loneliness did no harm; but it did make him uncomfortable. The fact that he was much alone resulted from two or three circumstances and causes. His father had cast him out; so he saw his father and mother not at all. And he had been accustomed to see them every day, nearly all his life. It is true there had usually been little pleasure for him in these encounters. His father's harshness, his mother's garrulous tongue—had irked and angered him. They had worked at cross purposes, as families are apt to do. There had been little obvious sympathy and understanding between them. Nevertheless, Wint found that he missed them; that he missed his father's overbearing accusations and his mother's interminable talk. Once or twice when he met her on the street he stopped to talk with her; and he took a certain comfort from the flow of breathless reproaches that poured out upon him at these times. Mrs. Chase was as unhappy that winter as a mother must be when her son is set apart from her; but she was loyal to her husband and reproached Wint for his disloyalty.

Wint missed Joan too. He missed her enormously. There was never any doubt that Joan was half the world to him. He had longed for her desperately at times; he had wanted to go and abase himself before her. But he would not; he was strong enough to keep to his own path. And Joan kept to hers.

The fact that Wint and Joan were thus at odds made Wint an awkward figure in any group of young people, because Joan was almost sure to be there. He knew this as well as anyone. So when Dick Hoover asked him to go to the dances he refused because Joan would be there; and when Elsie Jenkins asked him to a card party he refused again, for the same reason. But he did not tell Dick and Elsie what this reason was. As a consequence people quit asking him to the festivities of Hardiston, and Wint was left solitary.

Solitary, and lonely. He was so lonely, that night of Elsie's party, that he walked past her house for the sheer hungry joy of looking in through her windows at the throng inside. He often walked about the town in the evenings, thus. Sometimes it was to pass Joan's home. And he did a deal of thinking and of wondering; and he made a resolution or two.

When Joan spoke to him, asked him to come to see her, Wint experienced a strange revulsion of feeling. He was unhappy, and he told himself he would never go; and he went uptown and dropped in on B. B. Beecham and had that innocuous and idle talk with the editor, which never touched on his troubles at all. Nevertheless, Wint emerged from the Journal office in a more cheerful frame of mind. People were apt to be more cheerful and more optimistic and more resolved after talking with B. B. This was one of his virtues.

Wint decided after leaving B. B. that he would go and see Joan—sometime. He decided he would not be in any hurry about it. Next month, perhaps; or next week; or in a day or two.

As might have been expected, the end of it was that he went to see her that night. For Wint was still half boy, with a boy's impatience; and he had been lonely for Joan for so long. After supper, with the long evening before him and nothing to do, he thought of going to Joan. He swore he wouldn't go; but he wanted to, so badly. Why shouldn't he? She had asked him. He wouldn't, and he would, and he wouldn't, and he would.

In the end he decided to walk out to her home and see if he could see her through the window. There was snow on the ground; it was fairly cold. He bundled up in overcoat and cap and filled a pipe and lighted it and set out. He would just walk past the house, come back another way, go to bed.

Chase Touched Her Shoulder, Awkwardly Comforting Her. "It's All Right, Mother," He Said. "He's Coming Home"

But even while he tried to tell himself this was what he meant to do he knew that he would not come back without seeing Joan, if the thing were possible. And when he got to the house he saw that it was possible. The shades were up at the sitting-room window; he could see her reading before the fire. She was alone.

So Wint went reluctantly up the walk from the street, and he hesitated at the steps, and then he went up the steps, stamping, and knocked at the door. He heard Joan stirring inside. Then the door opened and Joan was there before him. The light behind her shone through her hair; her eyes were dark and steady.

The light fell on his face and she said quietly: "Hello, Wint. I'm—glad you came."

Wint took off his cap and held it in his hand. She thought he looked very like a boy. He said nothing; and Joan moved a little to one side and bade him come in. He went in like a man walking in his sleep, and she shut the door behind him. Wint stood in the hall as though he did not know what to do. He wanted to run; but the door was shut.

She said: "Take off your coat." So he did, and laid it on a chair in the hall and put his cap on top of it.

Joan told him to come into the sitting room; and he said huskily: "All right."

So they went in and sat down together before the fire. And Wint wished he had not come. He crossed his legs one way, then he crossed them the other. He folded his

arms, he folded his hands in his lap, he cleared his throat, he leaned forward with his elbows on his knees. He did not look at Joan; but Joan watched him, and by and by she smiled a little, and her smile seemed like a caress upon his bent head.

Wint said abruptly: "Your people all right?"

"Yes," Joan told him.

He muttered angrily that that was good; and silence fell upon them again. He twisted in this silence, like a caterpillar on a pin. He was immensely relieved when Joan spoke at last.

"What shall we talk about, Wint?" she asked steadily. "Do you want to talk about your—fight? What you are doing?"

"No," he said dourly, staring at the fire.

Joan watched him, not resenting his sullenness, because she had understanding. After a little she said gently: "I saw your mother the other day."

Wint shot a quick glance at her. He could not help it. "That so?" he asked.

Joan nodded, and she smiled a little wistfully. "Yes. She misses you. She and your father."

"They haven't told me so," said Wint morosely.

"Have you talked with them?" she asked.

"No. My father ——" For the life of him he could not stifle the choke in his voice. "No, I haven't," he said.

"You couldn't of course," she agreed. And she looked at him sidewise. "Of course if you went to them your father would think you were trying to make up. You couldn't do that." There was an anxiety in her eyes; the anxiety of the experimenter. Wint went by contraries. Joan knew quite clearly what she wanted; she wanted him to go to his father. Was this the way to lead him to make the first move?

She was frightened at what she had done when he looked at her angrily. "See here," he said. "Do you want me to go to him? Do you think I ought to?"

She was so frightened that she could not speak; but she nodded. Wint barked at her: "Then why don't you say so? I'm sick of having people make me do things by telling me not to."

"I wasn't trying to—make you do it, Wint," she said; and she was almost pleading.

"You were; and you know it," he told her flatly. "Weren't you, now? Secretly trying to make me?"

Joan could not lie to him. "Y-yes," she said.

"Then come out with it," Wint demanded; and he got up and stamped about the room, and words burst from him. "Joan," he exclaimed, "I've been a fool, and I know it. Am one still, I suppose. Hate to be preached to and told what I must do, and mustn't. You know that. Result is, I'm always in trouble. Jack Routt, best friend I've got, does me more harm than my worst enemy—just trying to keep me straight. I've always known it, in a way. Knew I was a fool. But I've been just contrary enough to refuse to be preached to. That's the way I'm made. Only, for God's sake, don't you start trying to manage me." He hesitated, groping for words, and his voice was suddenly weary and lonely as he said: "You ought to be able to talk straight, to me, Joan."

She did not answer for a moment; then she said simply: "I'm sorry, Wint. I was wrong."

That took the wind out of him. He had hoped she would argue with him. He wanted an argument, wanted a hot combat of words; he was full of things that he wanted to say—to show her, justify himself to her. But you can't argue with a person who agrees with you. He sat down as abruptly as he had risen and stared again at the fire.

Joan asked after a time: "Are you sure Jack Routt is really your friend, Wint?"

"Of course," he said, looking at her. "Why not? What do you mean?"

"I don't like him."

He laughed. "A girl never does like a man's friends. Jack's all right. He's a prince."

"Is he?"

"Sure he is."

Joan said no more about Routt. She spoke of other things, trivial things; and for an hour she and Wint managed to talk easily enough without touching on forbidden ground. It was not till he got up to go that they spoke seriously again. She had helped him on with his coat.

At the door he faced her; and he asked: "Joan, d'you really think I ought to—patch things up at home?"

She answered him straightforwardly: "Yes, Wint."

He looked past her, eyes thoughtful; and at last he held out his hand.

"Well, good night," he said. "Maybe I will."

They shook hands, and he went out and tramped swiftly back to Amos' house. There was a bounding elation in him; his head was in the stars.

XXIII

WINT had thought of going to his father before he talked with Joan. He had tried advances now and then. Once he met the elder Chase on the street and stopped to talk with him, but his father passed by with a curt word of greeting. Another time he saw Chase in the Journal office and went in. Chase and B. B. Beecham were talking together; but when Wint went in his father got up and departed. Wint had said: "Don't let me drive you away. I just happened in."

But the senior Chase said: "I was going anyway," and he went.

These incidents had roused the old resentment in Wint, but they had hurt him more than they had angered him. And the hurt persisted, though the resentment died. He found excuses for his father. He blamed himself; and he thought of ways of approaching the older man with some hope of success, and discarded them one by one.

Seeing Joan gave him new confidence in himself. She had let him come to see her; his father could do no less. Wint had no illusions as to Joan. He understood that she wanted to help him, wanted to be proud of him; but he understood also that he was on probation. He had not proved himself in her eyes. That must come with time. They had talked frankly enough together; but—they had merely shaken hands at parting. That was all; that was all he had any right to expect. He could wait—and work—for the rest.

It was much that she had asked him to come to her. It meant that he was no longer outcast in her eyes; and the

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"You Haven't Got a Dime to Give a Man, Have You, Mayor, Your Honor? Just a Dime, Your Honor"

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 18, 1919

Striking Thirteen

LABOR has been striking twelve. But as this is written there is an ominous whirring of wheels and shifting of balances in its organization. Will it keep right on and strike thirteen or continue the round of orderly progress? Thirteen would be one strike too many.

No man is so powerful that he can use power immoderately. In the exaltation of success emperors, capitalists and workingmen alike are liable to delusions of grandeur. But behind and before success is failure. It took the Hohenzollerns less than fifty years to go from Versailles as conquerors to Versailles as conquered. More power, more money, more rights, demanded at the expense of their neighbors and at the point of a gun, changed earned success into inevitable failure. The whole German disaster was due to a colossal case of swelled head.

The wise woodsman blazes a trail back to safety as he advances. When he finds himself in a box cañon he retraces his steps. Only the superman tries to go on—and so proves that there are no supermen.

During the past five years the reasonable and sometimes the unreasonable demands of organized labor have been granted almost uniformly. Employers have met men in a new and friendlier spirit. A majority of them have been sincerely anxious to do the fair thing, and they have been trying to educate the boneheaded minority. Granted that capital still has a long way to go, it has at least been moving in the right direction. It is prepared to move even farther when it can see the road ahead clear and straight. Granted, too, that in many instances organized labor has accelerated the pace of capital, the progressive employer and the thinking employee have been steadily getting together of their own accord. The millennium is not here, but higher wages, better living and working conditions are.

Capital and labor would get together much faster if so many people did not find profit and position in keeping them apart. Capital has been too mercenary, but labor has had too many mercenaries. On occasion both have used their power without that restraint and sense of duty that alone justify the exercise of power; also, without that sense of prudence that should guide one who lacks a sense of justice. Whoever would use a club should remember that his adversary, too, will inevitably arm himself with a club, and that it may prove the stouter weapon.

Capital, like the Kaiser, has only itself to blame for many of its ills. In the race to expand industries and increase dividends it has been willing to admit almost any kind of alien. He might have as little brain as a gorilla, if he had the muscle of one. This mess of ignorance has in turn been capitalized by the Russo-German reds and is declaring an unwelcome extra dividend—Bolshevism.

Friends of labor hope that it will keep what it has justly won, but even more that it will keep its head. Capital has had its day of arrogance and indifference to the rights of others. It is learning that it has been traveling a blind trail that ends in a quicksand. Germany went forth to garner for itself all the sunshine, and ended in outer darkness. If labor becomes careless of the justice of its demands and indifferent to the rights of others, if it strikes thirteen, it will find that it has struck once too often. After thirteen one goes back to zero and a painful period of reconstruction.

Since the world began the public has been damned time after time, but it will not stay damned. In the end it has always "got" the damners, be they Hebrew, Roman or Russian, emperor, capitalist or workingman. There is nothing new about this politely phrased "world unrest." It was all tried out by the Old Testament Israelites. They, too, had their demigods and demagogues, their foolish Kaiser Bills and their Plumb-foolish bills.

For its own selfish good labor should not try to unionize men who cannot under any circumstances be unionized with propriety, unless our Government ceases to be democratic and American and becomes autocratic and Russian. In a republic that is based on law and order many things cannot be tolerated that may be perfectly proper in a country that is ruled by a lawless mob. One of these things is the domination of the police by any power outside the duly elected and legally constituted authorities. This is a clear-cut issue that there is no blinking; so fundamental that no compromise on it is possible. If the police are answerable to any power outside the duly elected authorities, then that power can at its pleasure turn over our cities to thugs, thieves and murderers, unless—and there is always that unless for alien lawlessness to face—the blood of old America still runs in the veins of Americans.

If it can be said of any human affair that there is nothing to arbitrate it can be said of a policemen's strike. Organized labor is either for organized government or it is for anarchy. It is either American or Russian. There are many questions about our policemen to be settled—questions of graft, politics, wages and hours—but the sanctity of their oath is not one of them. If on mature reflection organized labor is behind policemen who betray their trust it has struck thirteen and gone on the loose.

If labor with its votes and its influence will concern itself with the election of honest city officials and the elimination of wasteful and grafting methods it can directly benefit every citizen, instead of those small and selfish minorities for whom it so often exercises its power to the detriment of the majority. Incidentally there will be more money in city treasuries for living salaries.

Finally, organized labor must be asked what obligations it recognizes to the unorganized public. That question is ever more insistently coming up in the minds of that great majority who share the costs without sharing the profits of all these strikes, sympathetic and unsympathetic. Heretofore the answer has been: Become class conscious, organize and "take yours." The trouble with this program is that the more people become class conscious the harder it is to "take yours," because the others want to keep "theirs" and take some of yours. In every man there is a dual class consciousness, one grabbing for more, the other intensely resentful because the other fellow by reason of his own grabbing is making worthless what you get in the scramble.

In the end too much unionization becomes as ineffective as too little. It tends to nullify itself. Though the strike was always a stupid weapon, so long as it was confined to the business in which the grievance existed and inflicted only trivial and incidental damage on a few innocent bystanders it could be defended. But with the advent of the joy strike, the sympathetic strike and the general strike, prostrating whole industries and communities because some workmen are unreasonable or some employers boneheaded, a substitute for it must be found. Carry the matter to its logical conclusion, to its *reductio ad absurdum*, for we are rapidly approaching it: The actors are organized and affiliated with the A. F. L., the reporters are organizing, and so on right down the line. There is then no good reason why the doctors should not organize; in fact, there is every reason why they should, for the majority of them work longer hours for less pay than the average member of the railroad brotherhoods. The same thing is true of trained nurses. Then there are the embalmers and the undertakers' assistants, under present conditions subject to call at any hour of the day or night, and grossly overworked in time of epidemic. These few are instanced because their business is concerned with life and death. Even the most sovietty of soviet governments would have to recognize them as necessary workers. But there are numbers of others outside the capitalist and working classes, if there are any such clear-cut divisions of society, who are entitled to go along with them. School-teachers, for instance, who have grievances quite outside the question of their pay. Beside that of the carpenter or bricklayer the school-teacher's salary is too trivial to be called a grievance.

There is no class of the community that as a class does not feel itself overworked and underpaid, many with much greater reason than the average mechanic. Let them all become class conscious, organize and affiliate.

The doctors, being duly inoculated with class consciousness and class antagonism, will continue to work with nonunion nurses, consulting with nonunion specialists and permitting nonunion embalmers to handle their mistakes, while they wait for their opportunity to take fortune by the throat. Perhaps that opportunity will be influenza, perhaps infantile paralysis. When the epidemic is at its height they will throw down their knives and their medicines and demand a closed hospital. Denied, they will call out the nurses, the undertakers and the apothecaries. Still no result, and they will tie up the railroads, the trolleys and the lighting plants—then shut the schools, the theaters, the waterworks and send the policemen home.

Absurd, yes; because doctors and nurses are already class conscious—conscious that their duty to the whole public takes precedence over their selfish interests. Iniquitous, yes; but no more iniquitous than a strike of policemen backed up by a threat of sympathetic strikes by firemen and others whose first duty is also to the public. Impossible, no; with this progressive organization of the country into selfish classes working solely for their selfish interests and willing to disorganize a whole community to get what they want. Nor would this direct action by doctors cost more in suffering and death than some of the strikes that have been threatened, though the final result might be less apparent on the surface.

Already the class consciousness of men as consumers is beginning to quarrel with their class consciousness as producers. As city labor puts up the price of farm labor and machinery on the one hand and demands cheaper food on the other, the farmer is developing a little class consciousness of his own. Nor is he particularly keen over any new scheme of government that carries the Russian threat, even though it may be temporarily concealed, to confiscate his farm. He knows that there is no magic cornucopia from which unlimited goods and unlimited wages can be shaken out. For he is both capitalist and laborer. He knows both ends, and both are hard for him. Other men begin where he leaves off, and he sees clearly that they are beginning too late and leaving off too early if he is to get cheap goods from them in return for the relatively cheap food that he is furnishing to them by working long hours.

In the end capital must concede to labor; labor must concede to capital; both must concede to the public. There must be agreement on a substitute for the strike that will render impartial and substantial justice to all three. Perhaps a league of mutual concession, good feeling and peace at home will grow out of the Washington conference. Until such a league is formulated and formed the League of Nations is of secondary importance.

Home-saving must take precedence over world-saving; mandates for aliens in America over mandates for aliens in Armenia; national over international peace. We want both, and those who will fight hard enough and long enough for what they want can get it—even peace.

Signs here and there show that the old American spirit is unchanged. Boston has just had another tea party.

MATTERS OF OPINION

Whoa!

THE British Government shied off from nationalization, or government ownership, of coal mines because the balance of trade is still running against the country at an enormous rate; because a pound sterling is worth but little more than four dollars in New York; because England must buy the greater part of her food and raw materials abroad and unless the trade balance is corrected she will presently run out of means of paying for them; because nationalized railroads are letting the treasury in for a big deficit; because, as Lloyd George recently said, the nation is spending more and producing less, and that is the road to ruin; because the country was in no condition to embark on an exceedingly dubious experiment that would probably lessen the production and increase the cost of the basic coal industry; because the government after looking over the balance sheet sat up and uttered an alarmed "Whoa!"

At Their Graves

ON THE first of October the State Department lifted the long-standing ban on passports to France, Belgium and Italy. In anticipation of this new freedom of the seas tourist companies glowed forth in advertisements bespeaking the thrills of battlefield sight-seeing. The thought arises that it will be most regrettable if professional rubbernecks are permitted to gormandize on subnormal transportation facilities to the exclusion of the sorrowing kin of our boys who lie in alien soil.

There are about 75,000 American graves in France, largely concentrated into four great cemeteries. It was a splendid work—this unacclaimed task of gathering together the scattered bodies of the fallen, with only two out of tens of thousands unaccounted for. It will enable bereaved relatives to make their pilgrimages of loving tribute with a minimum of confusion, misdirection and expense. Only a minority of such kinsfolk may find their purses equal to the pressure of foreign travel these days; but all others whose homes have been dimmed by the brave effulgence of a golden service star will feel keenly the circumstances that keep them from the journey. With an eagerness as disconcerting sometimes as it has been invariably pitiful the relatives of the dead have begged for every last crumb of information from khaki message bringers of last moments. How intense, then, is their desire to walk the selfsame hallowed ground whereon their dearest gave to the ultimate of giving.

And how repulsive, by similar token, to the man who has seen his comrades go down in sacrifice to an ideal is the tawdry picture of beputtied, lorgnetted, diary-toting tourists milling like aimless busybody waterbugs in the quieting eddy of rusted wire and weather-crumbled funkholes, inarticulately disdainful of invaders whose war-nurtured opulence permits them to crowd out rightful visitors.

There is a remedy. The relatives of the dead, their number strictly so limited, might band together, engage a patriotic experienced tours manager to guide them, and appeal to the Government for such concessions as would reserve for them, through official coöperation with the French authorities, certain accommodations in communities adjacent to the cemeteries, before the certified sentimentalists have gobbled up all living essentials in the shattered villages of the Front area. It is conceivable that some nonsoulless steamship corporation might volunteer to tender such pilgrims profitless rates, as a gracious and grateful gesture of acknowledgment in the presence of the forebears of genuine Americanism. Through some such organization those whose modest means otherwise might exclude them would benefit individually as part of a powerful whole.

Yet there need be no flavor of the philanthropic about the plan. These are people who go to another Calvary. The way should be made straight for them—free from the crookedness of profiteers.

Shipping

THE tables in the new edition of Lloyd's Register show that in June, 1914, the United States had two tons of ocean-going merchant marine to England's nineteen, but in June, 1919, the United States had ten tons to England's sixteen—using only the nearest round numbers and omitting all but the first figures. England lost two and a half million tons in the period; we gained more than seven and a half million tons. Also, in 1914 our sea shipping was to Germany's as two to five, and in 1919 it was to Germany's as ten to three.

The Register has another table showing approximately how the world's merchant fleet would have stood in June, 1919, if there had been no war and shipbuilding—with incidental peacetime losses—had proceeded at the same rate in the various countries as before 1914. According to this table the British fleet is smaller by more than five million tons than it would have been if no war had occurred, the German fleet is smaller by three and a half millions tons, and the American fleet is larger by more than seven million tons.

The figures graphically illustrate our enormous relative advance in the shipping field, and ships can now be built in this country cheaper than in England—perhaps cheaper than in Germany.

But neither England nor Germany is overmuch discouraged by that condition. Both of them admit that we have taken a colossal stride in incredibly short time, and that at the moment they are handicapped. They say also that of old they beat us hollow at shipbuilding and ship operating, and they cherish a notion that under normal conditions they can finally beat us again. They say that building ships in short order under government fiat is one thing, while operating those ships year in and year out against the competition of the shrewdest, most experienced shipping men and nations of the world is another thing. They rather expect us to make enough mistakes to put the game back into their hands again. They are not without good grounds for their expectation. A full half century of mistaken and ill-considered national policy in respect of American shipping brought it to the pass in which the European war found it in 1914. A new and comprehensive code of shipping laws, buttressed by a sound and far-seeing policy in maritime matters, is the only thing which can prevent our competitors' wishes from coming true.

They Won't be Happy Till They Get It

BLACK SHEEP

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

III

WHATEVER faults Charles Purcell had, lack of industry was not one of them. He diligently discharged his duties as managing editor of the Leader, never quitting the newspaper office before half past two in the morning.

But this night—the night when the old negro, William Pomeroy, told him that amazing story about the early life of Alfred Dinsmore—he could not work. The tempest in his brain forbade it. He turned the paper over to the night editor and shut himself in his narrow office.

For one thing, he resorted to the graveyard—possibly so called because it contains material from which an obituary notice of any prominent citizen can be quickly constructed. The office boy brought him a large, strong Manila envelope at the top of which was written in a bold hand "Dinsmore, Alfred." It contained such printed mention of Mr. Dinsmore as the keeper of the graveyard had judged might be useful. Purcell emptied the clippings on his desk and one among them especially arrested his attention.

It comprised some three columns of newspaper print and had a comparatively aged look, the paper slightly yellowed and the ink a bit faded. The date, in fact—1892 showed that it was twenty years old and there was a rather dauby two-column cut of Dinsmore in it. Purcell at once noted—with satisfaction—that Dinsmore had worn a beard even twenty years before. The top headline said "The New Corn King," and the subhead ran "Alfred Dinsmore, the nervy young trader from St. Joe, Missouri, whose Napoleonic operations in corn ended with an Austerlitz last week."

The text told of Dinsmore's speculations in corn during the past year in a style half humor and half melodramatic flamboyance. His nerve was what the writer constantly admired—and the cool million which the operations were said to have produced. Purcell knew well enough that gossip always magnified the profits, and the cool million might be discounted fifty per cent. But what particularly interested him was the biographical details.

First, Dinsmore came from St. Joseph, Missouri—had been born there. Second, he was thirty-two years old in 1892; so he would have been twenty-one when the cashier of the First National Bank of Billingtown, Nebraska, was shot—if Pomeroy's story was true as to that. Third, his father had been engaged in the grain trade at St. Joseph. Those points tallied with Pomeroy's narrative. There was a sense in which this reckless speculation in corn tallied, for Pomeroy had said the young man was a gambler.

No other clipping was particularly helpful, though several mentioned that Dinsmore came from St. Joseph, Missouri—from an old and distinguished family there, some of them said; but Purcell was aware that most families are old and distinguished when a member of them makes a great deal of money. The clippings shed no light on Dinsmore's transition from nervy speculator in corn to chief owner of the Dinsmore Company, but that was immaterial. Later ones mentioned his wife and daughter, his gift of two hundred thousand to the maternity hospital, a hundred thousand to the boys' outdoor school and like matters—glimpses of a rich, most respectable, liberal-minded leading citizen with a socially distinguished wife and daughter.

"I Suppose There is Nothing Scandalous in a Young Woman's Lunching in a Tea Room With a Young Man Who's an Old Friend. I Think it's Detestable the Way Everybody Has Dropped Him"

Millions! There was no doubt about that. Millions! If Pomeroy's story was true, what a fish had been hooked! That was what burned in the managing editor's hungry mind, making routine work impossible.

But the size of the fish daunted him. With all his hunger for money, the idea of attacking Alfred Dinsmore single-handed appalled him. Besides, there was the matter of verifying the story, which he could not very well do alone. As the affair took shape in his mind he saw that he must have help. That was the way it stood in his tumultuous thoughts as he finally went home at four o'clock in the morning. Naturally, he slept ill and at half past nine the next morning telephoned his old friend, Lawrence McMurtry, attorney at law.

McMurtry's offices were on Washington Street—the usual quarters of a fairly busy and prosperous practitioner—and a little after ten Purcell was seated at the table in the center of the private office, opposite the lawyer.

The lawyer was a stocky, deep-chested, square-shouldered person. His chin and jaw were overdeveloped—a size or so too large for the upper part of his face, though that upper part was by no means meager—and they were dark blue from the dense roots of a smoothly shaved beard. He wore his thick, wavy hair in a way to remind one of hair-restorer advertisements, brushed up on both sides of his head as though the object were to display as much hair as possible. His clothes were well made and well fitting and that morning he was wearing a bright-plaid four-in-hand tie and turn-down collar. His eyes were small, shifty and twinkling and he seemed usually just at the beginning of a smile in which there was little humor. He looked a tight, sleek, prowling sort of animal that had just visited a barber shop and a haberdashery. His devious law practice, eagerly pursued, had brought him much dispraise, but not much fortune. Like an over-zealous hunter, he frightened off more quarry than he bagged.

Eagerly, yet with care, referring to his shorthand notes, Purcell retold the negro's story—and all the time his cavernous eyes, glowing out of a bony and colorless face, were fixed upon the lawyer with a kind of hungry questioning. Sometimes he wetted his lips with his tongue and sometimes shaved them with a crooked forefinger. McMurtry listened intently, his eyes twinkling, the beginning of a smile fixing itself on his swarthy face. When Purcell finished he gave his professional judgment promptly:

"It sounds promising." Then with a quick challenge, "You haven't told Tully?"

"Not a word," Purcell replied. "Of course if it's true it's too good to tell him."

"Sure!" McMurtry answered with an approving nod. "If there's anything in it it's worth a million."

His attitude was entirely unemotional—strictly professional.

"Of course," Purcell remarked with a little failing of the nerves, "the story may be all a pipe dream—or maybe it happened and he's mistaken in the man."

"Well, let's go over it now," McMurtry replied professionally. "Dinsmore did live in St. Joe and at that time he'd have been about twenty-one. Plenty of respectable citizens were sowing wild oats at twenty-one—and a lot later than that. He might have got into trouble at home and wandered out there in Kansas and been playing poker over a dry-goods store. Nothing improbable about that. Unless a man's a crook he don't palm cards at twenty-one, but there are crooks and crooks—some of 'em bank directors and deacons in the church. Nothing to balk at in that. Going in for the bank robbery, too—that might happen under the circumstances. Then the shooting—a young chucklehead all keyed up and on edge; he sees a figure in white at his elbow and blazes away in a panic. That might happen."

"The old coon's story certainly sounded straight," said Purcell, gathering confidence from his friend's summary.

"As to whether a bank cashier was killed out there in Nebraska under about those circumstances in—when was it—1881?—I can find out in half an hour," the lawyer continued. "I haven't any doubt that's so. The negro would have been plumb nutty to tell you the story if that part wasn't so. I'm banking on that's being so. Easy enough to find out, too, whether anybody's been convicted

(Continued on Page 32)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Slow-cooked; tender; digestible

Campbell's Beans are cooked slowly, cooked for a long time, and cooked thoroughly. This renders them as wholesome to the digestion as they are delightful to the taste. By our cooking, the rich nutritive value of the selected beans is fully developed. So Campbell's Beans are both palatable and highly beneficial. The tempting tomato sauce stimulates digestion and adds to the healthfulness of this appetizing dish—good for the whole family, from the youngsters up!

One size **15c a Can** One kind

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30

for it. If that part of it's so, then we come down to one thing." His face hardened and he looked intently at Purcell as though they had come to a crucial point.

"If Dinsmore is regularly paying this man blackmail, as the man says, then the man's got something on him. If Dinsmore's paying him blackmail, two to one the negro's story is true. Men don't pay blackmail for fun."

"There's only one doubtful thing, as I see it," said Purcell, shaving his lips with a bent finger. "It might be that this coon is a discharged servant who's got something else on Dinsmore that Dinsmore's paying him blackmail for."

"Well, it might be," McMurtry admitted after considering. "It might be; but it don't look very reasonable. If the story wasn't true, why would the man have come to you? He'd know he couldn't get anything out of it unless the story was true." He considered again and repeated with a tight little nod, "It looks sort of promising to me."

Purcell swallowed.

"It's true," the lawyer reflected aloud after a moment, "that Alfred Dinsmore is a big man—a lot of money, a lot of influence and all that. We've got to be sure of our ground and handle it carefully. But it looks promising to me." And he added with his unhumorous beginning of a smile, "Good enough that I'm willing to spend some time and money on it."

"There are those two witnesses out in Nebraska—Sykes and Doctor Dill," Purcell suggested.

"Of course," said McMurtry. "They've got to be looked up. It's all got to be looked up. We must be sure of our ground." He considered further and a slight frown formed on his swarthy face. He gave the result of his consideration with some reluctance:

"We've got to take Jake Morden into it. We'll need him. Of course," he added, "Jake's in it already in a way. He's got a servant bribed up there and somebody or other watching young Proctor."

As Purcell knew, Jacob Morden, proprietor of Morden's Detective Agency, had already been engaged in that matter of setting spies on Alfred Dinsmore and the Dinsmore household. By methods of his own—the details of which Purcell had not cared to inquire into—he had got one of the servants in his pay. And he was having a watch kept on Mr. Edward Proctor, with special reference to that young man's relations with Miss Louise Dinsmore, who was said to be engaged to Lowell Winthrop. It was as dirty a business as business could well be—particularly as regards Miss Louise Dinsmore and Mr. Edward Proctor. But since the object had been to get something on Dinsmore that would cause him to drop the libel suit, Lawyer McMurtry and Detective Morden had gone about it in a quite impersonal professional manner.

"Jake Morden owes a good deal to me," the lawyer ruminated aloud. "I saved his bacon for him once."

Purcell supposed he referred to the episode or string of episodes which had resulted in Jacob Morden's dismissal from the city police force, when there had been talk of prosecuting him on several criminal charges. The gossip in newspaper offices had been that his bacon stood in great need of saving at that particular time.

"Jake's a good man, too," the lawyer ruminated on, frowning; "a first-class detective. There are two troubles with him: He's an awful hog. If he comes into this he'll want a full share. And he's a reckless, headstrong devil. You've got to hold him in all the time. If he starts after a man his idea is just to run up and hit him on the head first thing. You've got to hold him in. But we'll need him," he concluded. Then he grinned broadly and uttered a thought which had been comfortingly in the managing editor's mind when he decided to go to his friend McMurtry—namely: "If this story's true there'll be plenty to divide. We needn't grudge Jake a share. We'll just charge it up to Dinsmore."

Purcell had thought the same thing about McMurtry's share.

"There'll be plenty to divide," he repeated. But his timorous phase asserted itself and he observed: "Of course that happened a long time ago—over thirty years. An error of youth, you know—atoned for by thirty years of honorable living and all that. The story might be true, and yet Dinsmore might face it out rather than come across." But McMurtry shook his head decisively.

"No, sir! Never! There's no statute of limitations in a case of murder. He might—possibly—get by if it was nothing but robbing a bank, though robbing a bank is raw enough. That alone would put a fearful dent in Alfred Dinsmore, Esquire, even if it did happen thirty years ago. It would put a fearful dent in the Dinsmore family too. It's a very vulgar crime. This bank cashier no doubt was a good, respected citizen—probably married, with some young children. He was murdered on his own premises, shot down like a dog. No, sir! Forty Alfred Dinsmores couldn't get by with that. His millions and his swell house and all that would make it all the worse. Here he is all these years rolling in luxury with that crime on his hands. I'd give a bond to get any average jury to send him up for twenty years. They'd feel it was Providence overtaking the guilty at last. And public opinion would send him up for life. You can't scrub that sort of a blot off the 'scutcheon. His family might as well emigrate."

Purcell recalled the portrait he had looked at the night before. How she had held up her head! With what calm assurance she had looked out of the newspaper page at him!

"I told you about the rumor that his daughter's engagement to Lowell Winthrop is going to be announced soon with a flourish of trumpets."

The lawyer recalled it with his twinkling little smile. Winthrop was a mighty name among society editors.

"Nice wedding present for 'em," he observed, and laughed. Immediately he became serious and added: "If this story's true Dinsmore will come across by wholesale. He's got to."

They enjoyed in silence a moment of golden contemplation. Then McMurtry spoke good-naturedly:

"Well, it's a good thing we've already got a start. The servant that Jake has attached to his pay roll up there is reporting right along and he's got somebody or other keeping tab on young Proctor." He smiled, adding: "We might get something on the young lady herself, you know. You can't ever have too many strings to play on. It's a good thing we've got a start." Then he frowned a bit, rubbed his overdeveloped chin and concluded, "I might as well get Jake at work on this bigger end of it right away."

"When shall we have a talk with him?" Purcell asked with an innocent air. But the question wasn't as innocent as he looked. McMurtry had said "I might as well." And Purcell had said "When shall we?" There was a great difference between the singular and the plural pronouns.

There was one thing that Purcell with his suspicious disposition feared almost as much as he feared Alfred Dinsmore—namely, that his masterful friend here would take the affair into his own hands so that finally the managing editor would have to rely wholly on his good faith for a fair division of the spoils. In his heart Purcell had no great trust in his friend's good faith. Next to being afraid that he would be caught, he was afraid that he would be cheated out of his share of the booty. He proposed to keep in the closest possible touch with developments.

McMurtry instantly understood the significance of the plural pronoun and he said good-naturedly: "We may as well talk it over this evening. I'll telephone Jake and then let you know."

There was then on Quincy Street an establishment known as the Four Aces Café. The first story was occupied by a long bar at one side and a grill with many small tables on a floor sprinkled with sawdust. The large electrical sign over the main entrance was in the similitude of four aces of the different suits held in a hand. And there was a side entrance that gave on to a flight of narrow stairs carpeted in violent red. Upstairs there was a series of private dining rooms. In one of those rooms Purcell, McMurtry and Jacob Morden dined that evening.

The detective seemed to be made mostly out of hardwood knots. In contrast to carefully tailored, elaborately barbered McMurtry, he dressed in slovenly fashion and his coarse dark-reddish hair thrust out unkemptly above his square forehead. He had a nubbin nose, a wide mouth and a deep cleft in his chin, which needed shaving. Habitually there was something morose and truculent in his expression, like a savage dog that is ready to bite on the least provocation. The meal being ended, Purcell took out his notes and repeated the story in every detail.

Morden listened to it with his habitual glower. He asked some questions and there was some discussion among the three. The detective's jaw squared belligerently.

"All right," he said, "I'll start for Nebraska myself day after to-morrow." He then grinned with an ominous satisfaction, lifted his cup and said, "Here's luck!"

There was no liquor on the table. The toast was drunk in coffee.

"I Was First-Rate at Football and Tennis and Swimming and Getting Into a Scrape. Otherwise I Was No Good at All. I Was a Bitter Pill for My Father"

IV

DINSMORE'S big stone house stood near the steep bank of the lake shore—white and opulent, inviting sunshine. On the lake side there was a breadth of velvet

(Continued on Page 34)

Maine and Arizona trade talk and talk trade

SAID Maine to Arizona while both puffed contentedly away at mellow Owl Cigars, "I came to marvel at your Grand Canyon but stay to wonder at your opportunity. Irrigation, I see, is making your deserts bloom. And your copper mines are making a whole manufacturing world turn to you."

Robust Arizona smiled and said:—

"Thank you for the compliment, Atlantic friend, and let me give you one or two. My people say that Maine produces many of the finest canned foods. And my citizens who travel tell me that the beauty of Maine is unlike that of any other state."

* * *

IT'S A LONG TRAIL from Maine to Arizona but you'll find Owl and White Owl Cigars all along the way. Why are these two fragrant cigars such national favorites? Because of their real *dependability* of mellow taste. And how is this dependability guaranteed? By the nearly $3,000,000 Owl leaf reserve constantly maintained by the General Cigar Co., Inc.

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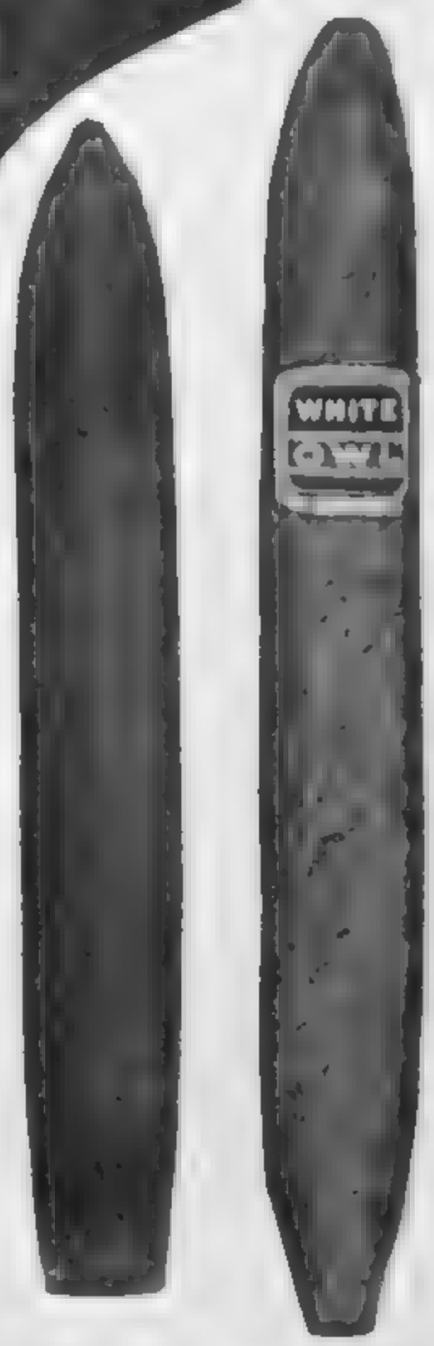
If your distributor does not sell these dependable cigars, write us
General Cigar Co., 119 West 40th Street, New York City

TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS

OWL 7¢ | white OWL 8¢



OWL 7c
3 for 20c
$3.15 for a box of 50

white OWL
8c straight
Fifty in a box
Cost $3.75

(Continued from Page 32)

lawn and elaborate stonework with broad curving stairs leading down to the narrow beach. On the other side there was a formal sunken garden with a roadway between it and the house, then a carefully cultivated wood, while a thicket of shrubbery screened the premises from Sheridan Road. The grounds comprised a dozen acres, with the mark of lavish expenditure everywhere.

A big touring car, shining in every detail, rolled smoothly up to the main door. A blond and curly chauffeur, trig as the machine itself, sprang out, opened the tonneau door and gathered up a rich fur robe which he folded on his arm and then stood erect like a soldier at attention, looking toward the house with pleasurable expectancy. A man-servant within opened the door and held it so, his face also wearing a look of pleasant expectation.

A tall young woman, passing outward through the door, smiled at him—a smile somewhat vague, yet apparently meeting his expectations, for he looked happy. The young woman was wearing a close-fitting out-of-doors spring costume, grayish in tone, and a small, snug hat on which a bit of crimson relieved the gray tone—jewel-like. Her attention was on the button of a glove as she crossed the red tiles to the roadway, moving lithely. The chauffeur's expectancy heightened as she approached; he held his shoulders even more squarely and began to smile.

The button being arranged, the young woman raised her blue eyes. Immediately a little summer lightning darted in them; a small vertical line furrowed her smooth brow and the color heightened a bit in her cheeks. She addressed the chauffeur, her low voice sharpened:

"But I said the small electric!"

So caught in anticlimax, the unfortunate chauffeur stammered: "The maid said the car. I thought—she must have misunderstood. I'll get it in a minute."

"Please," said Miss Dinsmore—not with forgiveness, but with dignity.

The chauffeur tumbled the costly fur robe back into the car, sprang in himself and, as though the shiny machine were at fault, whisked it swiftly out of majesty's offended sight.

The heightened color remained in Miss Dinsmore's cheeks and the little line in her forehead; she gently bit a corner of her nether lip. Fairly within the promised minute a small electric, also shiny at every point, came swiftly along the road and stopped before her. The guilty chauffeur sprang out of it with an embroidered woolen robe upon his arm. Miss Dinsmore climbed in and suffered him to arrange the robe round her. When he finished and drew back, cap in hand, she murmured "Thank you" without looking at him. Having a touring car brought up when one wished an electric could not be forgiven in a minute.

The chauffeur closed the door and Miss Dinsmore drove away alone.

If she had looked back very attentively she might have noticed that the filmy curtains at the fourth window from the south end of the house in the second story were slightly apart. That was one of the windows in her sitting room, and her maid on her knees at the parted curtains was watching her departure.

The maid, Jenny Dupee, was slight and dark, with lusterless black hair. Her long thin face with a receding chin seemed some way to belong under a high powdered coiffure or above a broad starched ruff. The little veins at her temples suggested neuralgia. She was thirty-five years old and except that careful art concealed them some gray threads would have appeared in her dark hair. She was always watching anxiously for the appearance of more gray threads. The crow's-feet at the corners of her almond-shaped eyes made her heart sink and she always wore a high-necked bodice to hide the scrawniness of her throat. No fading beauty observed the encroaching signs of age with more anxious jealousy. But Jenny was actuated by no romantic motive. She knew well enough that employers preferred young, fresh-looking, vigorous maids. Gray hairs and crow's-feet meant smaller wages, less chance of getting a good job. Upon entering the Dinsmore household three years before she had given her age as twenty-five.

A fortnight before this day the most startling experience of Jenny's life had happened. A little before that a strange woman had formed her acquaintance—a coarse, persuasive, masterful woman who gave her name as Martha Woods. In Jenny's slim, nervous hands this woman had placed seven ten-dollar bills—the first week's wage, honorably paid in advance. Thereafter seventy dollars was to be paid each week by postal money order. And this seventy dollars a week—the coarse masterful woman said—was merely earnest money. If the mysterious affair upon which she was embarked turned out satisfactorily, Jenny should receive much more—a thousand dollars at least. Meanwhile, Jenny ran not the least risk.

Like the managing editor of the Leader, Jenny Dupee mightily wanted the money—and was afraid. Doubtless time had been when she looked to matrimony, but for the last two or three years life had become for her mostly just a heart-breaking race between her tortoise-footed savings-bank account and the gray hairs and wrinkles. The savings account grew with painful slowness; the gray hairs and wrinkles seemed winged in comparison. With a great fluttering of the heart and pulses Jenny had accepted Martha Woods' seven ten-dollar bills, and at the end of the week the postal money order duly arrived. So the savings account had taken on new life.

It looked easy and rather safe. All she had to do was watch with all her might, write down what she saw and heard, slip the writing into an envelope, address that to Mrs. Martha Woods, Room 641, Rosser Building, Adams Street, Chicago, and drop it into a mail box.

She Addressed the Chauffeur, Her Low Voice Sharpened: "But I Said the Small Electric!"

On her knees at the window Jenny watched the small electric wind through the grounds and disappear behind the screen of shrubbery along the Sheridan Road front. A moment later she caught a glimpse of it going south. She looked at the gilt clock on the mantel and made a mental note for her report: "At half past twelve drove away alone in the small electric, going south in Sheridan Road."

She then crossed the room, glanced into the hall and carefully closed that door again. The morning mail had brought her mistress half a dozen letters, which now lay open on the carved-ebony writing table. Jenny read them standing, so she could turn away quickly if a hand were laid on the door knob. They gave her no particular satisfaction beyond some intimate personal gossip—but she had derived that satisfaction from her mistress' mail long before anybody paid her for it.

In fact, she was insatiably curious—a spy by nature. When she finished the letters it was almost one o'clock, and an experience that excited all her curious instincts, as the smell of cheese excites a mouse, lay before her. Going into the broad hall which divided that second story lengthwise she moved down it with nervous, noiseless steps until she came to a door on the right-hand side. A swift glance before and behind showed that she had the hall to herself, so she applied her ear to the crack in the door. No sound saluted it. Her hand closed firmly on the knob; it turned without noise, the door swung inward an inch and gave her peering eye a view of half the room.

Like all the rooms in that house, it was spacious and handsomely furnished. Two generous windows overlooked the lake. A small table stood by one of them and at the table, sidewise to her view, sat a fat old man with a bright-colored silk fez on his bald head. His full beard was snow white and neatly trimmed. He was wearing an embroidered and quilted dressing gown. Some playing cards lay in neat rows on the table in front of him. From the deck at the left he took a card and, after scanning the rows, placed it. To anyone acquainted with games at cards it was obvious that he was playing a well-known kind of solitaire that is often used for gambling purposes. At the top of the desk lay a little stack of five-dollar bills. A similar but thinner stack lay at the right-hand end.

The fat old man took another card from the deck, contemplated it, carefully scanned his rows, stroked his white beard a moment with the free hand and placed the card. Then he counted the cards in the top row and transferred a number of bills from one pile to the other and gave a little sigh. His round face, overladen with flesh, wore a rueful expression. Evidently luck was going against him that day. As he gathered up the cards to shuffle them afresh Jenny silently pulled the door shut, then knocked loudly upon it and waited a minute.

"Come in," a throaty voice called after a moment's interval. When she stepped briskly in, the cards were neatly stacked on a corner of the table, but the money had disappeared and the old gentleman looked at her somewhat like an urchin who has been at the forbidden jam pot and is trying to look innocent while painfully aware of the stained hands behind his back.

"Good morning, Cousin Elliot," said Jenny cheerfully. "This is a pleasant day."

The man looked out of the window and replied "Why, yes, so it is," as though he had just noticed it.

"Nearly time for luncheon, you know," she reminded him, smiling.

He gravely drew a fine watch from his vest pocket, consulted it and replied, "You're right, so it is," and heaved himself up out of the cushioned chair. When he stood up one saw that he enjoyed the services of an excellent tailor. His paunch that might have sagged baglike was expertly trussed up in a rotund shapeliness. But he was fat all over; his red chops overflowed his collar; his white hands were puffy.

When he took off his embroidered dressing gown his shirt sleeves appeared of the finest linen and fresh from the laundry.

"Shall I get your coat for you?" Jenny asked cheerfully.

"If you please," he replied gravely.

She went to a big closet hung full of clothing, took down the coat and vest matching his trousers and held them for him. He put them on carefully, buttoned the vest, settled the coat into shape and stepped in front of a tall mirror, wherein he critically surveyed his reflection, noting that the crease in his trousers fell just right and no wrinkle appeared in the coat. While he surveyed himself with satisfaction Jenny visited the closet again and came back with a brown skullcap, that being the color of his clothes. He gravely took off the bright-colored fez, put the brown headpiece in its place and observed the effect in the mirror. Meanwhile Jenny was hanging up his dressing gown. With a final look at himself in the mirror and a glance round the room to see that all was in order, he walked soberly to the door and went downstairs to join the family at luncheon. When he had gone Jenny slipped over to the small table at which he had been sitting and gently tried the upper right-hand drawer. It was locked as usual. She knew he kept his gambling money in that, and two big diamond rings which he sometimes put on and admired when he was alone.

Not that she entertained predatory intentions toward the money and the diamonds. She just wanted to look at them again as ponderable items in the mystery.

When she entered the Dinsmore household three years before, this fat, bald, snow-bearded man was a member of it—and naturally as exciting to her curious instincts as the smell of game to a hunting puppy. The inquiries which she pursued with discreet diligence among servants of longer tenure disclosed that he had been there many years—as far back as the knowledge of any of those whom Jenny sounded reached. The other servants had come to accept him as one of the facts of the household—like the furniture.

"A relative of my grandmother's," her young mistress had said once in reply to a rather pointed observation on Jenny's part. The young mistress said it with indulgent indifference, as though she, too, simply accepted him as one of the facts of the household. He was called Cousin Elliot by other members of the household or Mr. Elliot by the servants. Jenny had never heard any other names applied to him.

Of course all the servants were aware that Cousin Elliot was sadly afflicted in his mind.

"A fine old nut," was the cook's judgment on him—for Cousin Elliot was quite popular below stairs, giving no trouble and often furtively slipping out pieces of silver and dollar bills for any special service.

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The P.A. lends a hand

"BUT how about the cost?" said the G. M. to the P. A. after everyone had expressed approval of the new forms and letterheads. "This paper looks pretty expensive—and you know everyone has to lend his right hand this year to keeping expenses down!"

"Well," smiled the P. A. "I consider I *am* lending a hand by recommending Systems Bond. As you say, it *looks* expensive—but actually the cost is less than the average of the various papers we've tried out this year. It's the happy medium—that's the secret. It costs but little more than the cheap ragless papers, and a lot less than the other rag-content papers we've experimented with. The quality, as your remark shows, speaks for itself."

Systems Bond is a quality paper that sells at a business man's price. You can depend on its uniformity, for Systems is made by an organization that performs every step in the manufacture, from log cutting and rag selection to the final drying.

Ask your printer to use Systems for your next order of letterheads. He can also obtain for you our book "The Modern Manufacture of Writing Paper," interesting and valuable to the paper buyer.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well-known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic and Manifest marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

(Continued from Page 34)

Partly because of that amiable habit of his—but even more because of her insatiable curiosity—Jenny had adroitly insinuated herself upon Cousin Elliot. Formerly a manservant had called him to luncheon; but for a year now Jenny had quietly usurped that duty and attended to him in such other ways as she could. Cousin Elliot plainly liked her and about once a fortnight slipped two dollar bills slyly into her thin hand. The bills were convenient, but it was really for the satisfaction of her restless imagination that Jenny waited upon him. That waiting upon him became a tacit sort of custom, no one objecting.

Cousin Elliot's affliction was of the most harmless kind. Habitually he sat all morning long playing solitaire and betting with himself—as Jenny discovered. Usually he submitted docilely to the restrictions which Mrs. Dinsmore, Senior, put upon his diet and dutifully took the prescribed exercise, which consisted of walking about the grounds for half an hour twice a day. The automobile rides which were prescribed for him he appeared to enjoy.

Aside from playing cards, his chief interest lay in his personal appearance. Spying Jenny had often seen him sit many minutes at a time moving his fingers and observing the sparkle of his fine rings. For many minutes he would stand before the big mirror surveying himself, touching up his tie, settling his coat. All this he did with the grave, innocent satisfaction of a little girl over a trinket or a new frock. His mind seemed just to have gone back to the age of four—but carrying with it certain interests such as cards and dress which he had acquired in maturity. And he never wore his glittering rings downstairs—his simple mind evidently retaining the fact that they were not proper form for a gentleman. He was indulged in every harmless way. His wardrobe was much more extensive than that of the master of the house. His diamonds cost some thousands of dollars. He was always supplied with money. There was something odd about the money, however. Before Jenny entered the room he always hid that which he used in his queer gambling, like a boy hiding his contraband pipe. She surmised that gambling was nominally forbidden; in his afflicted mind the idea of an inhibition seemed to attach to it.

In such ways as that Cousin Elliot displayed considerable mental competence. One might have talked with him for several minutes on a simple topic and not suspected that his mind was afflicted. He would pass the time of day, make observations about the weather, the shrubbery or the flowers with grave coherance. His seemed not so much a disordered mind as one undeveloped—the mind of four years old. There appeared to be no particular restraint upon his movements. In fact, he seemed to have no particular inclination to move. He was made or induced to take some needful mild exercise, and from the servants who were familiar with the dining room Jenny learned that an inclination to overeat was mildly restrained.

It was Mrs. Dinsmore, Senior, mother of the master of the house who—as presumably the nearest in blood—seemed to be his special guardian; but Jenny perceived that Cousin Elliot stood in considerable awe of the master of the house.

She was continually wondering about him—even now when she had the more absorbing wonder whether she was going to get that thousand dollars at least which Martha Woods had spoken of. But as to what this spying on her mistress meant, she didn't wonder much, because she thought she knew. Her conviction was that Mr. Lowell Winthrop inspired it mainly for the purpose of finding out what was going on between her mistress and Mr. Edward Proctor. Martha Woods hadn't said so, but that was Jenny's conviction, for she knew all the gossip that circulated below stairs. The small electric had turned south in Sheridan Road. Elsmoor and Mr. Edward Proctor lay in that direction.

Leaving Jenny's field of vision, the electric held to that southward course. Its driver's forehead was still slightly wrinkled and there was a play of summer lightning in the depths of her blue eyes.

She was, in fact, agitated, uncertain, profoundly dissatisfied with herself and her situation and all bursting with an aimless rebellion at everything in general. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been angry with the poor chauffeur for bringing the wrong vehicle to the door.

Spring, usually late in that region, had come on fast, though there was still a keen edge to the air. Buds and blooms, the blue above, the twinkling lake over to the east and the air itself proclaimed that. But there was none of spring's bland geniality in Louise Dinsmore's disturbed mind.

Driving south in Sheridan Road, she passed through two suburbs and presently crossed the boundary of Elsmoor. The residences along the drive were not quite so costly as one went south, and less spaciously set. She soon turned west toward the shops and offices where the business of Elsmoor was conducted. They were mainly on one smart street with fine asphalt pavement, neat stone gutters and ornamental lamp-posts. The smartest building on the street—of buff pressed brick and green tile, two stories high and occupying a corner—bore the sign, "Bank of Elsmoor," on brass tablets, at each side of the front door.

Louise drove round to the side of this building and wheeled up to the curb. The little clock on the dash showed ten minutes to one. She was early and might have waited outside there in her car. But she chose not to—scorning the idea of concealment which that might have suggested. She alighted therefore and entered the side door of the bank—the line of perplexity smoothed out of her forehead and altogether once more the young lady of the portrait, holding her lithe body erect, her chin up, her blue eyes looking serenely forth.

Into whatever commercial establishment she had stepped thereabouts somebody would have been pretty sure to recognize her and hasten to meet her wants—less from snobbishness than on the sound commercial idea that the Dinsmores had a great many wants and ready cash to satisfy them with. The stout and bald cashier of the bank, engaged with a customer at his desk behind the mahogany railing at the rear of the banking room, saw her as she stepped in and met her eye as she calmly surveyed the establishment. Whereupon he paused in his occupation with the customer and looked at her inquiringly, as though he would have come out from behind the railing if she signified a wish to speak with him. But her glance moved composedly beyond him, and she seated herself on the mahogany bench near the wall.

She was quite sure the cashier recognized her, and was glad of it. She perversely hoped he would keep watch of what she did. There was nothing clandestine about it; she was doing it openly in the light of day—almost, figuratively speaking, with a brass band. Others observed her sitting there with a little emotional stir which was by way of tribute to her beauty and style, or to her name, too, if they happened to know who she was. And this observation pleased her rebellious mood.

Being Saturday and a half holiday, the smart little suburban bank was busy at that hour. Several depositors stood in line at the wicket of the receiving teller and there was a longer queue at the paying teller's wicket, which was nearly opposite where she sat. Behind that wicket a dark-haired athletic young man in his shirt sleeves stood at bat, so to speak. A check was slipped through the wicket. He glanced at it, glanced up at the person who presented it and swiftly counted out the amount. He had been doing that since nine o'clock. A procession of faces framed themselves one by one in the brass-barred square in front of him—popping into focus there, tarrying a moment while he counted out the money and disappearing to give place to the next. For the last hour he'd had little time to look beyond the wicket. But the hour of closing was at hand; the queue was shortening. He did glance beyond the wicket and saw Louise sitting on the bench watching him. A rather startled look appeared on his face and he glanced quickly at the big clock on the wall over the cashier's desk, as though with a panicky notion that he had been keeping her waiting. The clock showed only three minutes to one, however, and he looked back at her, radiating a smile. She smiled also and he went on with his work.

A little after one he hurried out from behind the counter with his coat on, hat in hand, radiant. She rose and gave him her hand. They went out of the side door and got into her car.

"Busy to-day?" she asked as she drove away.

"Oh, yes; Saturday is always busy," he replied.

"And how are you—really?"

"Never better," he replied cheerfully.

"It doesn't confine you too much? You keep fit?" She looked him over as she asked it.

"I walk back and forth—a mile each way—and manage to get some tennis. I'm fit as a fiddle. Waiting for the swimming now, you know."

He affirmed it cheerfully, smiling, and his appearance bore it out. He was barely two inches taller than herself, but stoutly built and muscular. Long before this banking experience he had distinguished himself at football.

"And they're really nice people—in the bank?" she asked.

"Salt of the earth," he replied promptly.

"I know old Mr. Gregory is," she said.

"He's a prince," the young man affirmed.

They talked on in this way, all on the surface, anything to fill in the time making empty conversation. The electric meanwhile had returned to Sheridan Road and was wheeling smoothly south. Almost immediately after it entered that thoroughfare Louise experienced a moment of remorse and embarrassment, because they were rolling past a spacious, half-timbered, English-looking house that stood empty and eyeless with boarded up windows on an unfinished belittered lawn—which was further disfigured by a "sign" that read:

"This fine residence for sale at a bargain. Inquire of Traders' Trust Company, Receiver."

Her impatience was with herself. Blockhead that she was, she had meant to turn into the road farther south so as to avoid passing that eyeless mansion! For Thomas Proctor, father of the young man at her side, had built that residence and was just getting it finished when stark ruin overtook him. She had meant not to drive by it, and then forgotten—blockhead that she was! She kept up the empty talk more industriously than ever.

Somewhat farther south the houses became still smaller and closer together with a prudent saving of valuable ground; and presently the car crossed a modest street. Three blocks up that street—to the west and so fairly outside the pale for the society editors—stood a story-and-a-half frame cottage with a lawn just big enough to support two stunted oaks. There Edwin Proctor and his mother now lived on his wage as paying teller in the Bank of Elsmoor. One could hardly map out a very cheerful excursion for him in this region.

Still farther south she turned off the drive toward the lake and drew up before a sad battlemented wooden house, which some misguided citizen had built for a residence long before. Now a post at the curb carried a swinging wooden sign which announced—in the old English script which is usually affected for that purpose—that the premises were The Rosemary Tea Room. The first time she had taken him away from the bank in this manner they had gone to this tea room for luncheon—for no reason except that she happened to remember the place at the moment.

This was the fourth time and they still went to the same tea room, which was as good as any other place.

Luncheon was served them by a young woman in white cap and apron at a little table at the end of the glass-inclosed and steam-heated veranda on the side overlooking the lake. The usual tubbed evergreens half screened their table. It was snug there; and by degrees the conversation subtly took on the warmth and color of their flesh and blood. Nothing was said that would have meant much if coldly reproduced in print; but presently they were really talking to each other and not just making conversation.

Proctor lit a cigarette, leaned back, brushed a blunt strong hand over his thick hair, looked off at the twinkling blue lake—for it was spring outside—then looked over at her, and said simply:

"Awfully good of you, Lou."

By insensible degrees they had got round to that intimate footing.

He had a short upper lip and when he smiled that way he looked quite boyish.

"It's been rough on you, Ned," she replied instantly, "and horribly unjust." She seemed to struggle with that idea a moment and flung out helplessly, "What can any-one do?"

"Not a thing in the world," he answered at once with perfect candor. "Not a thing in the world. It's done, you see. There's no undoing it." He passed his hand over his hair again and looked away. "It's been hard on mother. She feels it—being dropped and cut and all that. Of course some pups went out of their way to do it. They wanted credit for heaving the first stone. That makes me sore still. But—well, I've simply got over being sore as a general thing. What's the use? It's done and that's the end of it. If a fellow on the team breaks his leg, why, he's out of the game and that's all there is to it. We broke our leg."

He made some slight nervous stirrings in his chair, after which he looked round at her and simply opened his heart.

"I wasn't any good, Lou, except at things I could do with my arms and legs. I was first-rate at football and tennis and swimming and getting into a scrape. Otherwise I was no good at all. I was a bitter pill for my father. That's one thing I've got to think about now. I know I disappointed him—getting thrown out of college and all the rest of it. As I look back at it now, there wasn't anything so desperately wrong—just a fool colt kicking a hole in the fence because his legs were full of kick and he didn't know any better. It wasn't that I ever did anything very wrong, but I certainly didn't do anything very good. Of course my father was ambitious for me. The wrong was the trouble I made him. I disappointed him."

The man who thus surveyed his youthful indiscretions as though from a remote distance and with the soberly judicial eye of age was, in fact, twenty-six.

"I wasn't any good and I suppose it didn't look as though I ever would be."

He had turned his eyes to the lake again and compressed his lips.

"Then something happened to me. I got ambitious myself. I proposed to settle down and try to be grown up. So I went into the bank."

His auditor's heart throbbed up in her throat. She wondered if she knew what it was that had happened to him and made him ambitious—and she rather thought she did.

"I went into the bank," he repeated, "and then father's trouble came along. You see, because I hadn't been any good—because I'd been a bitter pill to him—that influenced the way I thought about it when the trouble came along. It made me feel as though I had a lot to make up to him that I never could make up—the way things stood."

She would have liked much to say something, but all she could find was a murmured, foolish, "It's been awfully rough."

(Continued on Page 38)

FROM every section, we hear that people are now calling *The Comfort Car* the best we have ever built.

In this sense, the reports we are continually receiving are really remarkable.

We have not been conscious of an especial effort to make this Hupmobile, in specific detail, better than the others.

The improvements we make from time to time are simply in pursuit of our policy always to build a product worthy, in every way, of the confidence we invite our buyers to place in it.

(Continued from Page 36)

He contemplated the half-smoked cigarette a moment, stirred again in his chair and suppressed a sigh.

"He told me all about it, Lou—finally—from start to finish. You see, my grandfather started making threshing machines out there at Turner Junction when that was away outside of Chicago. He made quite a business of it. Seems kind of strange that grandfather died only a few years ago. I remember him as well as I remember anybody; yet he seems to belong to another age.

"Well, father took hold. Of course conditions were changing all the time. Pretty soon the little threshing-machine plant wasn't doing very well. There was too much competition. Then—probably you've heard—father combined those three concerns. Well, that was a success; it made a lot of money. Not a lot of money the way they count it in Wall Street, but a lot more than grandfather had ever thought of. But conditions were changing all the time. The people that had gone into the combination with father were anxious to branch out and make more money. Of course he was anxious enough too. These tractor patents came along. He thought there was a great future for tractors. The model machines worked well. He went into it on a big scale. Father was always a very sanguine, pushing kind of man. But with tractors he went into something, you see, that he didn't really understand. He had to rely on other people for the mechanics of the thing. It took a good deal more money than he had counted on—getting in the new machinery, building the new plant, launching it all. Then Tomlins died and that threw it practically all on father's shoulders. They were turning out the tractors and selling them and getting pretty good reports from them.

"Everybody was going in for making tractors by that time—two or three concerns especially that were much bigger than father's, with much more capital, and so on. He believed his machine was the best and he didn't want these other people to capture the market ahead of him. So he doubled his manufacturing capacity. The company already owed too much money, for it had taken a lot more than he counted on to get the tractors started. Doubling the plant of course gave it that much bigger load to carry. Then there was a lot of material to buy and so on. The company had very good credit. Banks almost anywhere would buy its paper.

"There came a time in that season's manufacturing campaign when the credit wouldn't stretch any further. Some big banks were beginning to kick over its condition. You see, making and selling a farm tractor is a long process. From the time you begin laying in the raw steel until your tractor is sold and paid for is at least a year, and longer if they're sold on time. If his credit cracked he'd be caught halfway over with a lot of stuff in process of manufacture that would be no good until it was finished and marketed. He thought he must find some way of carrying it through until the machines were finished and sold. Then he'd be able to pay everything off. If Tomlins had lived he would have had somebody to turn to. But, as he looked at it, there was nobody.

"Of course he was too self-confident, too sanguine—reckless no doubt. Except for Tomlins he'd carried it alone. I guess father was inclined to carry it alone. Probably he hadn't asked for advice or paid much attention to advice when it was offered. A confident, sanguine man is apt to be that way, especially if he's already made a good success, and father had been very successful up till then. Maybe his pride wouldn't let him acknowledge what deep water he was in. At any rate he began to put out company notes, selling them to country banks through commercial-paper brokers without letting the notes show on the company's books. The balance sheet that the company showed to the banks wasn't true, you see. Father looked at it as a stop-gap—just something to get by to the end of the season with.

"Well, they'd made a change in the machines. The experts that he relied on advised it. The model worked fine. But, in fact, it was a great mistake. When that year's machines got out into the fields and at work under actual farm conditions they began to go wrong. Complaints came from all over. Dealers were canceling orders—sending machines back. Of course that was a frightful facer. It meant that those machines would have to be mostly made over. You see, that put it all off another year. The company had to be carried through that much longer with a heavier load or fail. But father couldn't let it fail. His balance sheet wasn't true. These notes that he had concealed were outstanding. A failure would disclose them. It meant disgrace for him, maybe prosecution.

"He'd had so little doubt about it that he had gone ahead with the new house at Elsmoor. Of course mother was greatly pleased with the house. Father didn't propose to hand a lemon to his family—failure, disgrace, maybe prosecution. I believed him when he told me it was as much for his family as for himself that he fought. I believe that now. He set his teeth and proposed to carry the thing through another year. Then if the machines were right he could swing clear. Of course it was a desperate chance; but he was a desperate man.

"I suppose when a man is in that position his judgment isn't very good any more. He is in a fearful hole, you see—desperate—just plunges ahead, grabbing at everything that offers. The worse he got in, the more desperate he was. He said to me that he'd been a great criminal—stuck at nothing. He also said he would have swung it through if it hadn't been for that automobile accident. I don't know whether he's right about that or not. Very likely he's wrong and it would have gone to smash anyway. But he thinks he would have swung it through if it hadn't been for the accident.

"Probably you remember, his car skidded and collided with a street car as he was coming downtown. I heard of it at the bank and rushed up to the hospital. He didn't realize then how badly he was hurt. He thought he'd be downtown the next day or even that afternoon. Of course I wasn't thinking of anything but his injuries. He gave me a memorandum out of his pocket—something he had meant to attend to himself as soon as he got downtown. He told me to go back to the bank and make out those three drafts and get 'em in the mail as soon as I could. He'd had me made an assistant cashier, you know, to jolly me along. Well, I wasn't thinking of anything in the world but just doing what he told me. That was what I was indicted for, you know. Probably I could be sent up for it; but under the same circumstances and not knowing any more about it than I knew then I'd do the same thing over again a thousand times—just do what he told me. Of course he didn't get out of the hospital that day or for two weeks and by that time it had all gone to smash.

"I know my father went fearfully wrong, Lou. He did rotten things—especially the Industrial Bank. That was his great regret. Grandfather was one of the founders of it, you know. Father inherited an interest in it. Being a sanguine, pushing kind of man, he'd come to be the chief factor in it. Old Tupham is a nice old chap, but he didn't count for much. Father outweighed the others. It was a fearful wrong—a great crime—all those poor savings depositors losing their money. I don't for a minute try to excuse it. But as he told it all to me I could understand it—a man cornered and desperate, you see, grabbing at anything to get out and all the time getting in deeper. It was a fearful wrong; but there's no helping it just now. It's been done and can't be undone now. All I can see just now is my father—down there in that stone hole.

"My father was awfully good to me. Certainly he was awfully fond of me. And I'm awfully fond of him, Lou. All I can think of just now is him—down there in prison. All I want now is to get him out. You can understand it—down under a ton of brick, you know, that's crushing the life out of him. All you can think of is how to get him out. I think if it was your father, whatever he'd done, you'd feel the same way."

"Yes, Ned," she said in a tone such as she had never used to him before—the tone a woman uses when she stoops to caress.

He felt the tone, but kept his eyes doggedly to the twinkling lake and went on:

"Of course it's no use now. The public is too bitter against him. But in a year or two—after this feeling has died down—I hope to do something. That's what I want most in the world now, Lou—I want to get my father out. And then I want to pay back the last penny to those savings depositors. There are debts I don't care two straws about—to people who'll never miss the money. But if I live I'm going to pay those savings-bank debts if it takes me a lifetime. They got something out of the sound assets of the bank. There's just a little more than seven hundred thousand dollars owing to them. I'm going to pay it if I live.

"That's what I'm caring about now. The rest of it—disgrace, the newspaper abuse and being dropped and cut and all that—why, I've just got over thinking about. As to being dropped and cut, while I hate it for mother's sake, it's all over and done with. We've broken a leg and we're just out of the game and that's all there is to it. We aren't eligible any more; we'd simply be an incumbrance. Of course we haven't a nickel, you know. The creditors took everything but our clothes—and welcome, so far's I'm concerned. I haven't any time or money to play the club game, even if I were eligible.

"And then there have been those that have stuck, Lou. I've got good friends yet. There's bully lovely old Gregory, for example. He's a regular man, Lou. He was one of those that got me off, you know—got the state's attorney not to prosecute me under that indictment. I suppose they might have sent me over—the feeling against father being what it was. The indictment is still standing over me, but I've no doubt it will be quashed by and by, for all I did was just that day when father was hurt—issuing the drafts as he told me to. And, you know, it took some nerve—the feeling being what it was—for Gregory to put me into the bank up there at Elsmoor.

"A couple of the newspapers made a nasty little fling about it. But old George Smith Gregory, with his blessed old hook nose and rusty little bow tie, said he'd give me a fair show and he has. I've got some good friends, Lou, that stuck like burs."

He brought his eyes round to her face then and smiled. "And you're one of them. You've been a brick, old girl. It's mighty fine of you."

His face was not perfectly clear before her eyes—the image blurred a trifle; and she said in humble candor: "No, I haven't. I've been rotten to you. I've been rotten to everybody."

He smiled at her boylike and answered, "This isn't rotten."

It was her turn to look off at the lake then and she knew she was saying a reckless thing, but her mood pushed her on to say it just the same—not to him, but to the landscape:

"I wonder if it's all worth while—the place in the front row that we chorus girls set so much store by and getting our pictures in the Sunday newspapers! It's true, ours is front row for life—with the whole show, from manager down to sceneshifter, always anxious to please. It's a good deal when it's for life—you always served first and the others squabbling for what's left after you're through. I'm proud as a peacock, Ned, and selfish as a wolf."

He forced a smile and replied: "No, it's yours by divine right. You belong in the front row. I wouldn't see you anywhere else."

She thought there was something self-conscious in the way he deposited his cigarette stub in the saucer with his eyes carefully on the table. So she said:

"Perhaps you've heard that I'm to marry Lowell Winthrop."

He looked up at her squarely, openly, and replied with perfect steadiness: "Yes, I'd heard it. He's a fine, able man. I wish you all the happiness in the world."

And that brought them to a stone wall.

"Certainly I'm hoping to be happy," she said, the speech sounding silly to her ears. "I'm awfully glad to see you getting on at the bank. You've been a perfect brick, Ned. I'm terribly proud of you."

That sounded even sillier. She picked up her gloves.

"A couple more weeks of this and swimming will begin," he observed, looking at the lake as he rose with her and recovered his hat. "I'm born again when I can get into the water."

And as they got into the car they fell back into their made conversation.

"Shall I take you home?" she asked as they neared the modest street at the southern edge of Elsmoor.

"Just drop me here at our street," he replied. "They're fixing the pavement up by the house. You might not be able to get through."

She thought he was lying about the pavement. But that was nothing to the lie she was acting—for if she drove up to his house, what about his mother? She knew, as he had said, that his mother took her punishment hard, and the Dinsmore family had been among those for whom the Proctor family had ceased to exist socially. If she drove Ned up to the house she might step out to say "How d' do" to his mother in her most cheerful and gracious manner—which would be a ghastly sort of performance. Or she could drop Ned in front of the house and drive away without saying "How d' do" to his mother, which would be awkward too. She knew Ned had divined that dilemma and lied about the pavement to get her out of it.

Not that there had ever been any intimacy or more than the most incidental sort of contact between the two families. The intimacy had all been between herself and Ned. She had known all along that her father and mother did not approve of the Proctors; and especially did not approve of the son who had managed to acquire the reputation of a scapegrace. They viewed their daughter's friendship for him with a chilly dissatisfaction.

Then came the ruin and exposure of Thomas Proctor—an astounding maze of deceits, juggled balance sheets and spurious paper as the receivers and the press unraveled it. Above all, it involved the wreck of the Industrial Bank with grievous loss to its savings depositors. Press and public turned thumbs down to Thomas Proctor; he was the arch-swindler. The son himself was indicted and was technically guilty, though he had only obeyed his father under specially exigent circumstances and without knowing his father's situation.

That brought matters to a crisis. To nobody probably was the kind of crime that Thomas Proctor had committed more detestable than to Alfred Dinsmore. The lying balance sheets, bogus paper, wrecked bank, connoted a kind of malefaction that he abhorred. He had never liked Thomas Proctor, anyway, sensing something unsound in him. The son's scapegrace reputation was no recommendation to the father of a marriageable daughter. Alfred Dinsmore laid down the law that his door was not open to Edward Proctor.

Father and daughter were too much alike—high-spirited, quick-tempered, proud. They had a bitter quarrel. In their alikeness both of them struck too hard. Because they loved each other very much, the blows hurt all the worse. Dinsmore's law stood; his door was not open to young Proctor. But it spoiled his life; he and his daughter were not good friends any more.

(Continued on Page 157)

"What's the Best Show in Town?"

"Right there across the street." "What is it?"
"Don't know: haven't seen it yet. But they're showing Paramount Artcraft Pictures there and that says it all. I'll tell the world that."

BUT he doesn't have to tell the world: the world already knows. Not only in the palatial theatres of the big cities, but in the leading theatres of several thousand cities and towns in every state in the Union, Paramount Artcraft Pictures are regarded as the "best show in town."

Thus Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has brought to the people the wholesome entertainment and joyous fun they crave and need, in deeper and richer and greater measure than anything else possibly could—love, romance, adventure, excitement, mystery, mirth—all the things that make life sparkle.

Some theatre near you is showing a *Paramount Artcraft* Picture tonight.

Go by that name and you'll go right!

Paramount Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY, *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE, *Director General*
NEW YORK

The New Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Listed alphabetically, released in September and October. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Billie Burke *in*
"The Misleading Widow"
"Sadie Love"

Marguerite Clark *in*
"Widow By Proxy"

Elsie Ferguson *in*
"The Witness for the Defense"

Houdini *in* "The Grim Game"

Vivian Martin *in* "The Third Kiss"
"His Official Fiancée"

Wallace Reid *in*
"The Valley of the Giants"
"The Lottery Man"

"The Tooth of the Tiger"
With Star Cast

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"The Life Line"

George Loane Tucker's Production
"The Miracle Man"

Robert Warwick *in*
"Told in the Hills"
"In Missouri"

Bryant Washburn *in*
"Why Smith Left Home"

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett *in* "Stepping Out"

Dorothy Dalton *in*
"The Market of Souls"

Charles Ray *in*
"The Egg Crate Wallop"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy *one each month*

Paramount-Briggs Comedy *one each week*

Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies *two each month*

Paramount Magazine *issued weekly*

Paramount-Post Nature Pictures *issued every other week*

Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures *one each week*

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

A Human Laboratory

By Floyd W. Parsons

IF YOU employed 21,000 people, how would you treat them? Would you say: "I'll pay good wages and take it for granted that my employees can look out for themselves"? Or would you assume a certain guardianship over all your people and shoulder the responsibility for their general health and welfare? Hundreds of corporations to-day are confronted by such questions, and many employers are answering the problem in a hundred different ways.

Everyone knows that high wages alone are not a panacea for labor ills. Recent events in certain of our most progressive industries are making people wonder if high wages, safe and healthy working and living conditions, and a voice in the management of the business even constitute the desired answer.

But no matter what we believe, our duty is plain, and every person in authority must keep on trying. Not all employers can afford to undertake costly experiments in humanics, but everyone can profit by the researches and results of others. A few of our larger corporations have purchased all the stock of shareholders and are now mutual companies, conducted very much as national institutions would be.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has been conducting a human laboratory, using its 21,000 employees as the material for its experiments. All the knowledge it has gained as a great employer is free to any who desire it.

The main purposes of the Metropolitan's efforts have been, first, to strengthen the human relations between the company and its employees; second, to increase the permanency of the working force in order to secure loyalty and interest on the part of employees. The company's first operating principle is that welfare or betterment work must be an addition to wages and not a substitute for them. A second thought is that no efforts to assist the individual worker must interfere with the right of the employee to live his or her life without undue interference.

Primary among the company's plans to better the working conditions of its office force are the efforts to improve the ventilation and sanitation of the various workrooms. Gradually the size of these has been increased. Partitions have been removed. Practically all rooms now have natural light from two sides, and the rule is to eliminate as far as possible all need for artificial illumination. Semidirect lighting has been installed in nearly all sections.

The five-minute rest periods, in the morning at eleven o'clock and in the afternoon at three, first undertaken as an experiment, have been extended generally. During this time windows are thrown wide open and the clerks are encouraged to engage in active exercise. The company believes that this has removed the strain of the last hours of work in the morning and afternoon periods.

The entrance examination for employment in the company includes a psychological test as well as a medical test. The former measures the mental ability of the applicant and was prepared by Professor Thorndike, of Columbia University. This examination is based on the psychology of association, reaction, time, and so on. The investigation to show how this test has improved standards is not yet completed, but it is significant that notwithstanding the strain of unusual war conditions, the withdrawal of men for military service, and the general labor unrest last year the company had a waiting list of applicants practically all the time.

The Gymnasium for Employees

At the present moment the Metropolitan is coöperating with the Bureau of Salesmanship Research of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in order to arrive at a series of tests that will secure a high grade of employee for the corporation's field force, thereby affording a reduction in the labor turnover in this important department. It is anticipated that the sought-for tests will eliminate all applicants who are unqualified for the business at hand.

The medical examination is a thorough one. It includes a report on family and personal history, an investigation of heart, lungs, sight, hearing and teeth. The object has been to secure men and women who are physically fit. As a result of this examination last year 88.5% of those examined were accepted. Of these, 73.1% were employed with no waiver, 11.5% with a temporary waiver, and 3.9% with a permanent waiver.

Some time ago the company abolished the common plan of making deductions for tardiness. As a result there was a slight increase last year in the number of clerks who were late, but this was due mainly to the difficulties of transportation in and round New York City. The offer of a bonus of a week's salary to employees who have made exceptional records in attendance during the year was continued. These bonuses in 1918 amounted to $28,602.96.

All employees are subjected to an annual medical examination. Those in the big home office are gone over by a special group of examiners, while the men in the field are looked after by the company's regular medical force. Though the examination given to workers is as thorough as that given to applicants for life insurance or to applicants for employment, the motive is wholly different. The purpose back of the employees' examinations is fourfold: First, there is the desire to detect disease in its incipient stage; second, the correction of ascertained minor defects; third, encouragement of treatment; fourth, the prevention of disease. Workers who handle food are examined more often than the others, the aim being to eliminate the dangers of transmission of diseases through food that is served in the company's restaurant.

In order to look after the physical welfare of its people the company established a rest room, or what might be more properly called an office dispensary, an optical clinic, a dental clinic and a tuberculosis sanatorium. Last year the office dispensary received 29,828 visits. The daily average is about 110. In addition to rendering emergency medical care to 110 employees each day the rest room carries on many helpful activities.

The optical clinic is held regularly each afternoon, when refraction tests are made and dispensary work done. An optician is present three days each week to fit and adjust glasses. During 1918 the clinic made 974 eye tests and furnished new glasses to employees at wholesale rates. The optician received 2419 visits and glasses were loaned in 293 cases. Repairs and new glasses were made in 3468 cases.

The dental clinic made an equally good showing. The original offer to employees stated that the company would examine and cleanse teeth semiannually, free of charge. Last year 3808 such examinations and cleansings were made. Also in 1918 the clinic treated 8162 emergency cases and took 3871 X-ray pictures. An analysis of the company's records compared with the dental clinic's reports showed a marked relationship between attendance and efficiency on one hand and tooth infection on the other. Doctor Frankel, vice president of the Metropolitan, says that many serious ailments have been cleared up by treatment of the teeth.

"Only last week," said Doctor Frankel, "we had the case of a young woman clerk who appeared to be in danger of losing her eyesight, and on examination was found to be suffering from infected teeth. Curing the teeth brought her eyes back to normal."

It is also a fact that the dental clinic being right on the spot saves days of time for the company. Assuming that on an average each case treated would have lost one-quarter of a day if the individual had been obliged to go to an outside dentist, the actual saving to the company is 2040 days each year.

Certainly not least among the efforts of the company is the tuberculosis sanatorium, located up in the mountains of New York State, which was opened in 1913. It cost more than a million dollars and the company has sent more than a thousand of its employees there already. Many are back at their work, cured. In fact, up to the beginning of this year the sanatorium had discharged 780 tuberculosis patients. Of the consumptive patients that were sent to the sanatorium last year 53% were in the incipient stage, 42% were moderately advanced, and 5% were far advanced. More than three-quarters of the patients were between the ages of 20 and 40, which indicates how necessary it is to recognize tuberculosis while there is yet time to restore full working efficiency. The present capacity of the sanatorium is 325. Patients with other diseases than tuberculosis are also treated there. When the sick worker is sent to the sanatorium his pay goes on.

On returning from the sanatorium each employee reports biweekly to be weighed, and bimonthly for a careful medical examination. Workers who are anemic or in a pretuberculous condition report to the rest room twice daily

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REPUBLIC
Yellow Chassis
TRUCKS

THERE is no getting around the facts about Republic Trucks: Republic sales growth has no parallel. Republic Trucks stand better, with more American business men, than any other. They are rendering heroic service to a greater number of businesses than any other. These simple facts have made the Republic Company, in six years, the largest manufacturer of motor trucks in the world.

Republic Motor Truck Co. Inc., Alma, Michigan

REPUBLIC TRUCKS

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for milk. The daily average of such cases reporting last year was 112. This preventive work is undoubtedly helping to reduce the number of cases of consumption.

Employees who have been absent on account of illness are required to report to the company's doctors before they are permitted to resume their work. This protects convalescents who desire to get back on the job before they are really able, and at the same time protects other employees from the possibility of infection. During illness a nurse visits the home of the employee and assists in every way possible.

More than ten years ago the Metropolitan began to serve a complete noonday luncheon to all employees in the home office. This was not done with the sole idea of benefiting the worker, but rather for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the individual. It was found that many clerks who had need for strict economy effected considerable of their savings by cutting down on their luncheon expenditures. The plan now followed eliminates this danger. The midday meal given by the company is not a gratuity, but is considered wholly a supplement to the wages received. An average meal is about as follows:

Vegetable Soup
Roast Leg of Lamb
Mashed Potatoes Peas or Beans
Chocolate Cake or Ice Cream
Bread and Butter
Tea Coffee Milk

For any who are off a meat diet the service includes crackers and milk or rice and milk. The cost of the meal to the company, not including any charge for rent, is approximately 29 cents each day per person. In 1918 the luncheons cost the corporation $360,000. The daily service takes care of about 5600 people. The worker gets back to his desk again in 35 minutes.

Each employee has his own individual steel locker, where he can keep his comb, brush and individual drinking glass—furnished by the company—as well as the towel he gets biweekly. Often a pleasant morning has turned into a rainy afternoon and the working day ends in the midst of a storm. Here we see the fine point to which the Metropolitan has carried its betterment work, for in such an event the company furnishes each employee with an umbrella, which, before quitting time, is placed at his desk. The corporation figures that the umbrella didn't cost much, and believes the investment is made up a hundredfold by the protection thus furnished to workers. A few people absent with bad colds that might have been prevented will cost more than the interest on a very large investment in umbrellas. It might be added that the company safeguards its umbrella supply by charging ten cents a day if the umbrella is not promptly returned.

The Metropolitan found out that the men and women who were not saving money were the ones most likely to be dissatisfied, and the concern deliberately set about making its people save. A plan was adopted whereby a staff savings fund was created. The company deposits to the benefit of each employee an amount equal to one-half the deposits made by the employee during the current year. The company's deposits may be drawn out in case of the depositor's death or permanent incapacity or by vote of the trustees in the event of honorable retirement following 20 years' continuous service. The employee's deposit may be withdrawn at any time, but in such case the company's contributions stand to the credit of the remaining depositors. At the end of last year the staff savings fund had 7901 depositors with credits to their accounts totaling $4,122,367, of which the company's subscriptions with interest amounted to $1,729,729. The average rate of interest earned on the total deposits according to the latest record is 5.16%.

Employees' Rest Room

Another interesting feature is the cooperative store. This establishment is maintained and managed by the employees, and was designed to increase each worker's purchasing capacity to a maximum. It is really an attempt to offset the increasing cost of living, and is so far heralded as a real success. Last year the business of the store amounted to $92,000, and showed an increase in sales of 10% over 1917. Goods of the highest quality are sold at as near cost price as possible. The company contributes the rent. There is practically no salary expense as the officers of the cooperative association assist in the conduct of the store.

Other things worth noting are the scheme for disability insurance, the plan for retirement of aged and disabled employees and the wide provisions for recreation and education. The company pays one-half of the premiums for disability insurance. More than 14,000 employees have availed themselves of the offer. The company has also insured the lives of all its workers under the group-insurance plan. At the age of 65 an employee may be retired at one-third salary. This is one of the most liberal disability plans ever adopted by any company.

The office hours are from 9 A. M. to 4:30 P. M. with a one-o'clock closing on Saturday. This permits the company's workers to avoid the afternoon rush-hour crowds, and also gives them time to attend to any urgent personal affairs. Employees get two weeks' vacation with full pay. This is increased by length of service. The gymnasium, which is fully equipped with athletic apparatus, shower baths and lockers, is reserved for the use of male employees on four days and for women on two days. Competent instructors are in attendance. The athletic association also supervises social activities. In the winter months dancing is permitted in the assembly room during the luncheon period. On two days of the week music is provided. There is also a company band, a string orchestra and a glee club.

The Metropolitan devotes much attention to training and educating its employees. There is a correspondence course on the principles of life insurance, with an average enrollment of about 5000. So far the cost per graduate has been $5.31. There are two stenographic classes, each meeting once a week. The graduates become eligible for the stenographic force of the home office. The library contains more than 20,000 books, and the circulation last year was 46,895. In order that the women might increase their knowledge of sewing and millinery the company organized a sewing room with six power machines and placed a trained dressmaker in charge. Trained teachers also conduct the millinery classes and instruct the women in the art of making and trimming their own hats.

The average reader familiar with betterment work in our industrial life will probably conclude that the Metropolitan Life has about gone the limit in the matter of giving attention to the general welfare of its employees. However, the officers of the company appear to feel that they have gone only part way in their study of humanics and are laying plans to continue their work into new fields.

Said one of the vice presidents: "We discovered years ago that increasing people's pay will not keep them with you. They must get more from you than is furnished in the pay envelope. Our work is a deliberate attempt to cut out the expensive evil represented by a large labor turnover. That we are succeeding in our aim is shown by our results. We are not only getting the right kind of people in our employ but they are staying with us, and what is more they are mostly satisfied. Half of the employees of our big home office have been with us for a period of five years or more. We know that the amount expended in our service work for employees is justified. Our records prove it brings large results in increased efficiency and in the permanency and loyalty of our working force."

There you have it. Here is at least a partial solution of the momentous problem—labor unrest.

The Dental Clinic

What the Doctor Said

"PERHAPS in the final count it may be proved that Nature is all-efficient. A lot of folks say that she wastes nothing. Time is her slave and a thousand years are to her as but a day. However, if we examine the history of things from the viewpoint of a mere human we cannot help but

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Pillsbury's

FAMILY OF FOODS

Light, tender pancakes, with a delicious flavor—bran muffins, healthful and appetizing—wheat cereal that makes breakfast an event—bread, cakes and pastry, which are real food treats—all are made best with The Pillsbury Family of Foods—a select family of selected foods.

Pillsbury's Best Flour—Health Bran—Wheat Cereal—Pancake Flour—rye, durum and graham flours—all are fully guaranteed. With satisfaction, *to you*, positively assured let Pillsbury be your guiding word to the best in foods. Your grocer carries Pillsbury Products.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

LONG ago the Fisk Company declared its ideal—"To be the finest concern in the world to work for—the squarest to do business with."

It is significant that having once used Fisk Tires, car owners usually continue to use Fisk Tires.

The Fisk Red Top has a place distinctly its own.

It gives more in size, mileage, and riding ease than quality Fabric tires and at a price less than quality Cords.

It is a stalwart, oversize tire, built with an extra ply of fabric and with an extra heavy tread.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Thomas Beer
An Autobiography

A FEW of my friends, on discovering that I had sold a story to The Century, gathered about me and urged that I find something graceful as a pen name. I recollect "Colin Cameron," and "George Baldwin" as among the substitutes offered. They bade me consider the sorrows of Oliver Onions. I did not feel that the tribulations of an English novelist had any bearing on my case, but I have since thought something less unkindly of the advice. My late grandfather and a living cousin, both Thomas Beer, have had to take blame for me, and I have

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John Peter Toohey (and Son)
An Autobiography

MAYBE the gentle reader doesn't know it, but quite the most difficult part of story-writing—to me, at any rate—is getting the opening paragraph just right. That has been my experience ever since the happy days when I started on a writing career as an extremely callow cub reporter on the Scranton Tribune. The idea is to intrigue the attention at the outset.

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Elaine Sterne
An Autobiography

I THINK I love best of all little houses, with fireplaces and breakfast rooms and sleeping porches. And next to that I love steep trails and swift-flowing rivers with leaping salmon and a roan horse that can travel miles without tiring and a shaggy brown sheep dog that bounds ahead barking. Then I love crisp winter nights in the city with a flurry of snow blurring the lights of Broadway. And I love the theatery smell of a theater and the twanging of an orchestra tuning up and the hurrying to read a program before the curtain rises. And afterward the noisy restaurants and dancing. Oh, how I do love that!

And I like narrow, ill-paved streets and queer basement shops and old bookstores and little parks full of babies who will not keep off the grass. And then friends. I love a quiet dinner in a little tea room in the square with Fannie Hurst, when I can listen to her tell me the plot of a new story—which means that the fish and salad and chicken go untasted and waitresses hover in vain, for when Fannie, with her rare gift of dramatizing emotion, becomes the character she is describing you find yourself living it with her, and time and place and people are forgotten.

PHOTO BY WHITE STUDIO, NEW YORK CITY

PHOTO BY GEORGE A. HUBLEY, NEW YORK CITY

Or I like an evening in Rita Weiman's black-and-gold room with Rita curled up on the couch, graceful and indolent, as she analyzes the points, both good and bad, of some current play. I like to watch her face, so full of lights and shades as she talks, and to see her eyes kindle and take sudden fire as her subject interests her and she hurls herself into it. And I love to lunch at the Claridge with Margaret Mayo and see the theatrical world of New York stop at her table and gather her to its heart, to hear her quick response to each and every one and her never-failing tender interest in all that concerns them.

And about myself—I like to write of course, only I dread beginning a story. I put off the actual start by all sorts of transparent subterfuges. I find pencils to be sharpened, letters to be written and music to be played—all of breathless urgency. And at last, when I can offer myself not another excuse, I approach the typewriter with dragging steps, seat myself, sigh deeply, and plunge in head first.

After that I never want to stop!

Floyd W. Parsons (At His Desk)
An Autobiography

I DON'T see how it is possible for me to sketch out a little story about myself without telling how grandpa put it over on the Yanks. You see it was this way: He lived down on the south branch of the Potomac River some

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Thomas Beer

(Concluded from Page 45)

been accused of borrowing my own name from a novel about Devonshire which I haven't read. And it is a dreadful thing to be a living pun! Mr. Onions, in his rather conspicuous position, may suffer a thousand times more keenly, but his vegetable namesake has not been prohibited by an act of Parliament.

It is very hard to imagine what facts in a very tame life are likely to interest the reader. My first memory of any sort is the passage of a section of the Blackfoot tribe through the streets of Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1892, when I was three years old. Relatives tell me that I have no license to remember it at all. But I do remember the snowdrifts and northern lights in St. Paul the next year and an amazing rainstorm which halted trains in the Grand Central yards in 1894.

Also I read Flaubert's Salâmmbo in 1896 while my father was guiding a carful of decrepit Civil War heroes about the Middle West on behalf of Mr. McKinley, and hearing them make the same speeches at every station. I was not spanked for reading Salâmmbo, which was an omission, and I was subsequently paid fifty cents a quatrain for memorizing Omar, to the horror of some of my Presbyterian kin.

An uncle in Bucyrus, Ohio, kindly lent me Gil Blas and Short Sixes during the summer of the Spanish War, and I suppose this settled me into the rut which ends in authorship. My grandfather and father were lawyers and I was educated with some such view, but nothing could make me shine in the law. I took to writing fiction at the Mackenzie School, continued at Yale, battled with the law a while, then sank cheerfully back to fiction again in the winter of 1916–17.

In August, 1917, a tale of mine in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST showed me how maniacal a pursuit writing seems to the average man. I was a clerk in the supply company of the 21st Field Artillery at the moment, and people came to peer at me cautiously over the supply sergeant's shoulder; then, seeing that I was harmless, asked if I made the pictures too.

Last year, in Pons, while my division was nestling there a dear old thing who ran the best local hotel asked me what I did in *la civile*. I told her I wrote.

"Curious," she said to her husband; "he seems no different from other lieutenants. Quite respectable, even."

"Ah, but," said her husband, "there have been persons who wrote and were most respectable. It is only the fine writers who are queer to look at."

John Peter Toohey

(Concluded from Page 45)

That, I believe, is the phrase used in all the textbooks on short-story writing which I have never read. At any rate, a friend of mine who has read them all told me it was the other day.

I wonder if I've hurdled that obstacle successfully. I hope I have, because when I deliberately sat down at my typewriter to tell the story of my life I found that I just couldn't evolve any kind of an opening paragraph at all. I felt so goldarned self-conscious that I couldn't begin. The ordinary process is to begin about nineteen times in nineteen different ways and then get off with a rush on the twentieth attempt. This time, however, I couldn't even get off for the first trial. Then the bright idea occurred to me of starting out by telling of my difficulties along this line, and here I am about two hundred words into the body of the narrative and everything running smoothly. If the reader gets this far he sure must be intrigued, so the hardest part of the task is over.

I first broke into print when a birth notice appeared in the Binghamton, New York, papers announcing my arrival in this vale of tears. The earliest literary endeavor that I remember was an attempt, at about the age of eight, to dramatize a novel. I vaguely recall that it was a bloodthirsty romance having to do with the Medici family and that Florence was its locale. I think that my first act was all of a hundred words long so it is hardly necessary to state that the play never reached the production stage. A couple of years later I was caught in the grip of a great urge. I decided to become a poet. My mother wrote very excellent verse for her own amusement and I suppose I caught the infection from her. I remember devoting the best part of one Sunday to the composition of what I believed would be a deathless lyric entitled The Sea. I came across it the other day while on a visit to my mother's home. I found myself thrilled at the majestic sweep of the thing. List to this sonorous stanza:

The sea, the sea, the restless sea,
Thou art the emblem of eternity.
Thou shalt sail on for years to come
Until thy silent course is done.

The great urge seemed to find its ultimate satisfaction in the fashioning of this single poem and my literary efforts were entirely limited to school compositions for a great many years after that. The only one of these I remember was a flavory piece depicting life as I conceived it to have been ordered in Merrie England in the Middle Ages. Up from the depths of the unconscious there comes back to me this savory line: "What ho, varlet, bring me a goodly flagon of russet ale or, by Saint Andrew, I'll have at thee!" I remember my teacher thought that line was full of character and read it aloud to the class. For the rest of that day I felt myself destined to be a great historical novelist, but somehow the feeling sort of deserted me after I'd had a good night's sleep.

My first essays at fiction appeared in the decidedly chaste columns of the now nonexistent Scranton Tribune, to which publication I attached myself as a reporter at an early and a very green age. Of course the public didn't know they were fiction. On the surface they were supposed to be absolute fact. You see it was this way: News used to be terribly scarce some nights and the city editor, a gentleman gifted with a sporting instinct and a fine sense of fun, would say to me on such occasions: "Take a walk round the block and see if you can't dope out a good yarn. We haven't got a story that's worth two sticks."

So I'd saunter round the central part of the town and let my imagination soar, and come back and do a column and a half of stuff that wouldn't have even a kernel of truth in it. I'd have real names in it of course—friends of mine who'd stand for it just for a lark—and the thing would have all the earmarks of a thoroughly veracious narrative. Maybe it would deal with the strange adventures of a fictitious visitor to the city. I'd invent a name for him and then I'd solemnly register him at the principal hotel while the night clerk conveniently turned his head. This was because the rival morning paper got to questioning our sensational exclusive stories and started investigations of some of them.

I used to cover the drama in those days, too, and I had high moralistic notions about purifying the stage. I pontificated with colossal effrontery on the works of Pinero and Shaw and pointed out to a defenseless public the serious shortcomings of these distinguished playwrights and condemned them for their choice of subjects with all the crusading ardor of a Puritan elder. This naturally led me into the line of endeavor in which I at present find myself—the theatrical business.

For a number of years I journeyed back and forth across the American continent and as far south as the City of Mexico in advance of an infinite variety of theatrical and musical celebrities, assailing the newspapers in every city of importance with stories in which a maximum of fact was mingled with a modicum of fiction, and attending to business details in connection with the enterprises I represented. After I had touched foot on the soil of every state in the Union and of every province in Canada and had become as familiar with Market Street in San Francisco as with Commonwealth Avenue in Boston the novelty sort of wore off and the grind of travel became a tiresome bore and a permanent menace to my peace of mind.

Whereupon I settled myself in New York four years ago in the office of George C. Tyler, and there I have remained ever since, attending to the general advertising of the stars and plays under his direction and limiting my assaults on the press almost entirely to the metropolitan journals and the magazines. The theatrical celebrities whom I have assisted in exploiting have included Madame Emma Calvé, Laurette Taylor, John Drew, George Arliss, Lew Fields, Mrs. Fiske, Nora Bayes, William Faversham, the late John Mason, DeWolf Hopper, William Collier and Patricia Collinge. I was also at the New York Hippodrome for a time. My most thoroughly satisfying achievement in this field was the general direction of the publicity campaign for the amazingly successful all-star production of J. Hartley Manners' Out There, given for the benefit of the American Red Cross a year ago last May, a tour which netted $700,000 for this greatest of charities and which was the greatest enterprise of its kind ever organized. All the details passed through our office.

During the years I devoted to the road I made occasional returns to the newspaper field. For several summers I labored in Washington and one summer I decided to forsake the theater forever and joined the staff of the New York Evening World. Here I participated in the daily afternoon pitch game with a group which included Irvin S. Cobb and Barton W. Currie, now the editor of THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. Cobb and I left the paper at about the same time—he to become a SATURDAY EVENING POST star and I to return to the field of theatrical endeavor. The theater, you see, is like luxury—it gets into the blood.

For years I had an ambition to write short stories, but it was only that and nothing more. Some inhibition prevented me from developing the ideas that occasionally came to me. Two years ago I started a story and wrote about a thousand words. I didn't think much of it and stuck it away in the corner of my desk. Last fall I began to see a great deal of an old friend, the gentleman who writes those epics of the race track and the circus in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST under the pseudonym of L. B. Yates. One day when he was calling on me in my office I reached into the drawer and pulled out the start of that first story. I told him the idea and let him read the six typewritten pages. To my surprise he said he liked it very much and urged me to finish it. I wrote six more pages, and in the meantime he left town. I didn't have the nerve to try it on anyone else and so I tucked it away again in my desk drawer.

Mr. Yates—that isn't a bit like his real name—drifted back to the city early in March and wanted to know about that story. I told him I'd finish it some day, and then I outlined an idea for another one that was simmering in my mind.

"I'll write it some day," I said carelessly.

"Write either one of 'em now, dog-gone you!" he remarked. "Go to it and stick at it."

And so, under his stimulating influence, I finished the second story. I owe him more than I can ever tell for his encouragement and advice. He'd drop in every day to inquire how I was getting on, and if I hadn't written anything the night before he'd profess to be greatly annoyed and would make insulting remarks and get all worked up. He drilled me into finishing that story and into completing the first one. Then he tucked them under his arm, dropped down to Philadelphia and personally conducted them into the office of the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I had quite a shock three days afterward when one of them was accepted. It has been comparatively easy sailing since. The ideas have come more quickly, the inhibitions have vanished, and I wouldn't be human if I didn't confess that every time a new story is accepted I am just as pleased as my wife is, and that's saying a great deal! Even John, Jr., aetat. three years, has become mightily interested in my new career and inquires every night when I get home from the office—yes, I'm still sticking there—if I'm going to "write some more stories on the tripewriter."

I have been fortunate in the literary acquaintances I made in my newspaper and theatrical activities. They have been most unselfishly helpful in giving me aid and advice. I have told of Mr. Yates, who literally fought me into accomplishment. I should like to speak, too, of my friend Booth Tarkington, who went over one of my first manuscripts with meticulous care, making several valuable suggestions and heartening me with a wonderful letter of encouragement. Irvin Cobb, too, placed himself at my disposal should I need assistance in crossing a stile here or there, and Major Rupert Hughes was equally willing to be of any help possible. In the best sense of the word they're a fine body of men.

Floyd W. Parsons

(Continued from Page 45)

little distance north of Winchester, Virginia. Grandpa was a rebel serving with Stonewall Jackson's brigade. The Northern Armies had extended their lines until they included his farm, and the old gentleman couldn't get home any more to see grandma. But one night he got leave and slipped through the Yankee lines and reached the house. The next day the enemy got wind of the fact that grandpa was home, and started a search. But the old fellow fooled them. The house had two sections and the only way you could get from one section of the house to the other side was to go through a secret trapdoor up in the attic or go round on the outside.

The soldiers weren't sure about there being a trapdoor, or at least they couldn't find it, so, of course, they couldn't find grandpa, for when they were on one side he was on the other. But while up in the attic on several of these occasions waiting for the danger to pass, he occupied himself with a study of a funny-looking porcelain head and bust that portrayed the exact location of all the mental faculties possessed by each human individual. Grandpa heretofore had pooh-poohed his wife's pet hobby, which was phrenology, and she got vexed and stowed her phrenological bust up there in the garret. The result was that grandpa became converted, and right there he and grandma decided that their first grandson should base his future life on the results of an early phrenological test.

It is quite evident, therefore, that back in the days of the Civil War the future life of yours truly was largely planned by his forbears. Mother grew up a convert to phrenology and when my fifteenth birthday came along they handed me a railroad ticket from Grafton, West Virginia, to New York City, told the conductor not to let me off the train, and thus started me on the way for my phreno. exam. When I got home several days later mother read the lengthy report and said I was to become a mining engineer. Father, as usual, voted the same ticket, and there you are.

The only question was in reference to the kind of mines I was going to manage. Father said I would never do in gold mines unless they closed up all the shops in the neighborhood—none of the metal would ever get into the bank. Mother replied that she had heard of how there were lots of girls in the big cities who were gold diggers, and she didn't approve of the stories told about them. Such company would never do. At last my complexion won. Mother said coal dust wouldn't show on my dark skin; father replied that a little more gas wouldn't hurt me; so I went to Lehigh University, where I played so hard at baseball and football for four years that the authorities finally declared I was qualified to be a coal-mining engineer and gave me my diploma.

Two jobs were offered me. One paid sixty dollars a month, and the other a hundred dollars. In the first I was to be a backsight, which job you can't find in the dictionary, but it means just what you think it does. The other position was that of chief engineer. My folks said to start at the bottom, and as the sixty-dollar job sounded like it was pretty near the bottom I took it. After a few days I learned that the duties of a backsight were to carry all the paraphernalia of the engineering corps you worked on. While you were resting you crawled round and painted numbers of survey stations on the roof of the mine chambers and entries. As predicted, the job was near the bottom; in fact, it was so far below the bottom you had to look up to see it.

However, everything went well; none of my pals got killed; I soon got accustomed to the night shift, and after a while they made me a district engineer. Then I became a division engineer, and a little later chief engineer of a dozen mines in southern West Virginia. One night, as I stood in my little office with the president of the company poring over maps and trying to devise a way to get round a fault one of the mines had run into, the mountains shook, there was the dull roar of a mine explosion and the heavens were lighted by the spitting, flaming mouth of the drift mine on the mountain just above us.

No one spoke; each one knew what to do. The fan had stopped and several of us got it started. Crews of men were called. The dark night buzzed with action. The women in the houses below huddled together for the comfort that association brings in time of danger. Here and there one could hear the low sob of a woman whose husband had been working on the night shift. Was he dead or was he pinned back there in the mountain waiting for help? (Concluded on Page 169)

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(1092)

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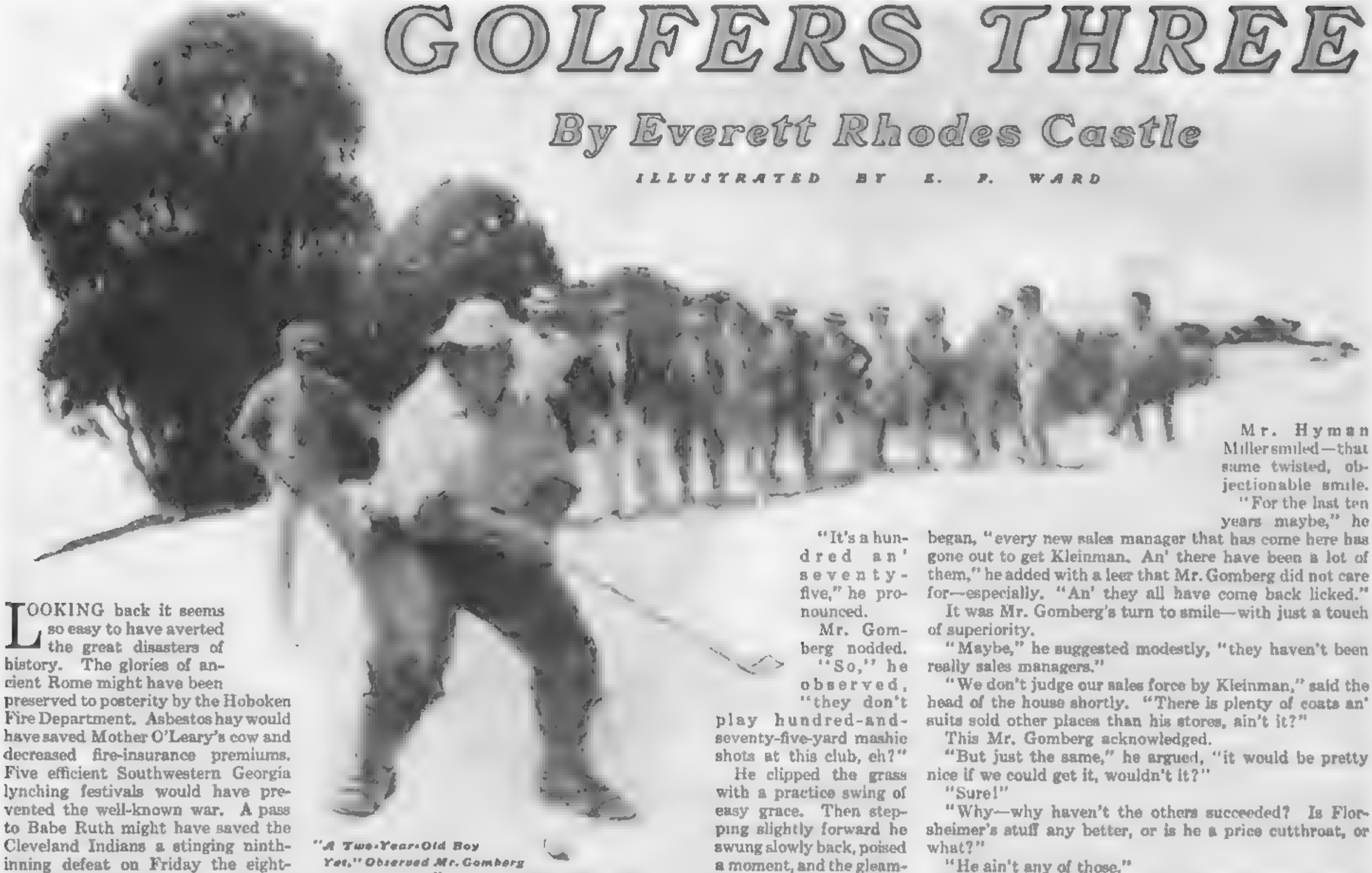
GOLFERS THREE

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY E. P. WARD



"A Two-Year-Old Boy Yet," Observed Mr. Gomberg to the Ground, "Could Play That With a Mashie"

LOOKING back it seems so easy to have averted the great disasters of history. The glories of ancient Rome might have been preserved to posterity by the Hoboken Fire Department. Asbestos hay would have saved Mother O'Leary's cow and decreased fire-insurance premiums. Five efficient Southwestern Georgia lynching festivals would have prevented the well-known war. A pass to Babe Ruth might have saved the Cleveland Indians a stinging ninth-inning defeat on Friday the eighteenth. But there is a case more in point. A little flat stone lying out in the ditch which forms the hazard before the eighteenth hole of the Berrywood Country Club ——

Mr. Harold Gomberg was to the cloak-and-suit industry what daylight is to a lusty-lunged rooster. He held a junior partnership in the house of Miller, Fries, Nixon & Co. He came to the house with a record for pep and ginger and the amateur record for the Maplewood Golf Club of East Orange, New Jersey. The former he admitted with easy grace, the latter he held in reserve through the winter months following his arrival. In answer to direct inquiries he admitted that he played the game—some. He went into no details. Let them find out he was a crack for themselves—and at their own cost. Besides, the modesty of his reticence would do him credit. What was the sense of blowing? Suppose he couldn't get onto the tricks of the Berrywood course at the beginning. You couldn't always tell. How would it make him look?

He knew the garment industry from seam to cash slip and often he mused over the blockheaded foolishness that characterized the biggest men of the industry. For instance, there was Mr. Hyman Miller, head of his own house, forever puttering about, his fleshy finger first in one department, then in another. And his ideas concerning selling!

And then there was the head of the rival house of Florsheimer, Hammer & Fox. An old fool, Florsheimer, spending his mornings reading inconsequential mail and his afternoons in a futile effort to play par golf. They said he wasn't half bad for an old man, but Mr. Gomberg smiled to himself. Good! Wait until Berrywood saw somebody that was really good; somebody whose pitch shots dropped dead beside the flag with almost unfailing accuracy. How they would suck in their breath and gasp, those boys who rolled them up!

In the spring, while the early birds were still playing on the temporary greens, he went out to Berrywood. It was a cool day, but sunny, and the wind blew sharply from the west.

He swung off the first tee with a straight, low drive of two hundred and seventy-five yards.

Mr. Gomberg smiled complacently and trudged forward. Standing beside the ball, the caddy was holding a mid-iron toward him.

Mr. Gomberg shook his head contemptuously.

"Mashie," he snapped.

The boy looked down where the little red direction flag fluttered in the distance.

"It's a hundred an' seventy-five," he pronounced.

Mr. Gomberg nodded.

"So," he observed, "they don't play hundred-and-seventy-five-yard mashie shots at this club, eh?"

He clipped the grass with a practice swing of easy grace. Then stepping slightly forward he swung slowly back, poised a moment, and the gleaming head suddenly traveled downward with gathering speed. A bit of sod leaped forward and fell. A white spot rose and rose. Together they watched the flight of the speck. It began to descend. As they watched it touched the fairway between the sand traps, bounded once and then rolled slowly across the green toward the flag.

"A birdie!" breathed the boy.

"Only fair," deprecated Mr. Gomberg. "It should be a good foot nearer the hole." But his eyes shone.

And they went forward.

On the seventh hole Mr. Gomberg played a long slice about a clump of apple trees, which the boy approved. On the twelfth hole he pitched his ball from behind a jagged clump of rocks to the left of the fairway straight to the pin. He patted the boy on the back.

Just before reaching the eighteenth green he hesitated to watch a fat party driving off from number ten. The fat party fiddled and faced his club, wagging it back and forth like a fly-distressed tail. In an instant Mr. Gomberg knew him. It was Florsheimer. He was dressed in knickerbockers, the green woolen stockings covering the lower part of the limbs looking for all the world like inverted mildewed hams. Finally he swung. With good-natured contempt Mr. Gomberg watched the sphere travel high up into the air and then dump itself to the earth a bare hundred and fifty yards ahead.

"The poor old hairpin!" he laughed. "If he is a golf player I am a solo singer."

Below him a ditch skirted the edge of the green. In its center, surrounded by small stones and grass, seared by heat, a little flat stone stared up at golfer and caddy.

If Mr. Gomberg had only known!

II

MR. GOMBERG walked into the office of the head of the house with the assured step of one who is going to ask some mighty embarrassing questions.

"Good morning," he greeted, and then rushed forward. "Why haven't we ever done any business with Kleinman?"

The head of the house surveyed his sales manager in silence.

"The only reason I can think of," he said finally, with the twisted smile which Mr. Gomberg disliked so intensely, "is because he never has bought anything of us."

"But besides Florsheimer we are the only house with the capacity to turn out his line at the prices he pays."

"That's right."

"Ain't we ever gone after it?"

Mr. Hyman Miller smiled—that same twisted, objectionable smile.

"For the last ten years maybe," he began, "every new sales manager that has come here has gone out to get Kleinman. An' there have been a lot of them," he added with a leer that Mr. Gomberg did not care for—especially. "An' they all have come back licked."

It was Mr. Gomberg's turn to smile—with just a touch of superiority.

"Maybe," he suggested modestly, "they haven't been really sales managers."

"We don't judge our sales force by Kleinman," said the head of the house shortly. "There is plenty of coats an' suits sold other places than his stores, ain't it?"

This Mr. Gomberg acknowledged.

"But just the same," he argued, "it would be pretty nice if we could get it, wouldn't it?"

"Sure!"

"Why—why haven't the others succeeded? Is Florsheimer's stuff any better, or is he a price cutthroat, or what?"

"He ain't any of those."

"Well, why? Is Florsheimer a lodge brother or something that puts us out in the cold?"

Mr. Miller reached into the depths of his lower desk drawer and produced one long cigar. He lighted it carefully.

"It ain't a lodge," he explained slowly. "It's worse than that."

"What is it then?"

Mr. Miller leaned across the desk.

"They're both golf bugs," he proclaimed slowly. "An' believe me, from the way it looks, Harold, a tender young child is nothing by it. Honest, from the way I hear it, a golf bug would strangle a customer yet who kept him after three o'clock in the afternoon."

A strange light danced in Mr. Gomberg's eyes. He tipped his chair back and gazed at the ceiling.

"A golfer!" he whispered. "I wonder ——"

And during the spring weeks that followed Mr. Gomberg continued to wonder. A nebulous, drifting idea floated just beyond the reach of his sharp, quick-acting brain. On several occasions he went out to the Berrywood Country Club and noted with infinite pride that Berrywood presented no more difficulties regarding par golf than did the Maplewood club. But he was careful to play alone. The nebulous thought had taken enough shape for that. Twice he saw Florsheimer waddling along in the wake of a dumpy drive or some approach shot that depended solely on luck. For a week he pondered over the proposition that two and two make four—to wit: Where two golf nuts get together there are strong possibilities for an astute sales manager.

And then the atmosphere clarified. It was an early spring morning in late spring. He hurriedly presented himself at the office of the head of the firm.

"Tell me whether I am right or wrong," he challenged without further preamble: "Ain't it because they are close rivals an' Kleinman always just manages to nose out Florsheimer on the eighteenth hole or so that Florsheimer gets the business?"

Mr. Miller nodded.

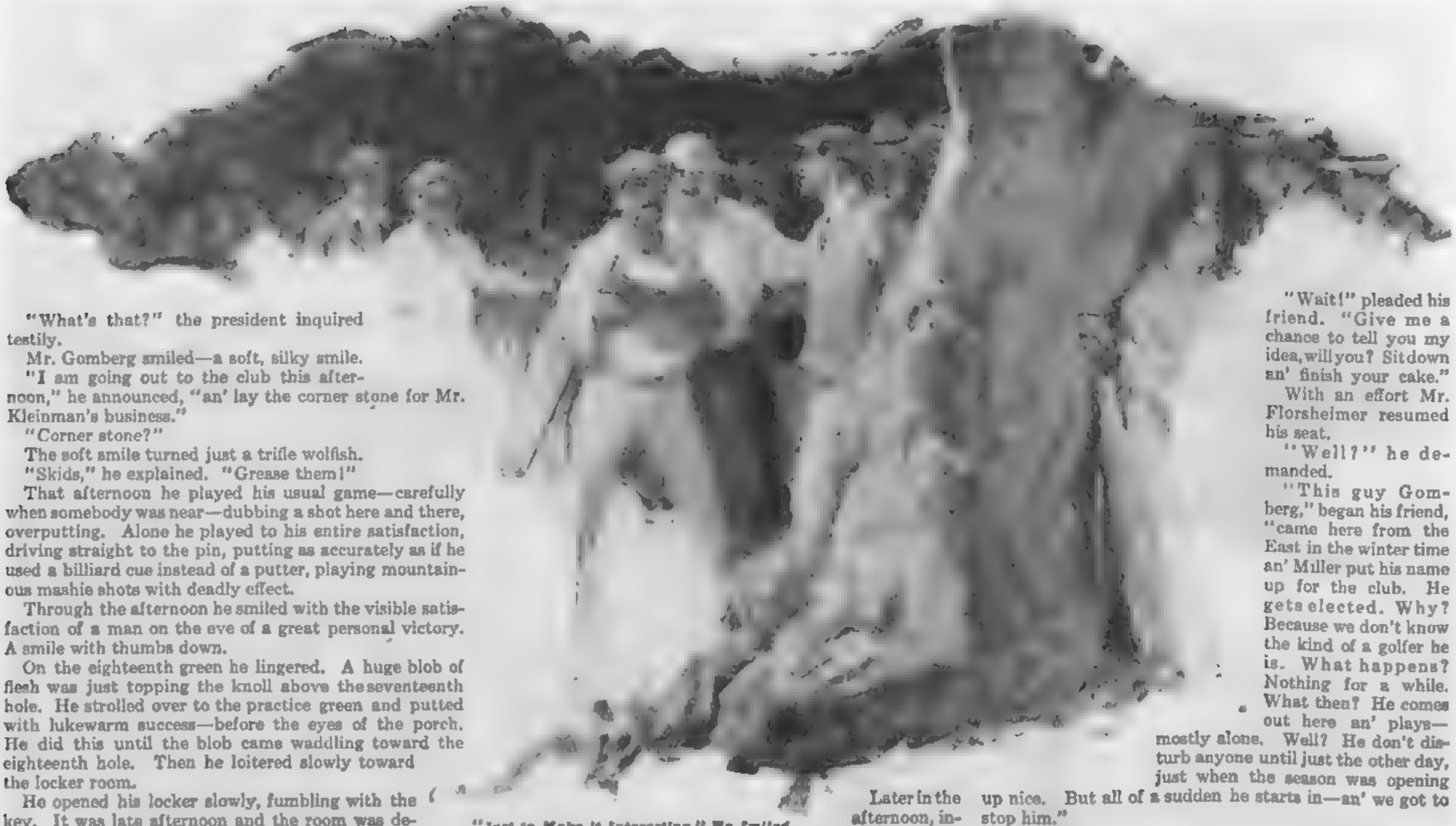
"You are right," he pronounced. "But why come in an' talk about it? For what good will it come? Why go round bothering about business we can't get an' maybe lose business we got already."

"But maybe we can get it."

"That's what the others thought."

But Mr. Gomberg did not consider the thrust. His eyes were bright and he rubbed his chin reflectively.

"A golfer," he whispered softly, "is a golfer first an' a cloak-an'-suit manufacturer afterward."



"What's that?" the president inquired testily.

Mr. Gomberg smiled—a soft, silky smile.

"I am going out to the club this afternoon," he announced, "an' lay the corner stone for Mr. Kleinman's business."

"Corner stone?"

The soft smile turned just a trifle wolfish.

"Skids," he explained. "Grease them!"

That afternoon he played his usual game—carefully when somebody was near—dubbing a shot here and there, overputting. Alone he played to his entire satisfaction, driving straight to the pin, putting as accurately as if he used a billiard cue instead of a putter, playing mountainous mashie shots with deadly effect.

Through the afternoon he smiled with the visible satisfaction of a man on the eve of a great personal victory. A smile with thumbs down.

On the eighteenth green he lingered. A huge blob of flesh was just topping the knoll above the seventeenth hole. He strolled over to the practice green and putted with lukewarm success—before the eyes of the porch. He did this until the blob came waddling toward the eighteenth hole. Then he loitered slowly toward the locker room.

He opened his locker slowly, fumbling with the key. It was late afternoon and the room was deserted except for the locker boy, busy shining shoes. When the door on the other side of the locker room slammed and the rumble of a large body was indicated along the back row of lockers Mr. Gomberg strolled along the aisle to the spot where the boy was shining the shoes.

"Homer," he inquired in a very loud tone, "who is that great big chunk of blubber that plays roun' here every afternoon?"

The boy started to grin and then apparently decided not to.

"You—you—Mistah Florsheimah—de greens committee—he ——"

"Florsheimer, eh?" shouted Mr. Gomberg. "So that's the name of the big false alarm, huh?"

From over the lockers came an angry crash of golf clubs and a snort of rage.

The boy waved a shining cloth in frantic warning. Mr. Gomberg, however, merely continued to smile.

"I am just a new member round here, Homer," he said unnecessarily. "Tell me, what kind of a golf player do they think he is round here?"

In reply to this the dusky Homer saw an opportunity to placate the gathering storm over the way. He waxed enthusiastic.

"Mistah Flosheimah," he announced loudly, "is one of the best golfers of the club. Yes, sah! Wins lots of the tournoquets right regular. Fine man, Mistah Flosheimah! Yes, sah! Turns in eighty regular four times a week."

Mr. Gomberg laughed loudly in a tone that was patently meant to be amusedly contemptuous.

"Ha, ha!" he chortled. "Ain't that a scream though! Imagine calling an eighty a good score! Why, out at Maplewood, in New Jersey, where I used to play, even the seven-year-old caddies turned in seventy-six. Eighty! Can you beat it?" Mr. Gomberg appeared to reflect. "But then," he said after a minute, "what can you expect from a big ham that plays a mashie as if it was a straw broom?"

With a blithe whistle Mr. Gomberg moved to the showers just as a huge white bulk appeared at the head of the aisle.

This was the beginning. The following afternoon he noticed several of the members with whom he was unacquainted eying him curiously. As he drove off he noticed that a more general interest was evinced in his game. His drive sliced to the right and landed just at the edge of the rough one hundred and fifty yards down the course. From the veranda he appeared to grow very angry.

"So," remarked Mr. Herman Finkle from the depths of a wicker rocker, "that is the player from the club where even the caddies play anyway bogey, huh?"

Mr. Finkle was a close friend of Mr. Florsheimer's.

"Maybe," someone else suggested, "he means eighty for nine holes."

But down the course Mr. Gomberg was smiling softly as he played a perfect approach shot to the pin.

"Just to Make It Interesting," He Smiled, "I'll Bet You a Hundred I Win"

Later in the afternoon, instead of going straight to the showers as was his custom, he lingered on the porch.

"How did it go?" somebody asked.

Mr. Gomberg shook his head sadly.

"Rotten!" he said. "Never did I play in such fierce luck, believe me! Every shot perfect, but taking a bad hop at the last minute."

The other nodded.

"What was the score?"

Mr. Gomberg shook his head in mock sorrow.

"Don't ask me!" he pleaded. "Honest, it was fierce! Eighty, it took me."

The little group—of which the questioner was one—exchanged glances. One—it was Mr. Florsheimer's friend Finkle—whispered something behind his hand.

"Eighty ain't considered a bad score at all for this links."

"Ain't bad? Believe me, you never played at Maplewood, my old club in New Jersey, if you say that! An eighty there would be made by nobody but some fat old fool like ——"

"Like who?" Mr. Finkle interjected.

"Nobody."

But the poison had touched Mr. Finkle.

"Maybe," he suggested with a wink to the others, "you think that your drive off number one was a perfect shot, huh?"

Mr. Gomberg never batted an eye. With utmost nonchalance he lighted a cigarette and inhaled slowly.

"Sure it was perfect!" he lied. "It just took a bad hop, that's all."

"Yeh?"

"Certainly! It was bad luck like that I had all the way round."

Mr. Finkle rose hastily and walked into the clubhouse. At a round table in the dining room he found the heavy Mr. Florsheimer indulging in a plum tart and near beer. Mr. Finkle sat down at the opposite side of the table.

"Lissen!" he commanded. "This guy Gomberg is outside boasting what a lot of rotten golfers this club is—an'—an' ——"

"An' what?" Mr. Florsheimer held a cross-section of plum tart in mid-air as he awaited the answer.

"He said some about a fat old fool."

Mr. Florsheimer dropped the fork and its load with an angry clatter. He started to rise.

"Where is he?" he spluttered. "What the ——"

"Wait a minute! Lissen! As a club member you can't go out there an' start a fist fight without any evidence—he didn't mention your name."

"But in the locker room ——"

"Sure he did! But you ain't supposed to have heard that, are you? He wasn't talking to you, was he?"

"But ——"

"Wait!" pleaded his friend. "Give me a chance to tell you my idea, will you? Sit down an' finish your cake."

With an effort Mr. Florsheimer resumed his seat.

"Well?" he demanded.

"This guy Gomberg," began his friend, "came here from the East in the winter time an' Miller put his name up for the club. He gets elected. Why? Because we don't know the kind of a golfer he is. What happens? Nothing for a while. What then? He comes out here an' plays—mostly alone. Well? He don't disturb anyone until just the other day, just when the season was opening up nice. But all of a sudden he starts in—an' we got to stop him."

"Well?"

"He is one of those golfers that play the game with their mouth an' charge all their rotten shots off to luck. Get me? He sliced into the rough on the first hole to-day in front of the entire porch an' had the gall to come round afterward an' say the ball took a bad bound. Get me?"

"Well?"

"Now you're the man to shut him up—an' shut him up for good. Why? Because for some reason or other you are the one he has picked out to laugh at. You can beat him. Why? Because you play a good steady game—an' you don't use your mouth. Here's the idea: We'll go out on the porch now an' challenge this cocky young smart Aleck to a match. Get me? An' we'll tip the whole gang off to be there. See?"

"But maybe after all he beats me. How about that?"

"Beat you!" Mr. Finkle pounded the table vigorously. "Haven't I been telling you it can't be done? Lots of the gang have seen him time an' again an' all the time they watched him he was dubbing along. I tell you he plays the game with his mouth."

"All right," agreed Mr. Florsheimer. "Let's go!"

Out on the veranda Mr. Gomberg was still discoursing lightly. Apparently he did not notice the huge form that waddled in the wake of Mr. Finkle.

"A good golf player," he was saying, "plays the game the way it should be played. For instance," he smiled with plain superiority, "a good player don't roll a ball up to the green—he pitches it up."

"A good golf player plays the game with clubs—not with his mouth." It was the deep, angry rumble of Mr. Florsheimer, who chronically rolled 'em up.

"Oh!" Mr. Gomberg registered surprise.

"Mr. Gomberg, I guess you haven't met Mr. Florsheimer." Mr. Finkle grinned maliciously.

Mr. Gomberg smiled.

"I—have seen Mr. Florsheimer before," he said meaningly.

"Yeh?"

"Out on the greensward," teased Mr. Florsheimer.

Mr. Finkle interrupted the angry roar of his friend with a wildly waving hand.

"Just a minute here!" he protested. "Mr. Gomberg here, who is a new member, has been saying things which—or maybe not, depending—may be true. Us boys roun' here think that eighty for us is a fine score an' Mr. Gomberg says that it is not. Am I right? All right! What then?" Mr. Finkle looked round the group, which had closed in about the two. "Mr. Florsheimer here feels that by reason of his seniority in the club an' his admitted ability that he should be let to defend the club in a match game with Mr. Gomberg. Am I right or am I wrong, Mr. Florsheimer, huh?"

A grunt of assent.

(Continued on Page 53)

BREAD

The well-nourished boy is a smiling, happy, healthy boy.

And being well nourished, he grows into strong, vigorous, healthy manhood.

Bread—the best of all food for all ages—the most nutritious, the most wholesome, is also the least expensive.

Give your children plenty of Bread-and-Milk. Eat Bread more freely yourself, in preference to more expensive and less nutritious foods.

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At the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, Oregon City products won highest honors. And at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915, this maintenance of old-time quality again won highest award in competition with the world.

The Oregon City Label is your guarantee—it signifies highest service and all-wool warmth. The best merchants in every community are now showing the Oregon City line. You will be delighted with the wonderful fabrics, coloring and workmanship. You'll find honest values, moderately priced.

Oregon City Woolen Mills

Founded in 1864 by L. & R. Jacobs

Mills and Tailoring Shops at Oregon City, Oregon

Sales Offices: New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Salt Lake City, and Spokane

Highest Awards
Wherever Exhibited

Philadelphia Centennial 1876

Panama-Pacific Exposition 1915

Oregon City Woolens

"WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN"

OVERCOATS MACKINAWS FLANNEL SHIRTS INDIAN BLANKETS MOTOR ROBES BLANKETS

(Continued from Page 50)

"How about you, Mr. Gomberg?"

Mr. Gomberg was all smiles.

"It suits me down to the ground," he declared. "It will be a real pleasure for me to demonstrate that rolling them up is not ——"

"When will it be?" Mr. Finkle hurriedly interrupted.

"Any time!" snapped Mr. Florsheimer. "It will be a pleasure for me to show certain people that golf is played with clubs an' that insults ——"

"Gentlemen! Let this be settled without bringin' in the house committee in a body. Mr. Gomberg, when will it be your pleasure?"

Mr. Gomberg consulted a little black engagement book.

"I am going out of town," he said, "for about ten days—say about next Friday afternoon."

Mr. Florsheimer twisted his huge form awkwardly and his face flushed.

"It—it—on Friday I have an important engagement. A man from out of town—I—I ——"

Mr. Gomberg laughed outright. Mr. Finkle flushed and glared at his friend. The group stared curiously at the muttering hulk.

"Of course, if Mr. Florsheimer is afraid that ——"

Someone tittered.

Mr. Florsheimer stiffened and his eye turned to steel.

"A business friend," he muttered, "who I always play golf with when he comes to town—but if Mr.—er—Gomberg doesn't object to being a third party ——"

Mr. Gomberg's eyes gleamed.

"Not me!" he declared.

Mr. Florsheimer nodded grimly.

"Settled!" he said.

III

IT IS a long but not entirely unreasonable skip from the Old Testament to Chicago, Illinois. To Mr. Gomberg the passage was quite unknown, but one interpretation of it at least was the basic thought behind a hurried trip which that astute young sales manager made to the office of Mr. Henry Kleinman in his office on State Street.

"In the morning sow thy seed ——"

Mr. Gomberg had a half-hour wait in the anteroom of the great man, but he did it with a pleasant smile. It was a hot morning of early summer, but Mr. Gomberg's neat pin checks and smile defied the heat. He whistled blithely from a song which concerned itself with "Let me be your little honee bee. Buzz round, buzz round." He remarked jovially to the attendant before the door entering the private office that never, never in his life had he seen such a classy-cut piece of serge as was her dress.

The girl smiled.

Mr. Gomberg smiled.

A moment later Mr. Gomberg was ushered into the august presence. The august presence was obviously busy—obviously too busy.

"Good morning, Mr. Kleinman."

"G'morning."

"I am Mr. Gomberg of Miller, Fries, Nixon & Co. You—I guess you know our Mr. Miller?"

Mr. Kleinman nodded noncommittally.

"Fine day."

"Yeh."

"I was just making a short trip about the Great Lakes territory and I thought I would drop in an' see how you were fixed for fall. Of course I know you haven't made a buying trip yet."

"I ain't interested."

"But ——"

"Very busy! G'day!"

But Mr. Gomberg was smiling easily. No trace of disappointment was visible. Given his dismissal he looked like a man still master of the situation.

"A gooseneck is not in it with a straight face"

"What's that?"

The first touch of interest was registered in the prospect's face.

"You can't get the right kind of a swing with a gooseneck."

Mr. Gomberg rose and walked to a bag of golf clubs in the far corner. He removed a putter. With expert fingers he swung it over an imaginary ball.

"See?" he pointed out. "You don't get that swinging-pendulum effect like you do with a straight-faced putter."

The prospect was on his feet, face alight. "Yeh," he said. "Is that so? How do you mean?"

"Like this—see?"

"Yeh, but "

For twenty minutes Mr. Gomberg went into his theory concerning putters. He then carried the conversation along to mashies and the theory of the pitch. Mr. Kleinman slapped him vigorously upon the checkered back.

"Eggzactly!" he shouted. "That's just my idea too! Come down like you was cutting the ball in two, but don't keep the right knee bent. Ain't I right?"

Mr. Kleinman was. Mr. Gomberg said it convincingly, flavored with adjectives. Mr. Gomberg dropped a portion of his seed.

"There's a fella at my club," he said, "who don't believe in that idea at all. Says that only old fools an' dubs play a cut. He says a sweeping stroke from behind ——"

"A fool!" said Mr. Kleinman angrily. "But then what can you expect of some people, huh? But I know a lot of players at Berrywood. Who said anything like that? The saphead!"

"The chairman of our greens committee," said Mr. Gomberg innocently, "Mr. Florsheimer."

The prospect stared suspiciously, but saw no guile in the frank brown eyes of Mr. Gomberg.

"So!" he said.

Mr. Gomberg laughed loudly.

"A funny thing!" he exclaimed. "A great joker is Mr. Florsheimer, even if my ideas an' his differ about how the game should be played. Let me tell you a great little joke he has got cooked up for next Friday."

"For next Friday?" Mr. Kleinman's eyes were beetling and an angry flush dyed his face.

Totally unconscious, Mr. Gomberg continued.

"He's got a game on with somebody from out of town," he confided, "an' from the way he talks it is going to be a scream. He has sort of challenged me to go along an' tipped the whole crowd to go along an' see the fun. He says the old hick is some comedy as a player.

"But that ain't the best part of the joke. It seems like he always left the old duffer win just to keep him in good humor—an' because he was a guest or something. Ain't it a scream?"

"A scream! Why ——" Mr. Kleinman pounded the desk in his rage. "A scream that ——"

"Don't misunderstand me!" Mr. Gomberg interrupted hastily. "Don't think that I have anything to do with it! Believe me, before I would see any man made a fool of I would go a hundred miles to tell him! Believe me, Mr. Kleinman, I am sorry I don't know his name!"

The other sat staring straight ahead, cold murder in his eye.

"I am sorry I can't show you the line, Mr. Kleinman, but I got to be going now. I am really sorry, because some of the numbers we got this year are the best values you ever saw. Maybe"—innocently—"if where you buy, if you are disappointed you will remember me."

"I'll take a look at your line now," Mr. Kleinman said suddenly.

"Sure thing! In the first sample room I have them all laid out."

They walked down to the row of sample rooms in silence—a silence filled with self-satisfaction on the part of Mr. Gomberg, who saw the sun of brilliant success shining just beyond a certain eighteenth hole.

Mr. Kleinman went over the line in silence. The merchandise was right and Mr. Gomberg knew it. It had been priced for this special occasion.

"Well?" he inquired softly as the other finished his inspection.

"Nice-looking stuff," the other admitted, "but I ain't ready to do anything—yet. After—perhaps after I find out certain things ——"

"Any time," beamed Mr. Gomberg.

The other stared in silence for several minutes.

"Do me a favor?"

Of course Mr. Gomberg would, absolutely, positively.

"The next time you meet me, please act as if we never met before."

Inwardly chuckling, Mr. Gomberg nodded—frankly puzzled.

"Ain't it funny?" he told himself on his way down to his hotel. "Two big, smart, shrewd, clever business men—an' they become like a coupla' big boobs over a little white ball."

Mr. Gomberg arrived home on the Thursday morning preceding his match with Mr. Florsheimer. He went straight to the office of Mr. Miller.

"Well," he crowed, "I put over the impossible"

"The what?"

"The impossible," Mr. Gomberg explained. "Kleinman"

But Mr. Hyman Miller had been brought up in a hard school.

"Let me see the signed order," he asked.

This of course was impossible. In extenuation Mr. Gomberg explained rapidly:

"Here's the idea: Florsheimer is a golf bug first an' a cloak-an'-suit manufacturer after. His pride has been stung, d' you get me? When he an' Kleinman and me start out to-morrow afternoon he don't want to win from Kleinman, but he does want to win from me—he is goin' to if he can—with the gang round. They think I can't play golf. But, believe me, Mr. Miller, with one hand it would be easy! I am goin' to get Florsheimer so sore that he will forget Kleinman is even there. An' then bear in mind what I was just sayin' to Kleinman. He will beat Kleinman, of course, because I am goin' to play just even with him. Get me? Kleinman an' me lose—see? I lose but I win—see? A golf bug whose pride has been hurt before a lot of people wouldn't buy a suit from the man that did it—if even he paid twenty per cent more somewhere else."

Mr. Miller said nothing.

"Let them laugh at me for a day or two! What is the difference? In a week I can show them that I know more about the game than they ever dreamed about—an' besides I will have Kleinman, because, Mr. Miller, a golf bug never forgives another golf bug, y'understand?"

Mr. Miller inclined his head.

"Ain't it air-tight?"

The head of the house sat in silence for a moment.

"It looks that way," he admitted, "only ——"

"Only what?" demanded Mr. Gomberg.

"Didn't you ever hear that old proverb about the best-laid plans of mice an' men?"

"Not me!" said Mr. Gomberg. "What is it?"

With a grim smile born of long lean years, Mr. Miller told him:

"Between the cup an' the lip there is many a banana peel."

IV

"IN THE morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand." If Mr. Gomberg had known of the words he would have chuckled at their aptitude as he followed the bulky figure of Mr. Florsheimer out toward the first tee. Ahead the straight figure of Mr. Kleinman stalked; behind Mr. Finkle and the gang whispered and followed.

It was a clear day and perfectly calm. Mr. Gomberg clipped a clover with a perfect swing of his driver and laughed in sheer joy.

"A perfect day for my kind of game," he shouted to the group behind.

"Why?"

"If it was windy I might have to play the kid's game an' roll them up."

An angry roar rose in the throat of the bulk ahead and was stifled.

Mr. Gomberg grinned.

At the tee Mr. Kleinman accepted the honor and dropped a short ball straight down the course. Mr. Florsheimer placed his ball with care and his huge chin twitched with determination. With a mighty swish of wind he swung. The ball soared high in the air and landed down the course.

"Up in Mabel's room," laughed Mr. Gomberg.

Mr. Gomberg's drive was straight down the course, low and easily two hundred yards. They moved away in silence. Mr. Kleinman's second shot was high and wide. The gang was standing politely quiet in deference to the guest.

"Don't mind them laughing behind you," Mr. Gomberg whispered. "They couldn't do any better."

Mr. Kleinman did not look round, but—face dyed red—he stalked on.

Mr. Florsheimer played a long brassy to the green—and Mr. Finkle laughed outright and the gang applauded.

Smiling softly Mr. Gomberg calculated the distance to the green and the sand trap beyond. He swung.

"Over the green!" whispered Mr. Finkle jubilantly.

Mr. Kleinman placed his third on the green and took two putts. Mr. Gomberg pitched out from the sand trap and did the same. Mr. Florsheimer took a four and the hole. Another cheer from the gang, led by Mr. Finkle.

The dull red played upon Mr. Kleinman's face as he teed his ball for the second hole. Mr. Florsheimer had sliced into the short rough. Mr. Gomberg placed his fingers and took his stance for a long pull to the opposite side of the course. His ball hit a hard spot of clay devoid of grass and bounded into the grass. Feigning anger he threw his club after the ball and strode away.

"The swelling," crowed Mr. Finkle to his associates, "is beginning to come down a little bit."

Mr. Gomberg reached the green in three. Mr. Florsheimer and his best customer each took five. With great care Mr. Gomberg measured the distance and examined the ground before the hole. But his ball was short a good ten inches of the hole. He cursed loudly.

Mr. Florsheimer smiled for the first time.

"You ain't going so good, Harry."

Behind Mr. Kleinman someone tittered. It was Mr. Gomberg standing near the group.

"Is that so?" that gentleman inquired bitterly. "Well, what's the difference if your friends have some fun—yes?"

"But, Harry, they are only laughing at ——"

"Sure they are only laughing!"

"Not at you, Harry. They ——"

"Enough!"

Mr. Kleinman stalked ahead with the determined chin of a man who is going to show them.

The third hole was won by Mr. Kleinman. It was this hole on which Mr. Gomberg drove his first ball out of bounds. But the thing could not be too palpable. Mr. Gomberg won the fourth and fifth, placing him in the fore by one hole, with Mr. Kleinman and Florsheimer tied. The next, the sixth, went to Mr. Kleinman, and the eighth to Florsheimer. Mr. Kleinman was playing with the grim set jaws of do or die.

Mr. Gomberg, sucking a cigarette as he waited to drive, decided to win the next. He did, playing a birdie—a difficult four.

For the first time during the afternoon Mr. Kleinman did not answer a remark made by Mr. Gomberg in pleasant tones.

He grunted as Mr. Gomberg holed out.

Two more holes were halved as they started on the inside and last nine of the eighteen holes.

On the twelfth hole Mr. Kleinman ran a long approach shot to within a foot of the pin and took the hole. They tied another and then Mr. Florsheimer brought down the plaudits of the gallery by running in a long putt on the punch bowl, number fourteen.

Playing with the easy confidence of a man who knows he has the situation easily in hand Mr. Gomberg again elected to win a hole. All three contestants reached the green in three. Mr. Kleinman missed his putt—in silence. Mr. Florsheimer followed suit. Squinting along his gleaming putter Mr. Gomberg measured his distance and played. The ball rolled straight toward the pin, appeared to be slowing up too fast, continued to move, reached the edge of the cup, hesitated—and dropped in.

"You see, Mr. Kleinman, what I was telling you about the straight-faced putter. It ——"

"Luck!" sneered the other. "Once in a thousand!"

But Mr. Gomberg was not disturbed. Did he not hold the open sesame? Kleinman might be sore for a moment. But when he won out on the very last green before a gallery he believed to be against him, would he remember past soreness? Mr. Gomberg knew he wouldn't. But he would remember the man who beat him. Florsheimer would be through. Mr. Gomberg would be just beginning.

They were playing silently now and the gallery had quieted down, sensing the grimness of the three. But with Mr. Gomberg it was camouflage.

At the eighteenth hole they were all equal and Mr. Kleinman was regarding each with the cold eye of a man with whom all friendship is held in abeyance.

"Nice game," smiled Mr. Gomberg.

Mr. Florsheimer said nothing.

Mr. Kleinman merely stared.

"Two to one on Florsheimer!" It was the whisper of Mr. Finkle in the rear.

Mr. Kleinman turned.

"Take twenty of that!" he snapped.

In vain Mr. Florsheimer, scenting possible disaster, pleaded that no bets be made. In vain he shook his head at Mr. Finkle and the gang. Mr. Kleinman was insistent.

Indeed things were falling into Mr. Gomberg's lap. It was a notorious fact that no one in the cloak-and-suit world clung to a dollar with greater avidity than the big customer. Mr. Gomberg was possessed of a brilliant idea. Why not cinch the thing by letting Mr. Kleinman win some'smoney from him? Surely—if expense money was ever well spent ——

"Just to make it interesting," he smiled, "I'll bet you a hundred I win."

"Taken!" snapped Kleinman.

The air was tense as Mr. Gomberg drove off, following Kleinman, who was high and to the left. Mr. Gomberg swung with careless ease and his ball sailed straight down the course. But he was undisturbed, for he knew that when the hole had been played he would have won the real game.

Mr. Florsheimer stepped up and looked toward the waving direction flag. Business caution told him plainly that this hole must be lost, but grouped about the tee behind him were his friends, banking on him to still a braggart tongue—but then again maybe ——

With deep cunning Mr. Gomberg discovered the mental teetering of his competitor and guessed at its origin.

"Get your broom out," he laughed, "an' roll it down the course."

With sudden decision Mr. Florsheimer gripped his driver and swung. Down the course the ball sped, nearly the equal of Mr. Gomberg's.

"Some people are born lucky," observed Mr. Gomberg.

Mr. Kleinman said nothing.

Down below the crest of the hill some hundred and fifty yards lay the green, and before it a narrow winding ditch. Destiny was lurking in that ditch, but Mr. Gomberg knew it not.

Kleinman played first and dropped his ball over the ditch to the left of the green.

Florsheimer took a hitch in his huge girth and called for his mid-iron.

"A two-year-old boy yet," observed Mr. Gomberg to the ground, "could play that with a mashie."

But Mr. Florsheimer merely bit his lip and raised his club. When the dust and sod had descended there was the ball lying on the green but two feet from the flag.

Mr. Gomberg could have whooped with joy. It had worked out like a problem in mathematics.

Florsheimer had a sure three and a short-lived victory.

Already the crowd were whooping and slapping each other on the back. Kleinman's face was a full-fledged thunderstorm and the look he cast upon the hulk made Mr. Gomberg almost sick with joy. Not only had Kleinman lost, as he, Gomberg, had predicted, but he had also lost twenty dollars. And twenty dollars to Kleinman —— And the crowd crowing and joshing the losers already ——

Mr. Gomberg stepped up to his ball and called for a mashie. With more than ordinary care he scanned the ground before the green and the dry ditch winding through. The ground presented no possibilities of the kind that Mr. Gomberg sought, but the ditch ——

Cleverly feigning despair he took a preliminary swing. Every eye was upon him. For an ordinary golfer it would have been a desperate chance—the chance of missing a little five-foot ditch—but Mr. Gomberg was no ordinary golfer. With all the confidence in the world he swung.

Up, up the ball went and all eyes followed its arch. Even Mr. Gomberg watched it with narrowed eyes. Had he played it a wee mite too strong? Would it go over instead of ——

And then he smiled—inwardly. Dipping swiftly the little white speck began to descend rapidly.

"It's over!" shouted a caddy.

"It ain't!" shouted Mr. Finkle.

But Mr. Gomberg knew. Straight it descended to the white, twisting snake of ditch—straight down into the center. With a sigh of joy he found it hard to conceal Mr. Gomberg rubbed a moist hand over a moist brow.

But the Hoboken Fire Department came nineteen hundred years too late. Mother O'Leary's cow might have —— And there was the little flat stone of destiny—the banana peel of Mr. Miller.

"An' would you believe me," said Mr. Finkle in speaking about it for years afterward, "that ball hit a flat stone and bounded out onto the green—an'—an' straight into the hole! Can you beat it for some people's luck?"

HOME LOVING AS A BEAVER

By ENOS A. MILLS

THE beavers in the old Moraine Colony faced a transportation problem. They needed to harvest at least three hundred aspens for the coming winter's food supply. Previous harvests and a recent blight had taken every near-by aspen. The aspen grove most likely to be harvested was a quarter of a mile upstream. Under ordinary conditions the transportation of a harvest a quarter of a mile by water would be almost a picnic for beavers.

But a drought of weeks had reduced the stream to a shallow brook and the water was so low that a number of obstructions blocked the channel. To change this into a deep beaver waterway would be a work of magnitude, and at one place would tax the skill of even our first engineers.

Among the obstructions were three dams of a ruined beaver colony which remained across the stream just below the aspen grove. A log jam, a large sand bar, several willow clumps and a number of minor accumulations of débris obstructed or blockaded the channel at other points. But the greatest obstacle to transportation was a narrow bowldery stretch about thirty feet long. Here the stream was almost lost among the bowlders. So long as low water continued the bowlders offered an effective blockade to navigation—to the floating of beaver-cut trees. I could see no way for the beavers to get harvested aspen logs over or through the rocky obstruction.

Grinnell Glacier, Glacier National Park

There was another aspen grove about fifteen hundred feet from the main pond of the colony, but there were two moraine ridges between it and the pond. Either the time element or the danger element would deter a beaver from attempting to drag aspen logs this distance, though he is skillful at such work and does not hesitate to work hard.

So these beavers must either bring in their harvest by water transportation or move to a new home.

I watched with interest to see what would be done. Their intense love of home encourages beavers to overcome serious obstacles and often calls for more work and harder work than to move and establish a new home. Home love may have originated the trait as well as the expression "working like a beaver." But "as home loving as a beaver" would be a more correct and worthy comment, and a tribute of honor applied to either beavers or human beings.

Beavers have a permanent home. The Moraine Colony, which these beavers inhabited and loved, was generations old. There must have been many traditions, revered associations and close ties to hold them year after year. Their rude house of mud and sticks—strangely like the huts of many primitive people in appearance—was kept clean and in repair. Now and then it was enlarged, and when necessary the dam raised or lengthened. A beaver colony, like a village built by people, sees numerous additions and improvements, but rarely is it abandoned. The Moraine Colony for years had a numerous population. One autumn more than seven hundred aspens were cut, floated into the pond and stored for winter food.

There was a cluster of seven ponds in the colony, reached by one of Nature's avenues—the winding stream and open channel which Roaring Fork maintained through the dark pine forest. In the central pond stood an old beaver house about thirty feet in diameter. It was so completely overgrown with willows that it was practically a little wooded island. The waters round reflected the dark forests and the snowy crags of Long's Peak, while the shores in summer were colored with the red wood lilies and the fringed blue gentians.

With September more than half gone the colonists had made no winter preparations; but home love still held them. Perhaps they were waiting for the drought to end. A full stream would eliminate most obstructions in the channel of Roaring Fork and make transportation comparatively simple.

Beavers are water animals, but they can travel on land, and sometimes drag their trees short distances, even up steep ridge

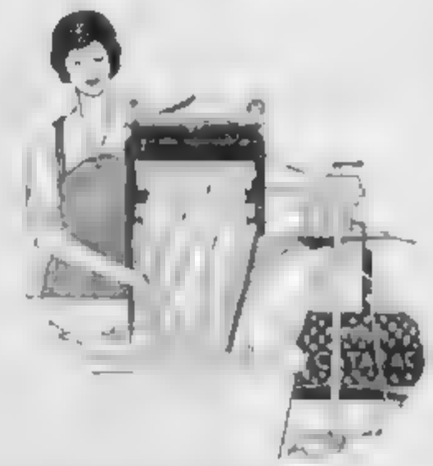
(Concluded on Page 57)

You'll be proud to show it

Just connect it with the electric light, and pull back the lever.

WHEN you have a 1900 Cataract Washer, you want all your friends to see it! You point with pride to the simple, sturdy lines, and the gleaming copper tub. You feel like congratulating yourself all the time because you selected the 1900 Cataract Washer,—the *perfect* washing machine.

It is the magic figure 8 movement that makes the 1900 the perfect washing machine! All washing machines cleanse the clothes by forcing the water back and forth through the material. But in the 1900 Cataract Washer the water swirls through them in a *figure 8 movement* which forces it through them *four times* as often as in the ordinary washer!



The swinging wringer is reversible. No moving of the washer.

After you start the washer, you need not bother any more about it.

Then, too, in the 1900, there are no parts in the tub to rub against the clothes and cause wear and tear. The water is forced through the clothes by the movement of the tub alone, and not by the action of any parts in the tub. There are no heavy cylinders to lift out and clean, either, when the wash is finished.

Even the wringer works electrically, and is movable! You can swing it from washer to rinse water to blue water to clothes basket without moving or shifting the washer an inch.

It costs but 2c an hour to operate a 1900 Washer, and a tub-ful of clothes is washed clean and spotless in 8 to 10 minutes.

No heavy cylinders in the tub to lift out and clean. No parts to rub against the clothes.

1900 CATARACT WASHER

Our Special Trial Offer

Prove to yourself *before you buy it*, that the 1900 Cataract Washer is the perfect washing machine. The 1900 dealer in your town will deliver a 1900 right to your home. After you have realized what a comfort it is to know that *your* clothes are not being washed in the same water with other people's, start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience.

Right now, fill out the coupon, and send it to us for the name of the nearest 1900 dealer. If you do not have electricity in your home, write us about other 1900 Washing Machines, for we make them in many styles and prices. Mail the coupon today.

The 1900 Washer Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory and Office

Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto

Comes in 8 and 12 sheet sizes.

The water swirls through the tub in a figure 8 motion.

1900 Washer Company
Binghamton, N. Y.

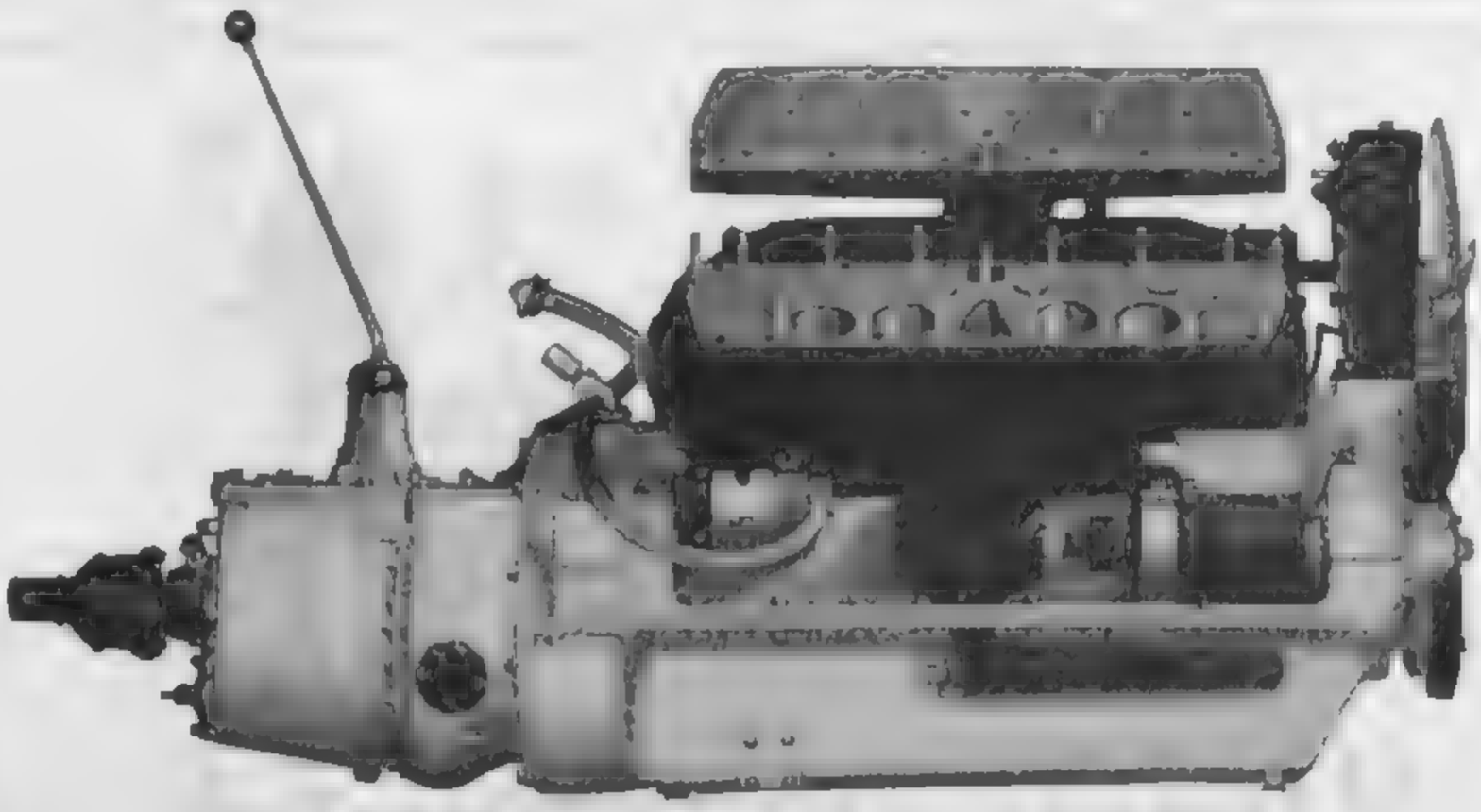
Please send me details of your trial offer and name of nearest 1900 dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

THE basic design of the Packard Twin Six motor has been wonderfully justified during the past few years of both peace and war work. So that any changes that may be made from time to time will be merely in the nature of refinements.



Simplicity and Accessibility, attributes of Twin-Six Engineering

How Packard "Equation" Reduces Transportation Cost

THE average motor car buyer misses the true relationship between the first cost of a car and its final cost—its running charges, upkeep and repairs through the life of the car.

"Equation" is found when the cost of maintenance is low enough to offset a higher initial expenditure; when the used-value is sufficient to count materially towards the purchase of a new car; when the quality of the transportation is such that it delivers you at your destination fresh in nerves and body.

It does not take long for low upkeep and reliability to demonstrate Packard economy.

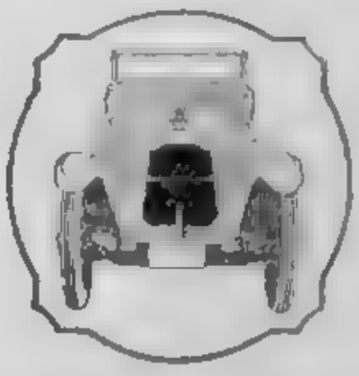
And this is the secret of that well known fact that the Packard is the least costly car in the long run.

Because of the perfect balance of the Packard Twin Six, it is less expensive to maintain than automobiles costing considerably less.

Its ease of motion, its freedom from vibration, its tremendous reserve of power, combine to give it exceptionally long life.

In fact, motor car investment is like any other investment—in the end the seasoned security pays better than the speculative stock.

The Packard people are transportation experts. They have more to tell you on this subject than any other organization in the world. You can ask them to discuss your car problem without obligation. It is to your interest and profit to do so.



"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*

(Concluded from Page 54)

slopes. In emergencies they will drag material more than one hundred feet. But this is slow dangerous work. They avoid going far from the water, for wolves, lions and wildcats prowl about their colonies during harvest watching for a chance to seize one at work or to pick up one that may have been injured in tree felling.

Finally, a month after the other colonies of the neighborhood began harvest gathering and autumn repairs, these beavers made a start and leisurely raised the height of the dam about four inches. Then they covered the house with a few inches of mud dredged from the bottom of the pond. But there were still no signs of harvest gathering.

Late in September I discovered that work of harvesting the aspen grove upstream and preparations to move the harvest by water had just begun, with all hands, teeth and tails busy. Judging from the showing made, a dozen or more beavers must have been working. They had felled a number of trees from five to eight inches in diameter and from fifteen to twenty feet high. As long-distance transportation would be necessary these aspens were cut into sections from four to seven feet long, and the few limbs gnawed off.

The drought had continued and the beavers were at work transforming the stream into a deep waterway. One of the willow clumps that almost filled the stream channel was gnawed down and thrown back on the bank. They then cut a hole about fifteen inches in diameter through the four-foot log jam. The sandbar obstruction was easily opened by a channel several inches deep from end to end, which the current kept free of sediment and full of water. A two-foot passageway was made in one of the old beaver dams. Here a few years before a lively beaver colony had been. But a trapper with steel traps and dynamite had been there, and the coats of its inhabitants now are doubtless worn by other folks.

Trouble

The harvesting proceeded under difficulties. Through all the autumn cutting the Moraine beaver colonists had trouble with the falling aspens lodging against large bowlders or becoming entangled in the limbs of the standing dead spruces. Two or three of these aspens were brought down by cutting a foot or two off the base. But a spruce was finally felled to clear things up.

The work of these colonists illustrated the manner in which the beavers master difficulties through mutual aid. Mutual aid, skill and close application to work, when there is work to be done, give beavers much leisure. They work less than one-half the time. But they have built up monumental works—made topographic changes along streams that will endure for centuries.

Before any of their winter supplies were moved the beavers cleared away all dead logs and fallen limbs that lay between the aspen grove and the water, a distance of a few yards. Then they rolled and dragged a number of the short green tree sections into the stream and started them floating down toward their pond. Two or three beavers worked along the stream, like rivermen driving logs, to keep the aspen sections moving. But against one willow clump in the channel these little logs jammed badly. I do not know who gave the orders but no more logs were started downstream until this obstruction was removed and the jam broken. These and other operations which I have seen take place in beaver colonies lead me to believe that the work in each colony is under the direction of a leader, but I have not yet been able to verify this sufficiently to give it as a fact.

After sixteen nights of work the channel was completely cleared down to the bowlder obstruction. The stream below the barrier of bowlders was narrow and deep and all the way to the house would float larger logs than any the beavers could get into it. So if the bowlder obstacle could be overcome there would be good water transportation all the way for their now waiting harvest.

Several days in succession I walked to the pond from my cabin before the first aspen was stored for winter. Then in passing the pond one day I saw three golden leaves fluttering on a twig projecting from the water. By some means a log had been taken past the bowldery obstruction; how, I hastened up Roaring Fork to see. Two aspen logs were jammed between the bowlders and others lay stranded on the rocks. A pile of little logs lay in the water just above. I returned the following day and found that the beavers had got a number of these logs past the bowlders. Plainly they had had hard work. The logs had been lifted out of the water, pushed and dragged along the bank round the bowlders, and then rolled back into the stream. But one log that remained on the bank was stained with blood, and there was a tuft of brown fur on the grass near by. A lion had slipped up on the busy workers while tugging at their logs and seized one, so the tracks showed.

This depredation or the difficulties of transportation or both caused further channel improvements. Tree cutting and log floating temporarily ceased. All beavers went to work to make the stream navigable. To accomplish this they built a canal round the bowldery stretch. But there was preliminary work of even more magnitude than that which the digging of the canal required. This was the building of a dam across the channel a few feet upstream from the bowlders.

Fortunately there was abundance of material at hand for the building of this dam. The deeper part of the channel was rolled full of cobble stones from the stream bed just above. The remainder of the dam was made of stones, sticks, willows cut on the spot, and earth and sod dug near by. The entire dam was completed in five nights. It was eighteen feet long and about two feet high except in the center, where it filled the deeper part of the channel and was about five feet high.

Framework

The north end of the dam was built against a high bank. After the water had filled the reservoir made by the dam it escaped through the spillway at the south end of the dam. Beginning at this spillway the beavers dug a crescent-shaped canal about sixty feet long, which joined the old stream channel a few feet below the bowldery place. This canal, about eighteen inches wide and twelve feet deep, formed a deep waterway to avoid the rocky unnavigable stretch in the stream. The entire work—dam and canal—took less than eight nights. No work was done during the daytime. At one place where the canal crossed a depression the beavers banked up the sides with earthy sods so that it ran brimful of water all the way.

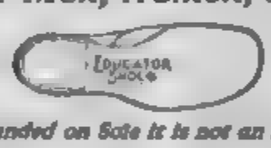
Twenty-three little logs were run through the canal the eighth night the new waterway was in use. I found one large log wedged in it, but this was removed the following night. In the new pond made by the eighteen-foot dam above the canal more than fifty little logs were floating about waiting their turn to be conducted through the canal. In the harvest grove upstream were several dozen cut tree sections and a number of felled aspens in process of being gnawed into logs. After a few more nights of logging the beavers had their harvest home near the big old island house. Food for four months or longer lay piled on the bottom of the pond.

These beavers had worked as only home-loving beavers will, used all their ingenuity to overcome serious obstacles, and endured dangers—all for the sake of remaining in the old home. Through a common interest and purpose and mutual aid they had triumphed, and in the Moraine Colony this united band of beavers had another jolly winter.

Sunlight Peak, Glacier National Park

Dull Calf Blucher Educator for Men — Black Kid Lace Educator for Women — Brown Kid Lace Educator for Misses, Children, Infants

Made for Men, Women, Children



Unless branded on Sole it is not an Educator

Soldiers: *Keep* Your Feet Free!

IN your eagerness to drop your army shoes for shoes that have "looks," don't make the mistake of dropping also the wonderful comfort and freedom they gave you.

You can have *both* comfort and looks in Educators, the shoes that let the feet grow as they should.

Yes, for years—years before we even dreamed of war—Educators have been making people unconscious of corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, callouses, fallen arches, etc., the things that belong to pointed shoes.

Take the whole family to the store for Educators. But *get* Educators, not something else. Look for the word EDUCATOR on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a *responsible manufacturer*.

Read This Foot Book

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet." It is a book for every person who has feet. Free. Send for it.

RICE & HUTCHINS

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RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
14 High Street Boston, Mass.
Makers of the famous All-America Shoe for Men—"The Shoe that's Standardized"

THE SELLING OF MR. BEEGIN

(Continued from Page 23)

house than theirs, has a larger flock of automobiles, gets public recognition, or in any way elevates himself or is elevated above the herd. A good many of them are the greatest gossips in the world and keen about getting grinds upon one another. They retail tittle-tattle about their fellows at their luncheon clubs, in their board rooms and their clubs. Many of them will run about like children peddling a bit of scandal about a brother plutocrat, and they never miss a chance to derogate one of the flock, provided that one is not present and there are the slightest grounds for it. If there are no grounds usually they can provide some.

They watch one another constantly, have scouts out in all directions to give them reports on the plans and projects of their colleagues in millionairedom, and the greatest joy that can come to one of them is to take money away from others of them, no matter how—just take it away. There isn't one of them who isn't an expert in the doublecross and many of them practice the fancy triple variety. They are often as cold as wedges in money matters and the chief concern of their lives is interest. All their actions, deals, maneuverings and plans have back of them the desire for interest—money earned by money. Interest is the creed, ritual and articles of belief of the millionaire.

Mr. Beegin did not differ from the others. He had the same envies, jealousies, practices and beliefs. Until he was fifty or thereabouts his business life had been too active and too strenuous to allow him to take more than incidental concern in the public doings of his colleagues, but when he had extracted about all there was in business for him and began to have the longings for recognition as described here he took stock of some of them and tried to find out how they did it. He felt himself as good as any other and he wanted some of the acclaim they were getting as publicists and public men.

There was Galumphus, for instance, who was constantly in the newspapers with interviews and weighty statements about weighty topics, who made public addresses that were reported in the papers and who frequently went to Washington to set forth his views. Mr. Beegin knew Galumphus, a vain, heavy man who was a good deal of a bore. Beegin had been on boards with him for twenty years and never had heard him say anything or seen him do anything that entitled him to the public standing he had. But Galumphus apparently was in demand, for he was constantly going about the country to address meetings of one sort or another, wrote clearly on current topics for the higher-class newspapers and reviews and had a way of communicating his opinions to the papers by means of interview, statement or letter to the editors that kept him constantly in print and gave him a high standing.

The Rise of Thwackhammer

He knew Thwackhammer also, who had been a sketchy sort of a banker, but who had—as Mr. Beegin had observed—forced himself into the opinion of the newspapers and the people as a great authority on finance and who was constantly quoted on financial and economic subjects and made speeches about these topics that were reported by the Associated Press. Winterbottom was an old partner of his—a big, burly, silent man who so lacked the facility for continued expression that he always brought his confidential secretary to meetings with him and had the secretary sit beside him to put the Winterbottom ideas into connected English. On highly important occasions Winterbottom used to bring two mouthpieces. It was within a week that Mr. Beegin had read in the papers that Winterbottom was mentioned as a candidate for governor of the state and it was said that he might be sent to the Senate. Beegin knew that Winterbottom—like Galumphus and Thwackhammer—had in some manner contrived to get a public recognition of himself as a thinker and an outstanding authority on various public matters, and he had heard Winterbottom read a long and able paper at a conference of financial powers and government officials that was given two columns next morning in all the papers. He knew Winterbottom hadn't written that paper. He couldn't.

Then there was Tittleberry. Mr. Beegin didn't finish his breakfast the morning he read in the paper that there was talk of Tittleberry as a possible nominee for President, based on a series of speeches that Tittleberry had made in various parts of the country calling attention to reforms needed to make the financial and political conditions of the country what those conditions should be. Mr. Beegin had known Tittleberry intimately for thirty years. He knew how his mind worked, and how sterile it was except in his own particular business, which was the organization and flotation of trusts and the cashing in on the same. Beegin wondered how it was that Tittleberry, who in all his years of close association with him rarely read a book—to say nothing of writing one—became the author of several weighty tomes on important topics that were gravely reviewed by the press, and how he became fluent enough to talk unendingly on such topics as he discussed in his books. Beegin wondered also who it was who mentioned Tittleberry for President. It didn't occur to him then, though it became certain later, that Tittleberry had mentioned himself.

Mr. Beegin Learns the Truth

Also there was Dusenheimer, whose chief activity for two decades had been as the manager of pools wherein Mr. Beegin and his fellows had pooled certain stocks until Dusenheimer could make a market for them and unload them on the public. He knew Dusenheimer was smart, because Dusenheimer usually unloaded his own stocks first and got the top prices, but it gave Mr. Beegin pause to find Dusenheimer principal speaker at a Madison Square mass meeting and to read a series of articles by him—excellently written and widely published—on the sure way to combat the socialistic tendencies of the times. When he knew Dusenheimer it was certain that Dusenheimer couldn't have told the difference between Karl Marx and Mark Twain—and here was Dusenheimer getting into print on socialism in both an informative and a logical manner.

Mr. Beegin observed similar activities on the part of other millionaires, corporation presidents, high financiers and captains of industry. He knew all these men and knew that while they were big business men they were not orators, writers or thinkers except along the lines of their own activities. However, here they were, getting into print, held in high respect by the news editors and the editorial writers and quoted liberally and approvingly in the various reviews of the times. They spoke importantly at important meetings. They were recognized publicists, accepted by the people as such.

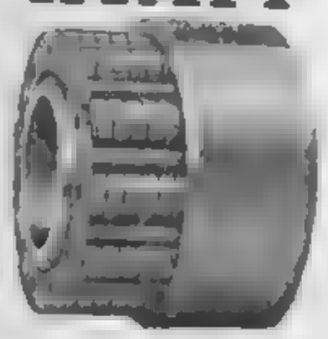
Wherefore, Mr. Beegin made some investigations. He knew about press agents and publicity men, for he had employed them to help along some of his schemes, and his idea was that they were used for promoting things to sell, such as stocks and bonds, or smoothing away difficulties in the way of selling. He had not considered these expert persons as purveyors of personal advertising. He found that tucked away on the third floor of the building where Galumphus had his offices was a highly paid, quiet, astute man who had been a newspaper man and a good one, who was on the personal pay roll of Galumphus and who wrote the speeches and articles of Galumphus for him. He discovered that Thwackhammer had such a man, that Winterbottom had two and that the others also had similar quiet, astute, well-informed writers on their staffs and used them continuously.

He inquired into the business and found that it is a regular business known in trade parlance as ghosting and that there are a number of men in New York and elsewhere who will contract to sell a man like Mr. Beegin to the people as a publicist, as a thinker or reformer along any given line, get him interviewed, keep him in the papers as a prominent citizen and even get political mention and standing for him. This made a certainty of what he suspected—that not three out of ten of the men of this class so frequently before the public and in the papers have the background, information or ability to write these speeches, statements, interviews and articles, but that they hire better-informed and skillful writers to prepare them for them and to get them

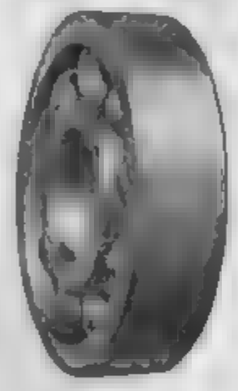
(Continued on Page 61)

TIMKEN

HYATT



NEW DEPARTURE



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We have 26 Direct Branches located throughout the United States and Canada.

Each Branch carries a complete stock of new, genuine Timken, Hyatt and New Departure Bearings for service and replacement purposes.

We are in a position to give you a most complete service when you require bearings for any make of motor car, truck or tractor ever manufactured.

Branches in Following Cities:

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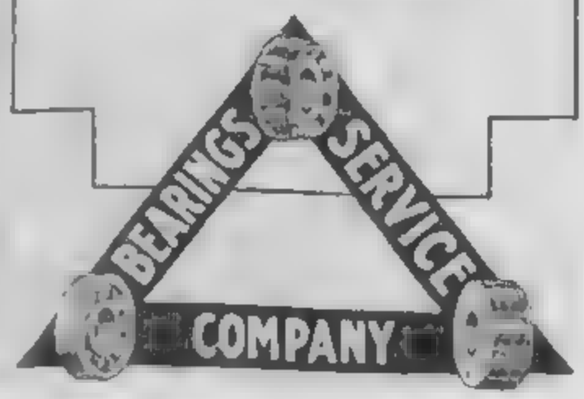
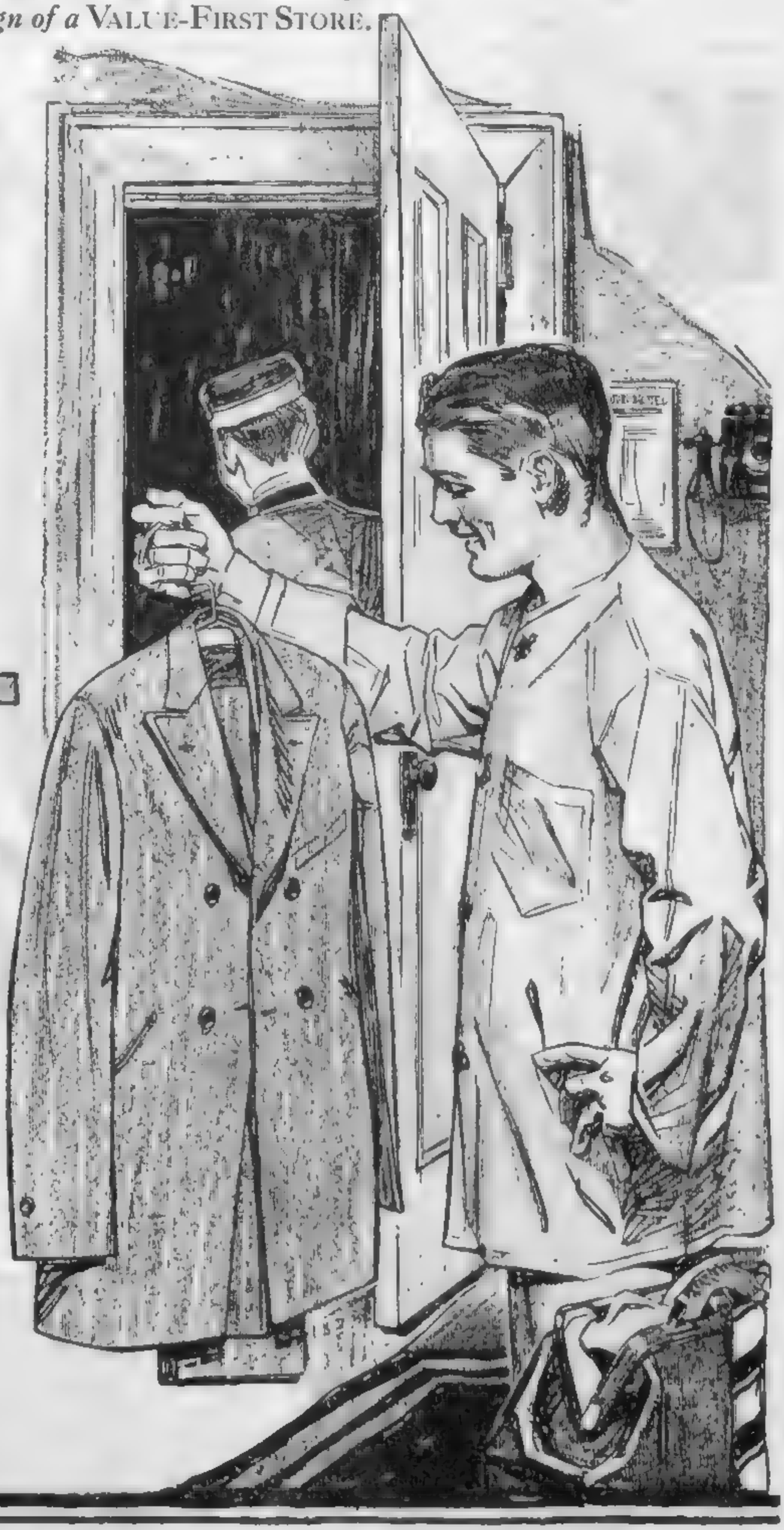


Stop at the sign of the Value-First Boy;
He's the sign of a VALUE-FIRST STORE.



Can your clothes stand punishment?

—the "storm test" for instance

Travelling light—only one suit. The driving rain has done its worst.

You give it to the bell boy as soon as you reach your room at the hotel. Then you sit down and hope for the best.

Will pressing punish the suit as though it had been in a prize fight? Will it go down and out?

If it is a Michaels-Stern Value-First suit, you're safe, for Michaels-Stern Value-First Clothes *stand punishment.*

They weather the storms. Under the pressing iron, they "come back" with all their clean lines and smart style, for they have fullest *value:*

Value—woven into the cloth
Value—tailored into the garment
Value—expressed by smartest style
Value-First—last and all the time.

Send for interesting booklet "How Clothes Help Win Success"

MICHAELS, STERN & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

MICHAELS-STERN VALUE-FIRST Clothes

$25 to $60—at VALUE-FIRST DEALERS'

"There is Nothing Like Leather"

Korry-Krome

It's Genuine Leather

—the toughest Shoe Sole

Guaranteed to wear twice as long as an ordinary sole.

IF you cannot locate a Korry-Krome repairman send us $1.25 with your name, address and size of your shoes. We will mail you a set of half-soles and heels (or two sets children's soles) which any repairman can attach for you. Full soles and heels $1.75. Remember, it's GENUINE Leather.

You know
Korry-Krome
by the name on the Sole

Write for our new book
"Lengthening the Life of Shoes"

J. W. & A. P. HOWARD CO.
ESTABLISHED 1867
CORRY, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

"There is Nothing Like Leather"

Jim Henry's Column!

IT'S amazing what little things might change the whole course of human experience. For instance:—If every man who reads The Saturday Evening Post were actually to believe the straight, open-and-shut evidence below, think what would happen. The entire visible supply of Mennen Shaving Cream would disappear from druggists' shelves in less than twenty minutes, and the human race would be freed for all time from shaving discomfort.

Of course it won't happen. Probably not more than 100,000 men will believe and benefit from the following:

DEAR JIM:—

While I have enjoyed your messages to the public, it has seemed to me that there was one false note—a false enthusiasm on your part over that "half inch" of Mennen Shaving Cream which you insistently claimed was sufficient.

Did I try to make it do the job? Not I. I knew too much. Hadn't I used Mennen Cream ever since it came on the market? Hadn't I always used an inch and a half? You bet I had.

But the other day, I read your message in which you say, "He was making a paste, not a lather." So this morning when about to wield the "badger" I determined to show you up by exactly following your false advice.

I did. I used *exactly* a half inch of Mennen Shaving Cream. I used plenty of water. I sloshed around for *exactly* three minutes by my Big Ben, and—I had as satisfactory a shave as any man ever enjoyed.

I am a friend of MENNEN'S

Name on request.

DEAR JIM:—

For years I have been trying to shave myself without hurting my face. I tried a half a dozen razors and as many kinds of shaving cream but the result was always the same—a smarty, irritated face and a feeling of dissatisfaction. I had begun to believe that there was no such thing as a smooth, easy shave. And then I tried your cream. At the first stroke of the blade I became a firm believer in progress. If science has done no more than to contribute through chemistry such cream as yours, it has done sufficient to justify itself in the eyes of all men who shave.

For the sake of the thousands who find shaving painful, here's wishing you the greatest success possible.

Very truly yours,

Name on request.

Send 12 cents for my demonstrator tube.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 58)

into the newspapers—to sell these plutocrats with a hankering for publicity to the public, in other words—to put them over as authorities, thinkers, talkers whose words are important and to be heeded.

He found that three or four men stood out in this personal-promotion business as more skillful, more resourceful, better informed and of higher class than the others who were used in this manner and he sent for one of these. He came, a man of forty-five, well dressed, suave, quick of action, incisive of speech and intelligently conversant with all the topics of the day.

"What is it you have in mind?" he asked Mr. Beegin.

"Why," Beegin replied, "I hardly know myself. The fact is I have been thinking a good deal lately on several things that are going badly in our Government and it seems to me that I should say something publicly about what my conclusions are."

"For example?"

"Well, take this League of Nations. Now in my opinion it is—er—that is to say—it seems to me——"

"Perhaps you haven't clarified your ideas on the subject as yet," the visitor suggested smoothly.

"That's it," assented Mr. Beegin eagerly. "I haven't clarified my ideas—just had them, you know. What I wondered was if a man like you couldn't take those ideas and fix 'em up—whip 'em into shape, you understand."

"I understand," said the visitor, and he proceeded to outline to Mr. Beegin just what could be done. He showed him how through a whipping-into-shape process and for a certain honorarium Mr. Beegin's ideas could be made of public importance without doubt; and if perchance Mr. Beegin was too busy to have ideas—or didn't have any—ideas might be supplied for him and expert training given as to how those ideas might be promulgated—set before the public, in other words.

Beegin's Career in Expert Hands

The upshot of it was that Mr. Beegin came to terms with his visitor, and at that moment the public career of John J. Beegin began. There were several conferences at which the suave expert inquired into Mr. Beegin's fundamentals along lines of national and international matters, found out where Mr. Beegin was grounded and what he liked and what he didn't like—assayed Mr. Beegin and took liberal samples of the raw materials—which were very raw.

A few days later Mr. Beegin was surprised and delighted to find himself quoted in the morning papers in company with Thwackhammer, Winterbottom and Tittleberry on the most recent proposition for the return of the railroads by the Government to their private owners. He read the interview several times. It was a clear, forceful, concise statement of what Mr. Beegin discovered he believed when he found he had said it in an interview, but what had been hazy and unformed in his mind before that moment. It was a good interview. That morning as he went into a board meeting he was told by two of his colleagues that they had seen his interview and were impressed by the clear-headedness of it, and that afternoon a marked copy of an afternoon paper was sent to him wherein the dominant thought in his interview had been made the basis for approving editorial comment.

Mr. Beegin was considerably elated over this, and kept copies of the papers on his desk to be referred to when visitors came in. Also he learned the interview word for word and brought conversations round so he could recite it from time to time. After the second day he considered it as his own production. A week from the following Sunday Mr. Beegin appeared in a symposium of "Leaders of Thought" that a Sunday newspaper featured. His name was signed to a five-hundred-word article on the necessity of the resumption of production if the world is to be stabilized. He read the article six times. It was an excellent, measured, temperate, intelligent presentation of an obvious fact. Mr. Beegin endorsed every word of it and told his friends on Monday that it was a little thing he had dashed off at the request of the editor, who wanted the best thought on the proposition. His friends said it was good.

In the following fortnight Mr. Beegin had a letter to the editor on the editorial page of the leading newspaper discussing the fall in foreign exchange and what it means in terms of the financial situation of the United States, and an interview on the proposed nationalization of mines by Great Britain. He also received a letter from a conservative weekly asking for an article setting forth his views on the proposed budget system as applied to Congressional appropriations. He sent the letter over to the office of his view-giver, and later found that John J. Beegin, "the eminent financier," had clearly expressed, conservative and interesting opinions on the budget question, which were well displayed in the conservative weekly. The leading quotation weekly reprinted some of this and commented on it.

These preliminaries were followed by an article in a magazine on the inflation of the currency, a discussion of the bonded indebtedness of foreign countries in a financial supplement, a long and most scholarly comparison of the fiscal policies of Great Britain and the United States in another weekly and by various interviews on current topics, especially those having a financial trend.

After-Dinner Oratory

"You see," said the author of Mr. Beegin's various outgivings on these various subjects, "as you are a financier we've got to break ground with stuff that comes naturally in line with your experience. As soon as we get you established that way we can cut loose on any topic you desire."

"Shall I make any speeches?" Mr. Beegin asked.

"All you like," was the reply. "I'll arrange one presently if you wish."

Mr. Beegin thought that would be fine, though he had many tremors over his ability to talk on his feet. He confided some of these fears to his mentor.

"You won't have to talk," he was told. "When the topic is important all these great men read their speeches. I'll fix one up for you and you can practice reading it until you have it down pat. After that there's nothing to it."

The opportunity came when there was a dinner in New York of a large collection of financiers from all parts of the country. Mr. Beegin, in view of his rather constant appearance in print, was invited to make an address to these financiers. He made one. It was half-an hour in length and was a well-considered discussion of a phase of international banking relations. Mr. Beegin was handed the copy of his address four days before the date of delivery, and—schooled by his mentor—read and reread it until he could give it the proper declamatory effect and was thoroughly familiar with what he was saying in it. He made a good appearance on the night of the dinner, read his address acceptably, was decorously applauded and found a skillful half-column condensation of it in the papers next morning. Some of it went out on the wire, he was told.

After that Mr. Beegin began to receive invitations to make addresses before gatherings of various sorts. He referred these to his mentor, who selected three and declined the others. On each of these occasions Mr. Beegin acquitted himself creditably, had a well-considered paper and was most conventional in his ideas, thereby procuring applause from the best people.

The development of Mr. Beegin after he had reached this point of progress was a mere matter of manipulation. He was invited to make addresses in Chicago, St. Louis, Boston and once made a trip to San Francisco to speak to an important gathering of Western men. His mentor chose carefully for him, rejecting invitations from lesser bodies and accepting those consonant with the dignity and position of Mr. Beegin. The mentor aligned Mr. Beegin on one side or the other of every current matter that was of sufficient note to receive extensive newspaper discussion. He put Mr. Beegin discreetly into politics and made him champion many popular reforms, but never arrayed him against his own class and always held him like a rock for the vested interests. Mr. Beegin's collection of newspaper cuttings containing references to his public utterances and the reports of the utterances became extensive. He was chary with his interviews, giving none save by appointment and preparing what he had to say in advance—that is, having what he had to say prepared for him. He picked and chose now among the periodicals that sought articles from his pen, and had been quoted several times in Congressional debates. The crowning point of his career

Young Men's Clothes

Just a little extra "kick"—

snap, pep, or whatever *you* call the optimism and red-blooded vim of youth—distinguish these new clothes—make them *different*.

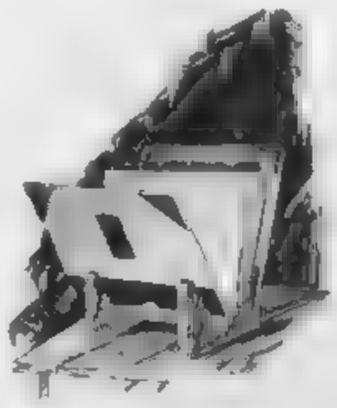
"Born and bred" in New York, they fairly hum with the ***"Dress-up"*** air of the world's fashion centre.

You'll like the *new longer* coats, the *new higher* and snugger waists, and *new* all around belts. And you'll like the beautiful colorful fabrics and the rich silk linings.

There's a dealer in your town or near you who carries the New Production made in the city of New York by

Cohen & Lang
707-709 Broadway, New York

Write for your dealer's name, and attractive fashion cards showing *all* the good new styles



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YOUR bookkeeper is only as good as his tools. Baker-Vawter methods and devices have shown many an executive new short cuts to greater efficiency and accuracy in his accounting department. You may have some problem our representatives could help you solve.

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"Brother Bears Kazoo, I Want Them Too!"

All *real* boys resent wearing girlish garments of any description. Get *your* boys

KAZOO

A Support for Pants and Hose

Makes clothes set right. Keeps stockings smooth. Saves rubbing, mending and button-sewing. Keeps boys looking trim.

HARRIS SUSPENDER CO

came when by virtue of an address of his on the housing problem he was invited—with Thwackhammer, Winterbottom, Tittleberry and Dusenheimer—to a conference at the White House, where he read a paper on "Some Aspects of the Housing Problem With Reference to the Labor Situation." Then both Mr. Beegin and Mr. Beegin's mentor felt that he had arrived.

At the present time John J. Beegin is a most important personage. He gives vent to weighty solutions of weighty problems at frequent intervals, all of which solutions are prepared for him under contract. He appears on programs of conferences, congresses, conventions and deliberations. Once or twice he has felt the urge to prepare addresses himself, but discovered that what he wrote down was mere parroting of what had formerly been written for him. On a hideous occasion a reporter caught him on a train away from the source of supply and he talked to the reporter and was quoted verbatim. It took his paid mentor two weeks to straighten out the mess John J. Beegin got himself into on that occasion and involved a flat denial by Mr. Beegin that he had said to the reporter what Beegin knew in his heart he had said. Mr. Beegin grew as a publicist and as a prominent citizen, as a man of moment in the nation, as a voice of conservative progress, as a contributor to the best thought of the day—grew in celebrity and importance. He became one of those exalted personages whose views are always sought, and already was one of those assiduous personages whose views are always given whether they are sought or not—nothing important got by without an illumination by Mr. Beegin, at first contributed and, as he grew, solicited.

John J. Beegin is a real person, but Beegin isn't his real name. If I were to mention that it would be recognized instantly by newspaper and magazine readers, by conference and congress and convention attenders as that of one of our leading thinkers along economic, financial, sociological and high political lines, who is widely versed both in national and international affairs and who speaks on them with no uncertain sound. Personally he is the same John J. Beegin he was when he had nothing but money to recommend him, and mentally he is the same John J. Beegin also. All there is to John J. Beegin is that he has been skillfully sold to the American people by a most astute and intelligent expert in that line.

Ghosted Into Prominence

That is all there is to a considerable number of other John J. Beegins. Thwackhammer and Galumphus and Winterbottom and Tittleberry and Dusenheimer and many more are real persons who have been exploited into unreal personages—ghosted into prominence and position by men working behind them and for them, preparing their public utterances, thinking for them and getting them the publicity they feed on and live for—for a price. They gratify their vanity at the expense of the public, who—not knowing any better—take what they say as their own and hold them in esteem thereby.

Any man who knows what is going on in New York, in Boston, in Washington, in Chicago and elsewhere can call the roll of these humbugs, and so can any man who knows the inside of publicity in London and Paris. The success they attain as voices to be heeded is in no way due to their own mentalities, but to their money and to the skillful manipulation of the men behind them, the ghosters who supply the brains they lack and procure them the publicity they crave. They even have books written for them and put those books out as of their authorship. They collect their addresses and bind them for the benefit of posterity—addresses written for them at so much a yard.

The reason they flourish is twofold. The first side of it is the name fetish that prevails so largely in editorial minds, a curious sort of a publishing snobbery that thinks that the publication is helped if it includes a contribution from a "name." The great popularity of the signed statement in certain newspapers is due to this species of snobbery. It had its inception, not because the persons who gave the signed statements had statements to make of any particular importance but because the men who foisted this bogus feature of journalism on the public thought they as publishers and editors were helped when persons with "names" used their publications as the mediums for their communications. Then too if a man or a woman has attained a predominating success in any line the theory seems to be that that success makes that person competent to discuss any topic whatsoever, whether related to his or her particular line of activity or thought or not; and in the same way if a man gets to a big position he is tapped for opinion on the assumption that the fact he is in the position gives him mental concept of the problems of the day. That of course is merely the position talking—and not the man.

For example, there is a man in this country who has great acclaim as a thinker along certain helpful lines—helpful to the masses, you know, and particularly helpful to the men who are trying to run the Government. He travels about making ponderous comment on ponderous matters and getting publicity therefor, said ponderous comment being written for him to the last syllable by a competent person in a back room. This man holds a big position and doubtless knows his business therein, but that fact does not entitle him to attempt to advise and instruct the American people on all topics related to their financial, political, economic and moral conditions and salvations. However, he gets away with it because he holds the job he does, and he is put into print on that basis—as bogus a Messiah as we have ever known, albeit the man who writes the stuff for him is a clever citizen, a former newspaper man, who has a good mind and a skillful pen.

The Richer the Wiser?

The other side of the reason for it and the prevalence of it is that curious phase of the human mind that makes a successful man think because he is successful at one thing he must necessarily be a success at all things and worthy of heed. It has been referred to in this article as noticeable in the millionaire tribe. Its first development is in the matter of art. Seven out of every ten very rich men set themselves up as authorities in art as soon as they have money to buy any of it, and starting there they assume that the garnering of their money has given them insight into all other phases of human endeavor and knowledge. A man worth twenty millions is twice as wise in his own conceit as a man worth ten, and so on up. If you happen to know a multimillionaire, talk with him on any subject and you will learn that he assumes himself an authority on all subjects and entitled to set forth opinions thereupon—because he is worth a lot of money. Hence these men, hiring other men who have the skill and the information to make them coherently articulate, proceed to become our leaders of thought, our advisers on national and international affairs.

It often is the same in politics, though the politician usually has the power to express himself by himself. However, the actual supplying of candidates with all their platform utterances, communications to the public, statements on issues, interviews and ideas is not so uncommon as to be unique—and that goes from President down to candidates of a far lesser degree. There was a notable instance in an important city in this country not so long ago. The boss of one of the parties selected as his candidate for mayor a little-known man who had only a limited public experience. The brightest and best publicity expert on the staff of that boss was sent over to assay the candidate for public-appearance purposes. He came back and reported: "Boss, if you let that man say ten words of his own construction we are gone. He must not say a word that is not supplied to him—not a word! I tried to talk to him about the issues of this campaign and about politics and city government in general and he doesn't know as much about such things as you know about the king of Khorasan—which is nothing. I'll write every word he will say, or we are beaten."

Whereupon that boss sent word to that candidate that all his utterances during the campaign would be provided and that if he said anything on any topic of his own inspiration he would surely be beaten; and whereupon that publicity man and his assistants wrote every speech, every interview, every comment, every letter that candidate put forth during that campaign. Oftentimes when the pressure was great the candidate would be held in his automobile until the messenger with the typed

(Concluded on Page 65)

LEVERAGE

Leverage enables small weights to lift big loads—small power to exert great effort.

Torbensen Internal Gear is the leverage principle logically applied to the driving of a truck.

Torbensen drives at the wheel and near the rim.

Whether tugging through mud or running at high speed, Torbensen Drive delivers maximum engine power to wheels with lowest consumption of gas and oil.

POWRLOK
"More than a differential"
Prevents stalling or skidding provided either rear wheel has traction

The internal gear principle permits us to use a small jackshaft, small bearings and a forged I-Beam axle which, although unbreakable, is light in weight.

There is a total saving of over 250 pounds unsprung weight. One pound of unsprung weight is equivalent to nine pounds, carried above the springs, in its effect on tires. Torbensen saves Tires.

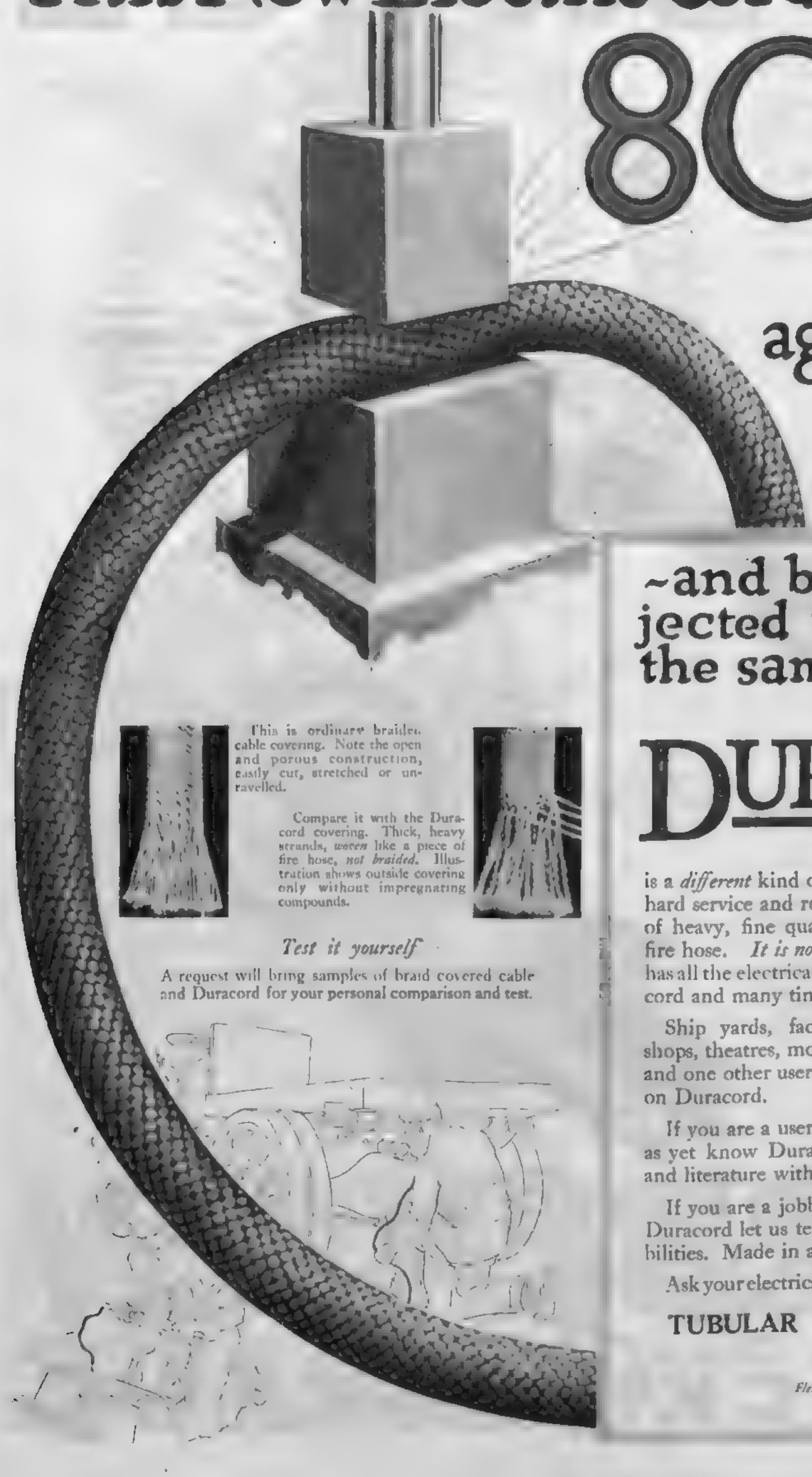
Torbensen keeps down repair bills, stays on the job and saves money—that is why more Torbensens are in service than any other type of truck rear axle.

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.
Makers of Front and Rear Truck Axles
CLEVELAND, OHIO

TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

This New Electric Cord withstood 80 Hammer Blows against 5 for ordinary cable



This is ordinary braided cable covering. Note the open and porous construction, easily cut, stretched or unravelled.

Compare it with the Duracord covering. Thick, heavy strands, *woven* like a piece of fire hose, *not braided*. Illustration shows outside covering only without impregnating compounds.

Test it yourself

A request will bring samples of braid covered cable and Duracord for your personal comparison and test.

~and both were subjected to identically the same test.

DURACORD

TRADE-MARK

is a *different* kind of a portable electric cord made for hard service and rough usage. It has a special cover of heavy, fine quality cotton *woven* like a piece of fire hose. *It is not braided.* (See illustrations.) It has all the electrical strength of ordinary braid covered cord and many times the mechanical strength.

Ship yards, factories, industrial plants, railway shops, theatres, moving picture studios and a hundred and one other users of portable cord are standardizing on Duracord.

If you are a user of portable electric cord and don't as yet know Duracord we will gladly send samples and literature without obligation.

If you are a jobber or dealer and are not handling Duracord let us tell you of its wonderful sales possibilities. Made in all sizes for every purpose.

Ask your electrical jobber about Duracord or write us.

TUBULAR WOVEN FABRIC CO.
Pawtucket, R. I.

Makers of Duraduct
Flexible Non-Metallic Conduit

(Concluded from Page 62)

speeches for him could reach him. He obeyed orders, was called a man with a good conception of the city's needs and was elected. His utterances since he became mayor show that the publicity man was right, and he sold that candidate to the people—not the boss but the publicity man.

There never was—couldn't be—a greater exemplification of this selling men to the public than during the war. Washington was the headquarters for it, though there was plenty of it elsewhere. The judicious have thought that that was one of the most devastating effects of the war so far as the future of this country is concerned, because once a man gets this public appearance and public-voice inoculation he never recovers, and many a decent, respectable, close-mouthed citizen was changed into a humbug haranguer by the publicity processes of the war, never again to rest content without rising to make his remarks on any topic at any time. They never recover, once they get a taste of it.

We observed of the great number of eminent Americans who hastened to Washington to help win the war a very considerable proportion who apparently were obsessed by the idea that the way to win the war was to talk without end, with action incidental. These men rose on every occasion and emitted many well-chosen remarks, not forgetting to point out their own tremendous helpfulness therein, which were carefully and skillfully prepared for them by the writing boys in the rear rooms; emitted scores and scores of articles on the conduct of affairs signed by themselves as authors and all supplied by the press departments; deluged and drowned the country in words and opinion and claim and boast; had a wild oratorical and auctorial carnival; spent hundreds of thousands of dollars foisting these self-seekers on the country. They called it all propaganda. Some of it was, for the men who were doing the preswork knew their business in that way, but most of it wasn't written with any other end in view than the glorification of the limelighters; most of it was not what the pressmen deemed best but what the men who hired it demanded—the selling of themselves to the people as great war geniuses, great business geniuses, great constructive and organizing and executive geniuses. The idea was that public service is for public mention, and he counted himself as serving his country best who got his name in the newspapers oftenest.

The press-cutting bureaus either moved to Washington or established branches there in order to be near their greatest number of customers. There were more press agents, publicity experts and propagandists gathered together in Washington during the war than ever were assembled before in any one place whatsoever; handy boys who exploited their chiefs and thus bred a tremendous addition to the Beegins with whom this country evermore will be afflicted.

What all this cost the people in money has not yet been computed and probably never will be; and what it will cost them in being bored, deafened, harangued and harassed by these publicity-made, publicity-fevered publicity addicts is incalculable.

The list of pompous, heavy-minded, serious-visaged uninformed persons who have been sold to the people as worthy of heed in matters of national or international concern would contain a good many names that are popularly deemed consequential—consequential when considered in the light of the poses, pronouncements and advertising of the owners of those names. So skillfully has this been done that not many but the handy boys in the back rooms writing the speeches and articles and statements and interviews know how inconsequential those names really are.

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 18)

"Do you think that the committee have found you out?"

"No, I scarcely think so."

"Then I will see that they do." And he proceeded in his peculiarly subtle way to undo all that we had done, prolonging the session twenty-four hours.

He was an able man and a lovable man. The missing ingredient was sincere conviction. Just after the nomination of the Breckenridge and Lane presidential ticket in 1860 I heard him make an ultra-Southern speech from Mr. Breckenridge's doorway.

"What do you think of that?" I asked Andrew Johnson, who stood by me.

And Johnson answered sharply, with an oath: "I never like a man to be for me more than I am for myself."

I have been told that even at home General Butler could never acquire the public confidence.

He was charitable, generous and amiable. The famous New Orleans order which had made him odious to the women of the South he had issued to warn bad women and protect good women. Assuredly he did not foresee the interpretation that would be put upon it. He was personally popular in Congress. When he came to Washington he dispensed a lavish hospitality. Such radical Democrats as Beck and Knott did not disdain his company, became indeed his familiars. Yet, curious to relate, a Kentucky Congressman of the period lost his seat because it was charged and proved that he had ridden in a carriage to the White House with the Yankee Boanerges on a public occasion.

III

MERE party issues never counted seriously with me, I have read too much and seen too much. At my present time of life they count not at all. I used to think that there was a principle involved between the dogmas of Free Trade and Protection as they were preached by their respective attorneys. Yet what was involved except the ancient, everlasting scheme.

The good old rule . . . the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

How little wisdom one man may get from another man's counsels, one nation may get from another nation's history, can be partly computed when we reflect how often our personal experience has failed in warning admonition.

Temperament and circumstance do indeed cut a prodigious figure in life. Traversing the older countries, especially Spain, the most illustrative, the wayfarer is met at all points by what seems not merely the logic of events but the common law of the inevitable. The Latin of the sixteenth century was a recrudescence of the Roman of the first. He had not, like the Mongolian, lived long enough to become a stoic. He was mainly a cynic and an adventurer. Thence he flowered into a sybarite. Coming to great wealth with the discoveries of Columbus and the conquests of Pizarro and Cortes he proceeded to enjoy its fruits according to his fancy and the fashion of the times.

He erected massive shrines to his deities. He reared noble palaces. He built about his cathedrals and his castles what were then thought to be great cities, walled and fortified. He was, for all his self-sufficiency and pride, short-sighted; and yet, until they arrived, how could he foresee the developments of artillery? They were as hidden from him as three centuries later the wonders of electricity were hidden from us.

IV

I WAS never a Free Trader. I stood for a tariff for revenue as the least oppressive and safest support of Government. The protective system in the United States, responsible for our unequal distribution of wealth, took at least its name from Spain, and the Robber Barons, as I used to call the Protectionists of Pennsylvania, were not of immediate German origin.

Truth to say, both on land and water Spain has made a deal of history, and the front betwixt Gibraltar and San Fernando—Tangier on one side of the strait and Tarifa on the other—Cape Trafalgar, where Nelson fought the famous battle, midway between them—has had its share.

Tarifa! What memories it invokes! In the olden and golden days of primitive man, before corporation lawyers had learned how to frame pillaging statutes, and rascally politicians to bamboozle confiding constituencies—thus I used to put it—the gentle pirates of Tarifa laid broad and deep the foundations for the Protective System in the United States.

It was a fruitful as well as a congenial theme, and I rang all the changes on it. To take by law from one man what is his and give it to another man who has not earned

An Outfit That Builds Wagons, Coasters, Gliders, etc.

With my new wheel toy outfits, and only a screwdriver and wrench for tools, any boy can make the strongest kind of husky painted wagons, racers, gliders, coasters, wheelbarrows, baggage trucks and many other toys.

The outfits include four steel wheels that are patented steel, and iron steel parts—everything needed. The popular $10 set ($15 in Canada) contains gears and pinions to make a real geared power racer. Then there's a $6 set, $5 in Canada, and a big $15 set ($22.50 in Canada) which has many added parts.

BIG PRIZE CONTEST—I have started a free toy building contest for boys and girls with a Shetland pony or a buckboard as first prize, and a hundred other prizes. And besides a free copy of my boys' book, the Gilbert Toy catalog sent on request.

A. C. Gilbert, President
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GILBERT OUTDOOR WHEEL TOY

Shelltex Rimmed
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EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

Always look as though made for you alone when your optical specialist fits the right style; and there are many styles of Shur-on Spectacles or Eyeglasses from which a selection may be made.

Quality Beyond Question

E. Kirstein Sons Company
Established 1864 Rochester, N. Y.

Argonne
an ARROW
FORM-FIT
COLLAR for Fall
A·SMART·FORM-FITTING·SATISFACTORY·COLLAR
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it and has no right to it, I showed to be an invention of the Moors, copied by the Spaniards and elevated thence into political economy by the Americans.

Tarifa took its name from Tarif-Ben-Malik, the most enterprising Robber Baron of his day, and thus the Lords of Tarifa were the progenitors of the Robber Barons of the Black Forest, New England and Pittsburgh. Tribute was the name the Moors gave their robbery, which was open and aboveboard.

The coal kings, the steel kings and the oil kings of the modern world have contrived to hide the process; but in Spain the palaces of their forefathers rise in lonely and solemn grandeur just as a thousand years hence the palaces upon the Fifth Avenue side of Central Park and along Riverside Drive, not to mention those of the Schuylkill and the Delaware, may become but roosts for bats and owls, and the chronicler of the anthropophagi, "whose heads do reach the skies," may tell how the voters of the great republic were bought and sold with their own money, until "Heaven released the legions north of the North Pole, and they swooped down and crushed the pulpy mass beneath their avenging snowshoes."

The gold that was gathered by the Spaniards and fought over so valiantly is scattered to the four ends of the earth. It may be as potent to-day as then; but it does not seem nearly so heroic. A good deal of it has found its way to London, which a short century and a half ago "had not," according to Adam Smith, "sufficient wealth to compete with Cadiz." We have acquired our full share without fighting for it.

Thus all things come to him who contrives and waits.

Meanwhile, there are groups and rings. And likewise leaders and bosses. What do they know or care about the origins of wealth, about Venice; about Cadiz; about what is said of Wall Street? The Spanish Main was long ago stripped of its pillage. The buccaneers took themselves off to keep company with the vikings. Yet, away down in those money chests, once filled with what were pieces of eight and ducats and doubloons, who shall say that spirits may not lurk and ghosts walk, one old freebooter whispering to another old freebooter: "They order these things better in the States!"

■

I HAVE enjoyed hugely my several sojourns in Spain. The Spaniard is unlike any other European. He may not make you love him, but you are bound to respect him.

There is a mansion in Seville known as The House of Pontius Pilate because part of the remains of the abode of the Roman governor was brought from Jerusalem and used in a building suited to the dignity of a Spanish grandee who was also a Lord of Tarifa. The Duke of Medina Celi, its present owner, is a lineal scion of the old piratical crew. It is filled with the fruits of many a foray. There is plunder from Naples, where one ancestor was viceroy; there are treasures from the temples of the Aztecs and the Incas, where two other ancestors ruled.

Its owner is poor. A caretaker shows it for a peseta a head. To such base uses may we come at last. Yet Seville basks in the sun and smiles on the flashing waters of the Guadalquivir, and Cadiz sits serene upon the green hillsides of San Sebastian, just as if nothing had ever happened—neither the Barber and Carmen nor Nelson and Byron; the past but a phantom; the present the prosiest of prose poems.

There are canny Spaniards even as there are canny Scots, who grow rich and prosper; but there is never a Spaniard who does not regard the political fabric and the laws as fair game, the rule being always "devil take the hindmost," community of interest nowhere. "The good old vices of Spain"—that is, the robbing of the lesser rogue by the greater in regulated gradations, all the way from the king to the beggar—are as prevalent as ever.

Curiously enough, a tiny stream of Hebraic blood and Moorish blood still trickles through the Spanish coast towns. It may be traced through the nomenclature, spite of its Castilian prefigurations and appendixes. This would account in some sort for the enterprise and activity that show themselves, albeit only by fits and starts.

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

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OUR AMERICAN MUSIC MAKERS

(Continued from Page 15)

The result of this sudden turning of the white eager light of publicity on American music, the works of living American composers, was the unavoidable revealing, among a mass of astonishing items, of two sharply defined facts. The first and most vitally significant was that after a century or more of unlimited deference to European thought and artistic prejudice we have at last dared to find a musical expression that is typically native; that at length we have a small but lusty band of music writers, who believing in their country and inspired by their inbred love for her have had the courage to put into their music some of the optimistic vitality, the dominating forceful character of her people.

The other item is not so cheerful, for it deals with the undeniable fact that the majority of our composers, even those who occupy the high places in our musical life, are giving us in the name of a genuine American article typically Teutonic music rehashed—a circumstance that is after all only the direct result of our years of bowing down before the god of German music. When Europe said we had no music, no art, we hastened to assure her that we were painfully aware of the deplorable deficiency. In a way we resembled the vulgar housewife who greets her guests with a thousand excuses for her imaginary shortcomings as a housekeeper. And our guests, not quite sure of their own ability, having indulged at home in hot arguments and brawls about the proper way of doing things, were delighted to unite in deriding the efforts of someone who so openly invited their contempt.

Naturally this earnest band of composers, among whose number was that excellent gentleman who so roused our clergyman friend with his Suite Tragique, would deny the vile accusation of plagiarism vehemently if confronted with it. They would wax hotly indignant and dwell with great detail on the many things they had done for the cause of American music.

German-American Music

They have implicit faith that their own music is the direct result of heaven-born inspiration and only certain habits of dignity keep them from flying at one with a wild scream and scratching one's eyes out for the blasphemy that their art is nothing but an imitation given in a rather stiff declamatory style of the music of various living or dead Europeans. They tearfully reject the atrocious idea that their years of German apprenticeship have molded the stodgy forms of their art. But as they disturb the adjacent atmosphere with their earnest refutations one wonders if they have ever really listened to their own music. When they hear one of their symphonies—our composers seem to run to the more pretentious musical forms—played by one of the orchestras do these self-styled American composers hear any plain-spoken blunt Americanism there? Any of that outrageously audacious humor of ours that dares to laugh at the world and all it contains—including ourselves? Any of that impetuous eagerness, that impulsive little rush with which every American goes after life? Any of the delicious characteristic impudence—any of the bigness of our people? Does he hear one note of that? He does not! He hears instead the braggadocio, the mawkishness, the innate sensuality masking under blatant sentimentality—that characterize German music.

It is not all his fault. The American composer has been trained so long to lick the boots of European art that for the most part his incorrigible plagiarism is unconscious.

Before the war brought about its unpopularity their thorough assimilation of the Old-World school was the boast of American musicians. They even advertised their deflection to the European ideals in art. They did not say that they had studied and traveled abroad that their artistic outlook might be broader, that in learning the art of different countries and peoples they might return to their own better equipped to build a new art which would hold, caught in imperishable music, something of the vitality and rich inspiration of America. They made no statement even remotely resembling anything like that. Instead they dwelt lovingly on the fact that their European study enabled them to give such a perfect imitation of the foreign product that no one could distinguish it from the original. It was in this laudable patriotic strain that they advertised until the war changed their policy. Since then they have made a complete about-face. They are exponents of nothing but the pure American article now.

But however we may rail at the want of inspiration or originality of these blind followers of the European label, we must admit that they have done much for our art by transplanting to these shores the routine of musical writing, the knowledge of the technic of musical composition that has been dug out painfully bit by bit by our diligent friends across the water. Because of this acquired sagacity our musicians are not so prone to make themselves ridiculous as they once were by expounding learnedly about things concerning which they have not the slightest technical understanding.

Unfingered Phrases

We have always been more or less inclined to grab our artistic knowledge on the run—a phrase here, a term there, or a bit of distorted theory—from the days of our New England forefathers, when adventurous composers talked and wrote at great length concerning that type of musical composition known as the fugue when they would not have recognized one if they had suddenly met it in the middle of the street, down to the present day when they rant about the so-called modern musical idiom.

That there are unexpected pitfalls in such a haphazard sort of knowledge goes without saying. There was the trying experience of two certain violinists who were fairly well known locally and who depended more on their wit and an inborn facility to carry them through their music than any real erudition. One day, desiring to make a vast impression on a rather exclusive coterie of friends, they started a grotesque and violent argument concerning the method employed by a certain artist to produce a dazzling effect in one passage of a stunt piece in violin literature. Started in a spirit of braggadocio, it developed—as arguments have a foolish fashion of doing—into a point of honor with each of them to prove that he was in the right. So when that artist played in their particular town the two were among the most conspicuous of his audience, determined to settle this burning question now and forever. At the end of his program the artist played the much-discussed number in his usual brilliant fashion, and as the two friends left the hall the one said to the other complacently:

"You see, he did just what I told you he did. That fingering ——"

"Nothing of the sort!" retorted the other indignantly. "I noticed particularly that he used my fingering."

"Well, I'll tell you how we'll settle this once and for all. We'll go back and ask him what fingering he used."

So they hurried back stage to catch the artist before he went to his hotel. They found him just leaving, and the first of the pair put the seething question.

"We've been having an argument, my friend and I, about the fingering you used in that polonaise you played this afternoon. I say you do it one way and he says you do it another. So to settle it we came to you. Now, will you tell us what fingering you did use in this part?" He hummed a snatch.

The artist looked at him blankly a moment.

"You mean that ugly bit of variation that comes just before the end? I'm sorry I cannot tell you much about that. You see I never play it. I never have."

The credit for the rapidly diminishing number of the above refreshing type of musician, who is confirmed in his own mind of his ability to hear the grass grow, is due to these earnest gentlemen, unconscious plagiarists, perhaps lacking in brilliance and initiative, who have brought us the Old-World routine, its highly developed technic of musical writing.

Concerning that inane fallacy that art is universal and knows no nationality—that it or its creator cannot be influenced by his country or environment—it needs only to be said that unprejudiced scrutiny of the works of famous composers will put that puffling conceit where it belongs with other frivolous fairy tales. Perhaps through the earlier compositions of a noted music maker will run the tawdry thread of the worship of foreign gods, but the masterpieces that made his greatness will mirror perfectly the period and country in which he lived. The composers themselves have always been the first to acknowledge and take great pride in this influence.

It was Beethoven who said that the Magic Flute was Mozart's greatest work because in it he became at last the true German composer.

But nationalism is not the prerogative of music alone, for go deeply into any literature and you will find that it reflects the politics, the religion, the morals, not of the world but of the tiny scrap of acreage in which its author had his being.

A few American composers—those whom European music did not hypnotize—have at last discovered the truth that the greatest musicians have been the most zealous patriots, and no longer hurry abroad to bring back a poor imitation of Continental ideas in music. Realizing that no matter how scholarly and carefully polished an imitation is it is never anything but a weak-kneed excuse, the farsighted American music maker has begun to give us—perhaps not so much in the larger forms, he has hardly had time for that, as in his songs and smaller orchestral numbers—a distinct, splendid, new music whose inspiration could only be drawn from the vital complex life of America.

With Tom-Tom and War Whoop

It has been the favorite indoor pastime of musicians during former years, when this national musical idiom existed only in theory, to prophesy what the chief characteristics of this new school would be. Would it be interwoven with the dull insistent rhythm of the Indian's music or would it be only an elaboration of the plaintive brooding melodies of our Ethiopian friends?

With the firm belief that one or the other would finally be accepted as representative American music many musicians have spent a vast amount of time in rehashing Indian and negro themes. In attempting to create a national expression in music they apparently forgot that anything pertaining so closely to the inner, the spiritual life of a country cannot be made.

Their most strenuous efforts to foist the idiom of the aborigines and the black man onto the public as American music have been met with vast indifference on the part of that enlightened gentry. To the average man the Indian has become more or less a highly colored legend. And so far as their melodies, their songs, are concerned he would not recognize them as Indian unless they were labeled or at least accompanied by the stereotyped war whoop and the rhythmic tom-tom. The plain unvarnished tunes of the red man are dependent entirely on drama of some sort to make them impressive.

The most successful composers who have used Indian themes have not been successful because of any striking beauty of their material but because they have given to those endless, characterless tunes an infinite richness of dramatic background that brought them out in vigorous silhouette. Aside from the melodic sterility of the Indian, if one will only look at the human gulf between the typical American and the Indian he will readily understand why anything so remote from our national life can never be representative of our music or anything else.

Our Unhallowed Jazz

Most people admit—with the exception of those with whom Indian music is a hobby—that it has had and will have little influence on our real national music. But about that of the negro they are not so sure. In contrast to the Indian, negro music has very strong poignant melodies. Also no one would ever fail to recognize their origin. Essentially simple and primitive music, it appeals to the senses. It has that catch in it, that sweeping dramatic flavor that grips the imagination and clings to the memory. It is as distinct and individual as any other folk music—Suwanee River is as vital to us as the Scotch Annie Laurie—and it is music that is undoubtedly the direct result of American environment on the African, for if left in his native land the negro would never have developed music of such power and pathos even had he lingered there a thousand years.

Negro music has been a rich source of inspiration to many composers, and oddly enough most of them have been of foreign birth.

In fact practically the first composer who brought darky tunes into popularity took a number of their old melodies and paraded them about in a highly pretentious work all dressed up and scandalously disguised in Bohemian clothes.

Undoubtedly the negro will always have his place in our musical life because of the richness of his idiom, but it will be a place peculiarly his own. His music will always be accepted and delighted in, but with the exception perhaps of a hint of the weird accenting and a little peculiar plaintive fashion he has of slurring his notes together—which are in reality the distinguishing features of any primitive music and do not belong exclusively to that of the Ethiopian—we shall find in our real national music no more influence of the negro than of the red man.

Having eliminated the Indian and the negro from our national music to the satisfaction of ourselves and the indignation of their champions, we must hasten to offer something in their stead. If one finds a definite fragment, a distinct reminiscence of any supposedly typical music in this refreshing new art of ours it is a spicy tang, a dizzy left-over from our base and unhallowed jazz. According to the degrees of our delusion or the depths of our hypocrisy, we shall be outraged, insulted or merely amused by such a suggestion.

But after having gone through the motions of incredulity, amazement, chagrin or amusement most of us will admit the inevitableness of such a thing. Music, we are told, must give expression to life, to the exhilaration of love and laughter or the bitter pain of hate and death. Therefore is it particularly remarkable that a little of the essence of that intoxicating musical vulgarity that has held all of us in our giddier moments in its reckless spell should creep into our higher forms of art? Not

(Concluded on Page 70)

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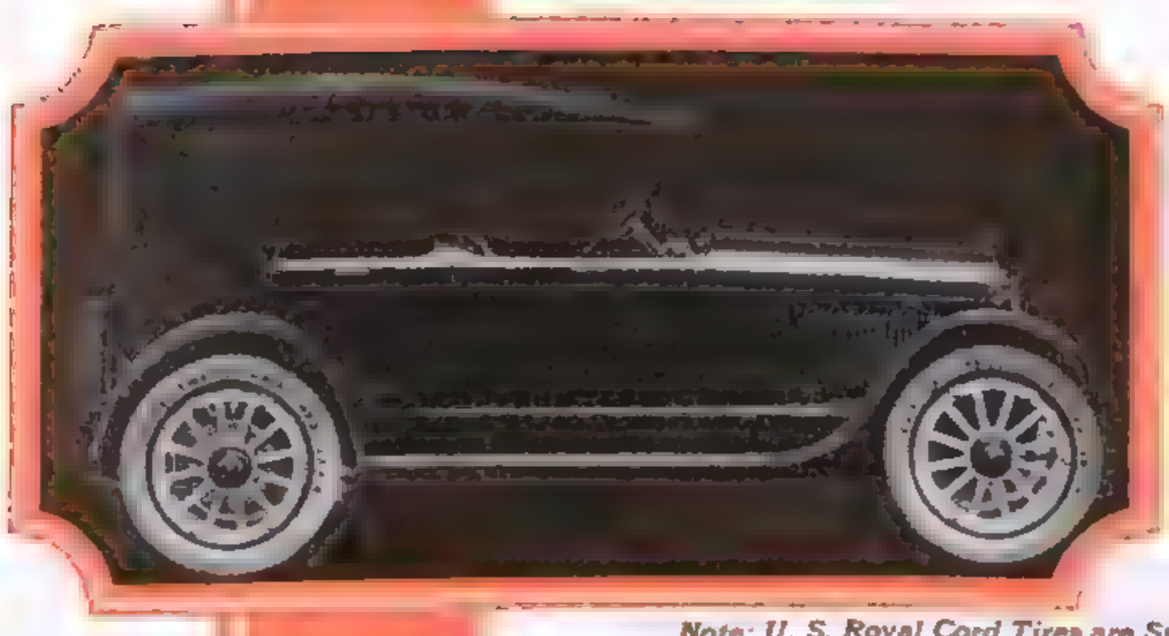

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THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES

(Concluded from Page 68)

being sectional, as is the music of the negro or alien, as is that of the Indian, it has flourished as boldly in the North as in the South and lures alike the New Yorker and the Californian.

Having been told by our betters that jazz simply is not done musically, we are a little ashamed of its hold on us, and certain it is that its origin is far from savory. Coming more or less straight from those exciting heathen who infest sundry remote islands about which the films have done so much to enlighten us, it could hardly fit into the musical ideal of an esthete. Everyone knows of those charming fuzzy-haired gentry who gather together when the mood strikes them and indulge in wild dances to the thumping of the heathen drum and the whanging away on the clangorous cymbal. And when they get worked up to a suitable point of fervor each bursts into ecstatic song with a cheerful disregard of his neighbors' efforts, every little private solo blending together in an impressive whole of syncopated rhythms and weird harmonies.

Certain enterprising musicians have attended these tribal dances when the opportunity offered and for their own amusement have taken down the whole performance, note for note, much as the court stenographer takes down the testimony. They tell us that our American jazz with its insane twists of rhythm and melody is but a survival of these barbaric ecstasies.

From these genial savages the jazz filtered through to America, paused a moment in the vivid establishments of the old Barbary Coast district, and then oozed its way along until it was the merry companion and bosom friend of our best people. And now we find it has become a regular highbrow, its idiom penetrating the highest forms of music. But it has been the habit of dance music since historic times to wield a most powerful influence on the musical development of its country, and now if we find this audacious shimmy music of ours polluting our highest art forms we should blame ourselves for taking to that sort of dance tunes instead of something reserved and dignified on the order of the stately minuet.

The Junk-Shop Orchestra

Our musical pacifists, particularly those with the Teutonic background, are greatly peeved about this new music of ours. When they occasionally hear some of it they go off and sulk and mutter to themselves. They say it is faulty in form, that its composers have no balance, that the idiom they employ is insane, that it lacks dignity and upsets all standards, and gives in return only an impossible combination of musical ideas. They weep over the good old sentimental twiddle-twaddle of the Happy Hours and Buzzing Bumble Bees type of composition that lies slaughtered in the wake of these insurrectionists. They will tell one that this new type of composer uses music only to express a misguided sense of humor; that like the small bad boy he takes the sublime art and stands it on its head for his amusement.

The meek and humble lowbrow who indites these lines makes no attempt to give a stereotyped résumé of the American composers and their catalogued works; whether they are exponents of the national article or the European imitation; if they are conservatives or moderns or merely addicted to the new freak music. It would be an impossible task, even if he had the moral courage, for nearly everyone nowadays is experiencing the urge to burst into song. Otherwise perfectly sane individuals, who think they can write undying music, are becoming as plentiful as that gallant band who indulge in the aphorism: "I always felt that I could be a writer if I just put my mind to it."

In the course of my prying into the holy of holies of American composition I came across that strange hybrid, the ultra-modern, or freak composer. The things that creature can do to a simple tune! I'm for progress myself and the maligned modern musical idiom has always been a thing of joy to me, but I avoid freak modern music as I do hash—and for the same reasons. One is helpless before it and can only echo the scatterbrain who on hearing its creator paw through one of these feverish compositions for piano and orchestra demanded feebly in the vulgar expressive idiom of the day: "M' Gawd! Who let him out?"

Your rabid modernist takes a simple God-fearing orchestra and lines it up and gives it the once-over. It fills his exotic soul with disgust at its commonplaceness. It has only the usual wood wind, brass and percussion string instruments, or in other words, only the usual number of flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones, drums and other instruments of percussion; violins, violas, cellos and double basses. Its very decorousness fills him with nausea, and with a wild back fling of his nice, long, greasy hair he hies himself to a junk shop to remedy this grievous fault.

He returns with a wind machine that is guaranteed to imitate everything from a Kansas cyclone to a cuddlesome summer zephyr. He displays with pride a weird collection of instruments, some resembling your trusty radiator, but displaying new and fancy coils, others made of pendulous strips of metal hung on frames and warranted to give you anything from the yelp of a Comanche, the howl of a coyote, to the bucolic cowbell and the whir of the useful lawn mower. As he arranges his haul on the orchestra platform a beatific expression replaces the bitter scowl on his face. Its own mother would not recognize it, but the freak composer views this orchestra of his handiwork with nothing but the deepest joy. The puny modernist who set the musical world agape last year with his reckless innovations never in his wildest moments hoped for anything like this.

Noise Without Thought

Having arranged his orchestra he tosses back his locks lightly once more, and with a few well-chosen remarks on modern impressionism and atmosphere gives one last tender look at this product of his fermenting brain and goes forth and buys a new bottle of ink, extra large and extra violet. With it he immediately ruins some perfectly good notepaper, and when the massacre is complete he calls his masterpiece The Love of Three Lemons or The Gum Chewers' Fire Drill. It should be stated right here that if any of his fellow lowbrows consider that the poor worm responsible for these lines is trying to exercise a misguided sense of humor in order to strangle this slander at birth he is referred to any program given by any one of the symphony orchestras in the larger cities during the past few years. When this revised orchestra tackles one of these hectic masterpieces the result resembles nothing so much as the movie orchestra of prehistoric times that attempted faithfully to supply every missing sound or noise for the shadow drama with the sole exception of the human voice, mooing with every cow, tolling with every church bell or registering every comedian's fall. Only perhaps this new orchestra is worse because there is more of it.

At the first public rehearsal of one of these compositions the dignified, cold and professionally intellectual audience listens to the outburst with manifest uneasiness. They wonder if they are being made the victims of some uncouth hoax. The critics look furtively at each other, each waiting for someone else to express the profanity they all feel. But they are all conservatives and cowards. They remember that genius often has not been recognized at first—take Beethoven and Wagner—and perhaps this is genius. So they scowl importantly and say that while the performance is quite a departure from the established order of things, a little startling on first hearing, a distinct innovation in fact, yet they feel on due deliberation that there is something—something in it. Not that they can name it offhand, but they are sure that this gifted young man had a purpose. And right here they should be told that this gifted young man did have a purpose. And that purpose consisted in getting himself before the public in the most spectacular way possible.

They could test his genius that they are so fearful of neglecting by taking away his cowbells and his wind machines and giving him a plain piece of paper, telling him to write in the flame of inspiration vital music that would give expression to some glorious idea, writing it in all the richness of the modern musical idiom if he will, use every new and splendid chord that brings to music what new words bring to language, ask him to give them one clean page of music with a great thought behind it that will live long after his puny life is fable, and in nine cases out of ten he will give them a schoolboy's exercise.

If he could give us one idea, one inspired thought in his music no one would care how many cowbells he used. Every composer has a right to use its pastoral tinkle-tinkle if he considers it indispensable in expressing his musical idea. But this business of using his art as a mere adjunct to its senseless iteration should be eliminated. He should remember that the unsophisticated public considers its pleasant jingle to be the distinctly individual trade-mark, the exclusive property of cows and not musicians, and as such should be regarded with all due respect and reverence.

Many of these freak composers are irresponsible charlatans. The first of their breed was said to be a man who having failed at legitimate music making lighted on the trick of stunt composing. He made a fortune out of it.

After the antics—sometimes amusing, often exasperating—of the futurist composer we come with a feeling of relief to that exponent of the modern music who has dared to turn away from the accepted inanity, the pretty-pretty in music, has left behind the sickening sensuality and the boisterous bragging that are the basis of the music of Wagner and his adherents, and has made his music the eloquent expression of ordinary human beings, of their dreams, ideals, their eager timid hopes and ambitions. He has discovered that without resorting necessarily to the vacuous, inevitable "programme" music can burlesque, be cynical, can capture the soul of humor as well as portray the buzzing of bees or the gusty amorousness of some disreputable old rake of a drunken god. He proves that music can have strength and character as well as be a perfumed sop to the senses.

In this bit of reporting on American music there has been frequent mention of the modern idiom in musical writing. An explanation of the technic of this idiom with its augmented triads, its whole tone scale, its abrupt modulations, its employment of the diatonic scale with the chromatic-chord change has no place here. It is only necessary to say that anyone can recognize modern music by what he will call its discords.

Who cares anyway about the stupid process that builds note by note and phrase by phrase the faultless beauty of an exquisite song? Who wants to be shown in all their trite detail the prosaic tools that make such a miracle possible?

Composers in Real Life

Besides, who would have the courage even at the instigation of the morbidly curious to tear aside the glamorous veil of romance with which the rite of music writing has always been shrouded? Who would destroy that popular picture of the master seated at the piano, gazing into distance with dreamy half-closed eyes, surrounded by some dozen-odd congenial souls, improvising immortal music or dashing off complete some exquisite sonata of the Moonlight or some other popular garden variety?

The most determined realist would hesitate before tampering with that idealistic bit and substituting in its stead the dull portrait of a tired disgusted man in his shirt sleeves or a moth-eaten smoking jacket and antiquated pants, half concealed in clouds of vilest tobacco smoke, seated before a battered piano, struggling with a vague half-formed idea that persistently eludes, crashing into a dozen themes that are false, only to try again amid half-strangled mutterings and much profanity. If any congenial souls would try to intrude on this unromantic worker he would most probably meet the announcement of their advent by his long-suffering wife—if he were married—with a desperate "What the hell? What'd you let 'em in for? Can't see 'em. Tell 'em to go to thunder! Tell 'em anything! Tell 'em I'm dead!"

When American composers through a world upheaval were brought out of their obscurity by a suddenly conscience-stricken public and their music was received with respectful attention and sincere appreciation they felt that at last after all the weary years they had the musical world by the tail with a downhill pull. That is, they thought that until certain treacherous obstacles bobbed up to break the easy smoothness of their descent.

One of the first they bumped over was what might as well be designated as fraudulent advertising as anything else. Near-musicians, who before American music came into public favor did not know the first inversion of the dominant from any one of the fourteen points, began writing execrable music and foisting it on the public with the plea that it be accepted because it was an American product. All manner of musicians brought the loud pedal down with a bang on the American-music-for-the-sake-of-patriotism motif. And in this vast conglomeration of music that masked under the American label and clamored for admittance to public favor was so much that was indescribably bad, ugly and poorly written that its American audience listened to it at first hopefully, then puzzled and finally heartily ashamed. The final damning of this music came when people began making excuses for it as parents do for an impossible child. And your real American music maker knows that he faces the discredit that such cheap exploitation of patriotism will inevitably bring on his own music, the real American music, in the minds of the most keen and critical audience in the world.

Perhaps the second stumbling block that thrust itself in his way was as old as the art of music itself—and that was the sad and bitter fact that all music lies at the mercy of the artist who is interpreting it. It was a sour old truth when it rasped Chopin's nerves even while it appealed to his sense of ridicule, when he had to listen to placid young ladies pound out his dreamy nocturnes. Beethoven had his troubles with the orchestras which played his symphonies, and when a friend mentioned to McDowell that the first time he had heard the famous To a Wild Rose it was played by a high-school girl, McDowell showed that its bitterness had touched him when he answered sharply: "And I suppose she pulled it up by the roots."

Musicians Digging In

And of all music it is the new music that is ever at the greatest disadvantage. Its audience never heard it before; there is no traditional interpretation, no previous performance to which the present one can be compared. Its fate lies in the hands of the artist. And the artist can take music which may have great beauty and worth and so mangle and distort it that its mosaic effects, which should blend together so exquisitely into a perfect whole, disintegrate and hit the sensitive ear with a harshness that sets the teeth on edge. The suffering audience that listens to the crime promptly blames its torture on the music and not the artist, and the composer has no come-back—at least not until he has been dead so long that he has probably grown indifferent.

But to return to American music in general. On the whole your American composer is decidedly pleased with himself. He remembers that at the time of the Civil War there was such a dearth among our own music makers that we had to go abroad for the simple tune for Maryland, My Maryland. He recalls painfully our domination by German music during the latter part of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth—even up to 1914. He knows that since her freedom from the tyranny of European musical ideas America has been making musical history as astonishing and significant in its way as has been her military history. Looking abroad he sees that even before the war cast her in such disfavor Germany had reached the end of her artistic growth; that France, whose subtle music oddly enough only touched fleetingly the American art, is rapidly writing herself out, and though England, who during the sixteenth century held first place in music as a country, after a long period of inactivity is bestirring herself most energetically just now, the American composer realizes that it is only logical that the art of his own country mark the next great epoch in music. Wise in his day and generation, he knows that after the fervor of patriotism wears thin that just now is making his audience accept anything in the name of American music, his country is going to demand great music of her composers. Practical musician that he is, he foresees that after the turmoil, the unrest of the reconstruction period is past, which at present has such a strangle hold on the art of the world, America is going to expect him to write great symphonies and operas as well as the beautiful songs and smaller orchestral numbers in which he has already proved himself such an adept. It is against the day of that demand, that expectation, that, ignoring the interfering friends of the old Teutonic régime, the scoffers and the doubting, the impostors, the plagiarists and the freaks, your real American music maker is energetically digging himself in.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Miss Miller. The second will appear in an early issue.

My 10 Years with a Corn

By a woman who typifies millions

I had, like most women, two or three pet corns, which remained with me year after year.

I suppose that one was ten years old. It had spoiled thousands of hours for me. Of course I pared and padded them, but the corns remained.

Then Somebody Told Me

Then somebody told me of Blue-jay. I promised to get it, and did.

I applied it to my oldest corn, and it never pained again. In two days I removed it, and the whole corn disappeared. It was amazing—two days of utter comfort, then the corn was gone.

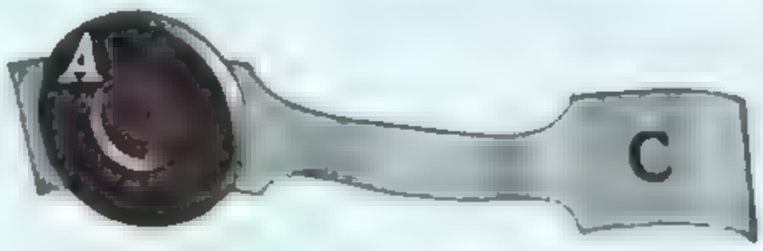
That day I joined the millions who keep free from corns in this way. If a corn appears, I apply a Blue-jay promptly, and it goes.

I've forgotten what corn aches were.

I have told these facts so often that not a woman I know has corns. Now I gladly write them for this wider publication.

Certainly corns are unnecessary. Paring and padding are needless. Harsh, mussy treatments are folly.

When a corn can be ended by applying a Blue-jay, surely everyone should end them. And anyone who will can prove the facts to-night.



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

B&B Blue-jay

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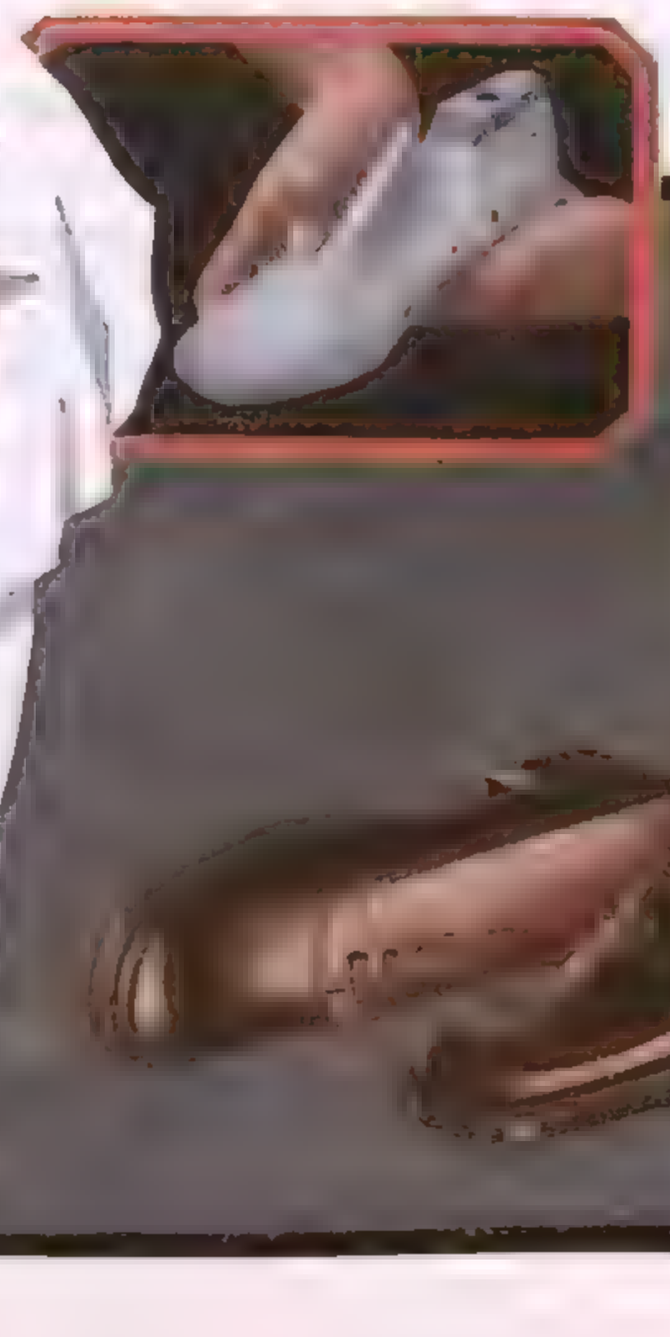

AUTO-INTOXICATION

(Continued from Page 21)

refunded, which makes it no fee a-tall. Not nary nickel. It on'y guarantees that they will be a race."

"An' these heah racin' niggers ain't never made s'much as a mile a minnit?"

"Nope. Why you is askin' all this foolishment? Does you know any cullud man heahabouts which is anxious an' desireous to enter an' git in?"

"Does I?" Anopheles' long lean face was split by a broad grin. "I reckon yes I does. You is gwine heah from me by t'-night. S'long!"

Anopheles swung on his heel, walked swiftly to Twentieth Street, turned south, crossed the L. & N. railroad tracks and came eventually to the Conley-Detroit agency in the heart of Automobile Row. He cornered one of the salesmen.

"Lis'en heah, white folks. I asks you a question an' I wants a hones'-t'-Gawd answer. How fas' will a Conley-Detroit towerin' car run?"

The salesman smiled good-naturedly. "Ninety miles an hour; guaranteed."

"I ain't worryin' bouten that guarantee business, cunnel. What I wants to know: Will it run ninety miles?"

"It'll do a hundred."

"You ain't talkin' fumadiddles with me?"

"That's the positive truth. See here."

The salesman produced many-colored literature to prove his statement. When Anopheles left the establishment he wore a broad grin.

"Huh!" he told himself, "things is shuah comin' 'Nopheles' way this time."

He dropped by his home and surprised Clarissy with his infectious good humor. "Still wantin' a automobile, honey?" he asked.

"Heap of good wantin' is gwine do me."

He chuckled inwardly; outwardly he appeared lugubrious.

"It's sho' a shame, hon, that you di'n't go ma'y Adam Shooks an' his ninety-hawss-power Conley-Detroit. Reckon you ain't love yo' husban' causen he's a piker, eh?"

"O-o-oh! 'Nopheles!" Clarissy hurled a contrite little body into his arms and volubly protested her undying affection.

Anopheles was exceedingly pleased with himself. He had long known that he was an astute business man, but this was the first time he had ever applauded himself in the rôle of schemer of schemes. And this one was a wonder.

"They ain't no git-away," he told himself. "It's as sho' as cullud chitlun."

At four o'clock on the minute Mr. Adam Shooks appeared at Mr. Anopheles Ricketts' tailoring shop. He pressed upon Mr. Ricketts a ten-cent cigar. He quivered with nervous expectancy on the very edge of his chair and tried to read the face of his long and lanky vis-à-vis.

And finally he put the question direct: "Is you gwine loaned me that money, 'Nopheles, or ain't you is?"

Anopheles appeared to ponder seriously. "Ise consid'rin' it, Brother Shooks. Ordinary it woul'n't 'peal to me but considerin' we is soht of related, countin' I ma'ied the gal which you was engage' to, I is willin' to take the matter under devisement."

Adam threw his arms wide in a helpless hopeless gesture. "Under devisement ain't gittin' me no cash money," he wailed. "An' that same is what I needs. If'n I don' raise it them folks what I done bought the car offen is gwine take it away from me."

"You ain't say so?"

"Yeh, I does say so, an' I says it positive an' tho'ough."

Anopheles hesitated. This was his first hint that a failure to come to the financial aid of Mr. Adam Shooks would result in the loss of that gentleman's car. The temptation to sit back and see the fat little man stripped of his single claim to distinction was almost too great to be resisted.

But the hesitation was only momentary, though in its brief existence Adam Shooks died a thousand horrible deaths.

"How bouten it, 'Nopheles? Is it a go or ain't it?"

"We-e-ell, soht of."

"Soht of? What that kin' of talky-talk mean?"

"They 's conditions."

"I grants 'em."

"You ain't heard 'em yet."

"I is gwine grant 'em, no matter what they is, previdin' I gits the money."

"It's this: Jes' gittin' a chattel mo'gage on yo' car ain't 'nough s'curity fo' a sedate an' instablished business man like what I is. I cain't ride in no chattel mo'gage ——"

"But neither you don' haf to buy no gasoline for it."

"Buyin' gasoline ain't nothin' 'tall to a man in my presition. Wha's twen'y-six an' a half cents to me a gallon?" He snapped bony fingers contemptuously. "Nothin'. Not nary nothin' single thing a-tall. Tha's what."

"But—but you was reemahkin' ——"

"—— that mo'gages cain't be rode in, an' automobiles can, an' I was prospertin' ——"

"—— to hol' my car fo' yo'se'f ontil I is paid yo' money?" Adam leaped furiously to his feet. "Lis'en heah at what I is sayin', cullud man: When you says that you on'y goes to prove that you is foolish as you look. How you reckon I c'n wuk countin' I ain't got no automobile? Is you fo'got that I is in the taxi business an' tha's my taxi? Is you? Why, 'Nopheles, I is plumb s'prised at the brains which you ain't got. 'Thout my car I woul'n't have no mo' chance of makin' a livin' than what you would have if'n men stopped wearin' pants."

Anopheles put out a gently restraining hand. "Cumtrol yo'se'f, Brother Shooks; cumtrol yo'se'f. You is got too much voice fo' the size of yo' brain. When you opens yo' mouth nothin' comes out on'y foolishment. Brains—you nachelly ain't got. I ain't aimin' to take yo' car." He hesitated. "That is, on'y one day."

"One day? Tha's diff'ent."

"You see, it's thisaway, Brother Shooks: Ever sence Clarissy decided to ma'y a wuth-while man an' tu'ned you down in favor of me she is been onhappy causen you is got a car an' I ain't. That jes' shows you what a car c'n do. Think of her thinkin' she could of been happy with a wuthless, no-'count man liken to you! Think of it! Ain't it silly?"

Adam was pathetically anxious to be agreeable. "Ain't it, now, Brother Ricketts? Ain't it jes'?"

"An' I was thinkin' an' cogitatin' mos' long an' voluptuously that if'n I was to loaned you this heah two hund'ed dollars I woul'd't hol' you up fo' no ten puh cent intrus' but on'y eight puh cent, but I is to borry that car from you from noon ontil eight o'clock one afternoon, an' drive it my own se'f, an' ——"

"But lis'en, Brother Ricketts: I is plumb opposed to lettin' other folks run my car."

"An' you lis'en at me, also, Brother Shooks: I is plumb again' lendin' my money to niggers which ain't wuth as much as nothin'. You knows yo' own se'f that when I does business with you I is takin' a bigger chance than what you is takin' in lendin' me yo' car fo' one measly afternoon. Ain't it so now?"

One afternoon, Adam knew that Anopheles was a good driver as drivers go, and the chances were all against anything happening to the car. And he needed that two hundred dollars; only Adam knew how he needed it, and only Adam realized that the husband of his ex-nancée was his last chance.

"Which afternoon you want it?"

"Oh!" answered Anopheles with disarming nonchalance, "Saddy afternoon, I reckon."

"Tha' 's my bes' business day," demurred Adam testily.

"You is doin' mighty fine business when you bornes two hund'ed dollars on the s'curity which you offers. Now look heah at this." Anopheles probed into an inside pocket and produced a brown-backed formal document. "This heah is a contrac' duly drawed up an' created by lawyer Evans Chew. He's the bes' cullud lawyer in Bummin'ham an' drawin' contrac's is the fondes' thing he's of. This heah contrac' says that I loands you two hund'ed dollars fo' six months at eight puh cent intrus', gits a mo'gage on yo' car as s'curity an' fo' fu'ther valu'ble cumsideration that there car is mine under a leasthol' between noon Saddy an' eight 'clock that night. Jes' as much mine as 'tis yo's now. An' I is givin' you prezac'ly ten minutes, Brother Shooks, to sign it or tear it up!"

Adam read the verbose document carefully. Then he glanced at the twenty new ten-dollar bills that Anopheles shoved tantalizingly under his nose. And—Adam signed!

Anopheles streaked down Eighteenth Street again in search of Florian Slappey. Within ten minutes he was found, and five minutes later Anopheles had signed an entry blank for the twenty-five-mile automobile race and deposited fifty dollars with Florian to guarantee his appearance.

"An' I is makin' you this one an' on'y request, Brother Slappey, namely an' as follows: That you don' spill no wo'ds to anybody bouten me bein' in the race. I is got pretickeler reasons why I wishes to keep it a secret ontil I rides onto the track with my racin' car. Does you promise?"

Florian promised. He was so dazed that he would have promised anything once. Anopheles Ricketts racing against four professional drivers! The idea was preposterous. Yet there was the signed entrance blank and the fifty dollars deposited as an appearance guaranty. There was no flying in the face of such evidence as that, and the dandified Florian gazed with new respect upon his tall brown friend.

"I wishes you luck, 'Nopheles; I sho'ly does wish you luck. As brother members of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, I hopes you wins the race an' the five hund'ed dollars."

"Yo' hopes is well placed an' founded, Brother Slappey. Winnin' that race ain't gwine be nothin' on'y a little passin' away the time fo' me. But I pleads earnest with you, Brother Slappey, that you should remain it a secret."

Anopheles had accomplished much for one day; much, but not enough. Not quite enough. Anopheles was in an accomplishing mood and felt that he could not rest until every last detail was attended to. Thereupon he again sought Cap'n Kenney and the Rollins touring car. He handed to the white man one hundred dollars in cash. "Tha's to bin' the bargain which says I is gwine buy that Rollins towerin' car fo' six hund'ed dollars."

"I'm mighty glad, Anopheles. It's a good buy; car's in perfect condition. When will you' have the other five hundred?"

"Saddy evenin' at six o'clock."

"Saturday evening?"

"Tha's it. I wan's you to drive that car out to the fair groun's, where they is gwine be a cullud automobile race. Ise gwine look you up there, an' I'll have five hund'ed mo' dollars in my han' to swap with you fo' that Rollins."

"Where are you going to get the other five hundred?"

"Don' you go worryin' yo' haid, Cap'n Kenney, bouten that other five hund'ed. Gittin' that money is the on'y thing which ain't worryin' me none a-tall."

Anopheles left the garage with a receipt in his pocket, a smile on his long face and supreme happiness in his heart. He envisioned himself driving regally up to the gate of the neat little cottage occupied by himself and Clarissy, the Rollins glittering in the sunlight; driving up and presenting the car to Clarissy. There and then, he knew, Mr. Adam Shooks would fade into pale and gloomy insignificance for all his ninety-horse-power Conley-Detroit. Even Clarissy would agree that such a car as the Rollins was enough automobile for any sane mortal.

Anopheles was very much tickled with himself. There wasn't a detail overlooked, not a flaw in his scheme.

At noon Saturday he intended going to Adam and claiming the Conley-Detroit. For an hour he would drive it by way of familiarizing himself with the way it handled, and for an hour after that he and Cass Driggers would shoot heavy oil into the big bearings and choke the grease cups. Then a trip to a filling station for a tankful of gasoline, a dose of oil in the crank case, an inspection of tire inflation—and the fair grounds.

The race itself held no worries at all for the amateur driver. He knew that the best of the four professionals entered had never bettered sixty miles an hour over the twenty-five-mile route, and he knew that his car would do ninety. It was as plain as the four-three on a pair of loaded dice. When they had traveled nineteen miles he'd be across the finish line. It never occurred to him that any special skill was required in the handling of a racing automobile. He merely looked on the race as a question of

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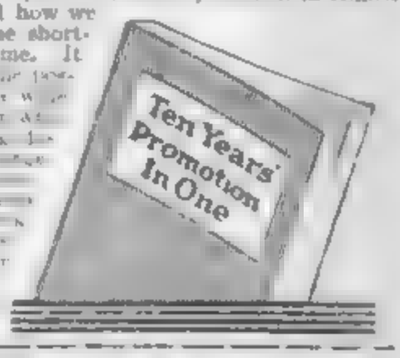

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relative speed and took it for granted that the reason the professionals had never done more than sixty miles was because their cars didn't have that much speed in their make-ups.

And so it narrowed down to a matter of simple arithmetic: Ninety miles was thirty miles faster than sixty. That made the race mere child's play. He couldn't help grinning to himself as he bethought him of the chagrin of the professional drivers; of the wildly applauding crowd in the grand stand; of the adulation that would be his; of the judge's flowery speech to the winner and the handing over of the five hundred dollars prize money—and then his possession of the coveted Rollins touring car.

He would be a hero, an automobile owner, a much happier husband and a man of distinct accomplishment—surely no mean attainment.

His demeanor at home was a triumph in histrionic art. He openly envied Adam Shooks and mourned the fact that he didn't know when—or if—he could afford an automobile. He fanned the flame of his wife's automotive desire into a white heat. Not once did he hint of the colossal deal afoot, not a single word did he drop to apprise her of the social glories in store. The Rollins was to be a stupendous surprise. Meanwhile, he allowed her to plumb the nethermost depths of misery and thwarted desire before raising her to the pinnacle of delight with his gift.

She hinted that Mr. Shooks would take her to ride when she so desired it, and her husband did not negative the idea. That rather piqued her vanity; she would have preferred that he had railed against it. Then she could have quarreled satisfactorily and thus had an excuse for doing it. It wasn't that she didn't love Anopheles passionately; but she did want an automobile so very, very much.

On Friday morning something occurred which caused Anopheles Ricketts considerable perturbation. It was in the form of a letter from a newly formed lodge in Calera; a letter which invited Anopheles to attend the meeting of the lodge that night and measure the thirty members of the drill team for uniforms. The account totaled nearly nine hundred dollars, five hundred of which was to be spot cash in advance; the balance payable upon delivery of the uniforms.

Anopheles reflected. He could get down on the train that afternoon, attend the meeting at night, take the measurements of his victims, spend the night in Calera and return on the train due in Birmingham at eleven-fifty A. M. He knew that the train was seldom late; it was a fast train northbound from New Orleans to Cincinnati, and only a half day out of New Orleans. True, Anopheles hated to take the risk, but on the other hand he was too keen a business man to pass up such an opportunity. There was a full four hundred dollars profit to him in the deal.

He went. He bade his bride a long and lingering farewell, and gave her to understand that he would not return until the Saturday-night train—which allowed a late noonday arrival in Birmingham and an immediate trip to the racetrack without going home to greet Clarissy.

He sought Adam Shooks and impressed upon that mortgaged gentleman the necessity of having his car parked before the Penny Prudential Bank Building at noon.

"Causen betwix that time an' eight o'clock it's mine, Adam."

"If'n you ain't gwine be heah ——"

"I is. An' if'n I ain't that don't concern you none. The car's mine fo' them eight hours, an' I'll thank you to act according."

At four o'clock that afternoon Anopheles boarded the Montgomery train for Calera. At five o'clock Mr. Adam Shooks happened to drift into Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor and was inveigled into a game of eight-ball with Mr. Florian Slappey—two bits a game.

Florian won four consecutive games and Florian found himself in an exceedingly good humor. More: It was a fault of Florian's that when in a good humor he had to talk, and automobiles was a perfectly natural subject when in the company of the taxicabbing Adam Shooks. So Florian gave voice to something that had been puzzling him considerably of late.

Said he: "What soht of a automobile driver is Brother 'Nopheles Ricketts?"

"What you means—driver?"

"Automobile driver."

Adam Shooks shrugged. "He'd better by a dawg-gawn sight be a good driver. He's done gawn an' got pressession of my car f'um noon ontil eight o'clock t'-morry night."

"Yo' car?"

"Yeah!"

"Not that big ninety-hawss-power Conley-Detroit?"

"Not is wrong. Is is right."

Florian tapped the table rail lightly with the tip of his cue. "Some men is jes' nachelly bawn unlucky."

Mr. Shooks was aware that the remark of Mr. Slappey had a distinctly personal flavor. "Which men you reemahks about, Mistuh Slappey?"

"I ain't mentionin' no names a-tall," reneged Florian. "N'r neither I ain't vi'latin' no confidence bouten that race out to the fair grounds t'-morry which they is a five hund'ed dollars prize fo'."

The game ceased. It ceased suddenly and completely. Putting two and two together was one of the best things that Adam Shooks did.

"Gosh a'mighty livin' tripe!" he ejaculated. "Does you mean to stan' yonder an' tell me that 'Nopheles is figgerin' on drivin' my car in that they sweepstakes race?"

"I ain't tellin' you nothin', an' fu'thermo' I ain't gwine tell you nothin'. I done promise' 'Nopheles I woul'n't."

Adam's cue clattered miserably to the floor. Cold beads of perspiration stood out upon the cigar-hued brow of Mr. Shooks.

"I might of knowed it," he wailed. "I sho' would of knowed it if'n I had of had mo' sense'n a crippled fiddler crab. 'Nopheles enterin' my car in that race 'gainst them prefessional drivers. Time he runs it twicet 'roun' that co'se they ain't gwine be nothin' lef' of it on'y the smell from the gas tank." Mr. Shooks' anger was mounting. His voice crescendoed to a shrill furious wail. "He ain't gwine do it, Brother Slappey! He jes' nachelly ain't! Tha's all what I is tellin' you. He ain't gwine git my car!" He grabbed his hat and clapped it on his head. "G'-by, Mistuh Slappey. Heah is where action begins to happen."

"Where you is gwine?" called Florian after the fleeing figure.

Adam answered from the door without turning his head. "Ise headed fo' Lawyer Evans Chew. He done drawed that contrac', an' if'n a lawyer cain't break a contrac' he drawed his own se'f, then he's a bum lawyer."

But Lawyer Chew couldn't. He listened patiently to Mr. Shooks' epic denunciation of Mr. Ricketts. Then he shook his head with sad and final solemnity.

"I is exceedin' an' pow'ful sorry, Mistuh Shooks; an' if'n I had of knowed that you would be so inclined as to bust this heah contrac' I could have drawed it bustable. But I wa'n't fo'wa'ned, an' hence wa'n't fo'armed. That car which is you'n b'longs to Brother Ricketts from noon ontil eight o'clock t'-morry night. He can do with it as he wishes, as made an' previded in said contrac' an' indenture duly drafted by an' betwix pahties of fust an' secon' paht, fo' mutual an' vallible cumsideration, an' witnessed in proper form. An' they ain't no testimony 'lowed, 'cordin' to the rules of evidence an' the stachutes of this noble an' sove'eign State of Alabama, to be intraduced to modify or amend or otherwise change the terms of a written document, an' again an' to continue ——"

"I gathers," interrupted Mr. Shooks slowly, "that what you is tryin' to tell me is that I is in the soup. That it?"

"To descind to the ve'nacular—you have said it."

Mr. Shooks rose. He was in no mood to be tactful. "Yeh, an' I is about to said one mo' thing—namely an' as follows: You is one hell of a rotten lawyer!"

The beatitude of Mr. Adam Shooks had suddenly gone flooey. The smile left his usually cheerful face, a sag had come to his shoulders. He felt himself alone and deserted in a cold and cruel world.

He made his way down the street and came at length to his car, parked head in to the curb. For perhaps five minutes he stood regarding the faithful vehicle which had for more than a year kept good clothes upon his back and given directorial dimensions to his mezzanine landing.

His attitude was that of a husband called in to say a final farewell to a departing wife. To-morrow night his beloved Conley-Detroit would be prey to the junkman, leaving as heritage only a basis for action at law against Anopheles Ricketts. Mr. Shooks climbed sorrowfully into the

(Continued on Page 78)

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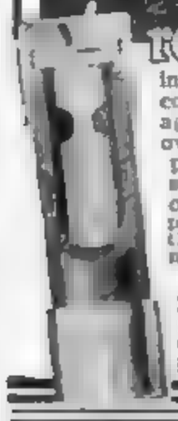

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Ask Us About It.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
416 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pa.

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driver's seat, pressed the starter button, let in his gears, backed carefully away from the curb and headed southward toward the crest of Red Mountain.

The sun blazed brilliantly overhead, birds chirped merrily in the trees, the motor purred gently; everywhere there was optimistic life and blatant bliss. But not for Adam Shooks. A great clammy gob of gloom had descended upon him.

Mr. Shooks was up against it—hard. The agonies of the world had allied and declared war upon him. And there was nothing he could do to avert the disaster. Nothing. Not a single thing. He clenched his fist and slammed it against the wheel.

"They ain't never been nothin' in the world yet," he sizzled in self-encouragement, "which ain't got sumthin' to keep it from bein' as bad as what it seems like it is. They ain't ——"

He ceased soliloquizing. He remained ceased. His lips pressed together in a straight brown line. Mr. Shooks was having an idea!

It wasn't much of an idea at first, but as he drove over Red Mountain and dropped through Rosedale, only to travel a few miles farther and mount the acclivity which marks Shades Mountain, the details of a good scheme took shape from a dull gray background and became shot through with golden hues.

One hour later Mr. Shooks depressed both pedals, slipped his gears into neutral, clamped on the emergency brake, lay back in his seat and smiled.

"It's a long chance," he muttered, "But it aho'ly ought to wuk so's Mistuh 'Nopheles Ricketts won't bother me no mo'."

And that evening Mrs. Anopheles Ricketts had a caller. She came to the gate to meet the smiling and overdressed Adam Shooks, who posed regally at the wheel of a freshly polished Conley-Detroit. Mr. Shooks was at his social best.

"Evenin', Missis Ricketts."

"Same to you, Mistuh Shooks. Is you aimin' to come in fo' a minute?"

"Now that you mentions it, Missis Ricketts, I don' hahdly think I was. What I wants to ast you is: Where is Mistuh Ricketts at?"

"He's down to Calera. Why?"

Adam chk'd with well-simulated disappointment. "Ain't that too bad, now? Ain't it, jes'?"

"How come that too-bad business?"

"'Tis thisaway, Missis Ricketts: T'-morry mawnin' was a soht of an extry day with me an' I was figgerin' on comin' roun' heah in the mawnin' with Lithia Blevins an' takin' you an' Mistuh Ricketts fo' a nice long ride down the Mon'gom'ry highway. An' then, Missis Ricketts, when I got you out there where they wa'n't no traffic I was gwine let you take the wheel while I taught you how to drive—seein' as you is always said as you wanted ——"

"You—you was gwine teach me to drive t'-morry mawnin'?"

"Suttinly."

"An' Lithia Blevins is gwine be with us fo' chaperon?"

"Tha's where you spoke a armful."

Clarissy Ricketts hesitated—and was lost. Better women than Clarissy have succumbed to a lesser lure. And Clarissy vindicated the proposed indiscretion in advance by recalling the words of her husband: "You c'n go ridin' with Adam Shooks whenever you wishes." Clarissy wished.

And the appointment was made for the following morning at ten o'clock.

That night Clarissy was atremble with anticipation. She was to get her first driving lesson, and Adam had promised to return her home safely by noon, the earliest possible hour at which Anopheles could return from Calera. It was to mark an epoch in the life of Mrs. Anopheles Ricketts, and if she entertained any doubts as to the propriety of joyriding with a former and rather recent fiancé the doubts were stilled in the surge of desire.

As for Adam Shooks, he was enjoying hugely the contemplation of the morrow. The reaction from the misery of a few hours ago was most pleasing. And Adam was more than a little proud of the scheme he had evolved—right out of his own head. Easy, just like that.

In the first place he had no intention whatever of taking Lithia Blevins. He would call for Clarissy, explain that Lithia was indisposed, and take a chance on Clarissy's passion for automobiles proving stronger than her sense of discretion.

Then he would speed out of Birmingham and head southward in the general direction of Montgomery, where the roads were in fairly good condition and the scenery beautiful. For fifteen or twenty miles he would drive serenely; then something was scheduled to go wrong with the car. And then something else. Mrs. Clarissy Ricketts would be treated to imaginary mishap after imaginary mishap. Noon would come and go. He knew just where they would be when the hunger pangs began to come: A little roadhouse for colored folks—the odor of fried chicken and rice with cowpeas, the whole to be topped off by red, cold, juicy watermelon. And then he would repair his car by four or five o'clock and return to Birmingham.

Anopheles Ricketts would be awaiting him. Anopheles would be furious and filled with threats of legal action against Adam. But the big race would have been run without the presence of the Conley-Detroit, and Anopheles' hands would be tied through fear of the scandal that would inevitably attach to the fair name of his beloved bride should the affair be bruited about.

So Adam schemed; and so, for a time at any rate, the scheme worked. True, Clarissy demurred even more than Adam had anticipated over an unchaperoned joyride, but she gave in when he promised faithfully to return her by eleven-thirty—or sooner, if she so requested. And fourteen miles outside of Birmingham Adam surreptitiously snapped off the ignition switch. The car gasped, quivered and stopped.

"Huh!" grunted Adam. "Sumthin' mus' be wrong."

Clarissy was undisturbed. She watched him alight, raise the hood, gaze earnestly at the motor and shake his head.

"Nothin' impawtant, is it?" she asked from the depths of her motor ignorance.

"Dunno," he answered sententiously. "I ain't hahdly know. Seems like they is sumthin' wrong with the accelerator."

An accelerator more or less was nothing in Clarissy's young life and she waited patiently while Adam went through the motions of repairing something. She entertained not even a hint of suspicion that Adam was tricking her, not even when he at length climbed back in the car, flipped the ignition contact, pressed the starter button and shot ahead.

Four miles farther on the performance was repeated. Adam leaped to the ground in feigned anger and gave vent to an impressive motorist's oath.

"I'm dawg'd if'n 'tain't that rotten ol' accelerator again. I swanny!"

This time Clarissy took an interest in the affair. "Is the accelerator sumthin' impawtant, Mistuh Shooks?"

He gazed frowningly upon her. "'Pawtant? 'Pawtant, you asts me? Well, I sh'd say it wa'n't no mo' impawtant than what a weddin' ring is to a ma'ied couple."

"C'n you fix it?"

He stepped back from the car, hands on hips, and surveyed the motor intently.

"I dunno. Accelerators is pow'ful contrary things. I is knowed balky accelerators which has wrecked cars an' killed all the folks which was ridin' in 'em. Accelerators is sumthin' which has to be treated gentle an' knowin'. Ise afraid we is in fo' a bad time, Missis Ricketts."

"You—you don' mean we is gwine be delayed out heah in the woods?"

"How I sh'd know that? I ain't inside that accelerator, is I?"

Clarissy grew nervous. She grew very nervous; so nervous that she alighted and paced the ground while he pretended to fix something. And Adam was acting his rôle well. He had raised the seat and strewn fearful-looking tools all over the roadside. And every once in a while as he caught a glimpse of Clarissy's worried face he had to bend his head to conceal the smile which persisted in breaking forth.

At twenty-five minutes before noon Adam started his motor purring. He shoved his tools under the front seat, bundled Clarissy into the car, headed back toward Birmingham and fed the gas in large and juicy quantities. A half mile rolled under their wheels; three-quarters; a mile. A roadhouse appeared on the right; Adam's left hand crept out toward the ignition switch, snapped it off and withdrew, unnoticed. The car quivered and halted as Adam applied the brakes—profanely.

A pained and hopeless wail issued from between Clarissy's lips: "O-o-o-oh! Ise bettin' it's that horrid ol' accelerator again!"

Adam gloomily made it unanimous "Accelerator is right, Missis Ricketts; an' this time she's busted sho' nuff."

He stepped to the ground, raised the hood and affected grief as he inspected the perfect motor. It was too good to be true: Marooned in the woods with Anopheles' wife, and that gentleman waiting in Birmingham for the car that wasn't going to be there.

Clarissy was not enjoying herself. She was learning rapidly that cars have more to them than riding qualities. And she was particularly bitter against accelerators. She hadn't the least idea what they were, but she knew that she wished this particular car had been constructed without one.

And as Adam pretended to work he gave her a lesson on the temperamental qualities of accelerators. By the time he finished she was almost in tears.

More, she was hungry—very, horribly hungry. Which was why she made so little objection when he discovered that the house across the road was a roadhouse and insisted that she eat a bit of lunch with him.

"Bein' out with a busted accelerator is bad enough," he argued, "but an empty stummick ain't nowise he'p it none."

And so she joined him. They entered the dining room of the roadhouse at twenty minutes after twelve—she, worried, gloomy, despondent; he, sad without and exultant within.

Meanwhile things of moment had been happening in Calera and along the main line of the L. & N. railroad. Even Anopheles Ricketts was finding himself not without trouble.

He had risen shortly after eight o'clock and breakfasted heartily in view of the day of triumph now at hand. He checked off on his time-table the scheduled arrival hour of the northbound L. & N., dropped in for a chat with a couple of the lodge members whose physical dimensions were down in his order book, and finally, a full half hour before train time, made his way to the depot. He addressed the station agent:

"How that nawthboun' L 'n' N runnin', cap'n?"

The railroad man smiled. "Three hours late already; and getting one minute later every sixty seconds."

"Uh!" Anopheles felt his long legs quivering. "Huh? What that you reemahks, cap'n?"

"Wreck on the main line—freight derailed. There's no tellin' when she'll come through."

"Livin' lizards! What I is gwine do? 'Nopheles Ricketts: You is astin' yo'se'f what you is gwine do!"

Apparently there was no answer. The main line of the railroad was blocked by a nasty freight wreck, Anopheles Ricketts was thirty-some miles from Birmingham and the race was scheduled to be run that afternoon. And all that Anopheles had to do to lose his fifty dollars deposit was to fail to put in appearance at starting time.

The solution of the problem was as expensive as it was simple. Twenty minutes after the news of the wreck had staggered the lean and hungry-looking tailor from Birmingham he was seated beside the owner of a flivver and they were burning up the road in a northerly direction.

It was good training for the nerves of the would-be Barney Oldfield. The little car shook, rattled and rolled; it careened wildly and slithered from one side of the road to the other. Anopheles sat impatiently, hunched forward in the front seat, eyes focused straight to the front as though to bring Birmingham nearer.

The car slewed suddenly and missed a deep gully by a hair. It shot by a Montgomery-bound truck—shaving the mammoth vehicle so closely that the driver thereof howled profanity after them. It dropped down a precipitous hill at lightning speed and narrowly avoided a freight train at the bottom. But still Anopheles was not satisfied.

He turned a fixed set face to the driver, and made a single acid remark: "My gosh golly, man! You does drive slow!"

The wheels were humming over the gravel road, the radiator was steaming, the floor became hot to the touch, even through shoes. Anopheles critically inspected the gas arc.

"Lis'en heah, cullud man: Ain't it noways possible fo' you to make a li'l speed?"

The driver was game. He shoved his gas ahead and the car trembled from hood

(Continued on Page 79)

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to differential. It rose on its hind legs and danced. It ate up the miles with speed never contemplated in the factory of its nativity. And then ——

Well, if there hadn't been a storm the week before it never would have occurred, because the storm had blown down a telephone pole which occupied more than half the road. And the first thing either Anopheles or the driver knew of it came when the bow of the flivver shot skyward, the car itself jolted nastily and flirted into the ditch and there lay peacefully on its side. The motor gave a single consumptive cough, kicked despairingly and expired, game to the last.

Anopheles lifted himself from a distinctly sitting posture in the cotton field. He made a casual inspection and found that he was pretty much all present. Then he gazed resentfully at his driver.

"I done knowed sumthin' was gwine happen," he remarked testily.

He rose and dusted his trousers. Then he found a mile post and read its figures: "19 mi. to B'ham." He waved a casual farewell to the driver of the ex-car and started hoofing it for the Alabama metropolis.

"See you anonymous," he called cheerily. "I is got a 'gagement to the Bummin'ham Fair Groun's at th'ee-thutty sha'p."

Anopheles was constructed along walking lines, and he now proceeded to excel Nature's intentions. His long legs spanned unbelievable spaces of road; narrow skinny body bent into the wind, head jerking with each step in much the manner of a walking chicken. He mounted a long hill, passed over the crest and descended at top speed. Every once in a while he glanced over his shoulder, hoping against hope that some Birmingham-bound automobile would come along and sell him a ride to his destination.

Suddenly he paused. His eyes focused on a certain object. They remained focused. So did Anopheles. The object of his gaze was a big red Conley-Detroit car parked by the side of the road opposite a neat little building which Anopheles knew as a roadhouse.

"If I di'n't know better," mused Anopheles, "I'd swear that was Adam Shooks' car."

Curiosity drew him closer. His eyes opened wider. He saw a familiar dent in the left rear fender. He seemed to recognize the right front tire. He proceeded to inspect the car.

"Hm! Looks like Adam's car. Same model as Adam's car. Same color as Adam's car. Same bent fender like what Adam's car is got." He raised the hood tentatively. "Same number as Adam's car." He stepped back and passed a bewildered hand across his forehead. "Jumpin' jiminy! It is Adam's car!"

It took Anopheles Ricketts just three minutes to comprehend fully this providential stroke of luck. And then realization of the fact that Adam Shooks had tried to put something across on him struck home. He saw the whole thing plainly now: Somehow Adam had learned that Anopheles intended to race with the big Conley-Detroit and had played safe by bringing the car from the city so that it could not be used in the race, and after that —— Well, Adam Shooks was notorious for having few worries about the future.

Anopheles glared belligerently at the roadhouse. He impulsively started toward it, intending to have it out with Adam then and there; to confront the man with his perfidy and —— Then another idea came to the lanky one and he turned back. Which is why he missed seeing Adam bending over a snowy table explaining earnestly to an exceedingly worried Mrs. Anopheles Ricketts that accelerators were extremely contrary things, but that he would be sure to fix his up and return her to Birmingham in plenty of time to save her social face.

Outside Anopheles worked fast and definitely. His watch showed a trifle past one o'clock. The Conley-Detroit was unlocked. Anopheles climbed in, snapped on the switch, made sure that the cutout was not, pressed the starter button and smiled responsively as the rhythmic thrum of the motor was wafted to his ears. He slid the gears in gently and the car rolled away, accelerating prettily as it mounted the gentle acclivity beyond the roadhouse.

The situation tickled the risibilities of Mr. Anopheles Ricketts. He laughed to himself at the mental picture of Adam Shooks when Adam found himself carless. Mr. Shooks was about to get his just deserts. He had attempted to double-cross Anopheles, and had been hoist by the petard of his own scheming. Anopheles was bulwarked behind his ironclad contract—the contract which leased the car to him between noon and eight o'clock of this day. The fact that he had found the car on the road made no neverminds; it was his and he had it.

He lolled back in his seat and gave himself over to the intense enjoyment of the moment. Once safely out of earshot of the exclusive colored roadhouse he cut out the muffler and grinned happily as the motor roared evenly on all cylinders. He depressed the accelerator as he swung into an even straight stretch of road and watched the speedometer indicator climb to sixty, hang there, then go up two miles. The speed rather took his breath away and he slowed down.

"But anyways," he gasped, "they ain't no doubt that she'll do it."

And just as Anopheles stopped his Conley-Detroit at the Five Points filling station in Birmingham and replenished his stock of oil and gas Mr. Adam Shooks and Mrs. Anopheles Ricketts sauntered from the roadhouse eighteen miles away. Adam was talking.

"I is been studyin' bouten that they accelerator, Missis Ricketts, an' I is came to the c'nclusion that I knows jes' what is the matter an' how it c'n be fixed. Of co'se accelerators is plumb bad things to git out of o'der on a car."

"Yeh," she retorted bitterly. "B'lieve me, I knows it!"

"But when a man is a swell mechanic liken to what I is ——"

Adam raised his eyes to the car. Then he blinked. The car wasn't. Adam's jaw sagged. Clarissy took in the situation at a glance and let forth a wild wail.

"Oh, Lawsy!" she howled. "Befo' lunch I knowed ev'ythin' in the wo'ld had went wrong. Now I knows what was befo' ain't nothin' to what is now."

Adam was stunned. For the first time he was helpless, supine. Clarissy swung on him and proceeded to express the opinion of his personality which had been crystallizing for the past two hours. Her language was pointed and picturesque. Adam withered before the verbal storm. He shook like a bowl of jelly, lips parted, arms hanging helplessly at his side.

And finally Clarissy set her teeth and started up the road. "C'mon, Adam."

"Where you is gwine, Missis Ricketts?"

"Home."

"How?"

"Walk!"

"It's eighteen miles."

"I is gwine walk it, Mistuh Shooks, an' you is gwine walk with me. An' if'n you don' sumbody is gwine fin' a cullud co'pse on this heah road t'-morry mawnin' an' it's gwine answer to the name of Adam Shooks!"

Adam walked!

The enormous grand stand at the state fair grounds was jammed with a crush of humanity, chocolate in hue. The place was a riot of vivid color and seethed with excitement. Already the minor races had been run and the virus was in the blood of the spectators. They were thirsting for long-distance excitement and on their toes for the commencement of the twenty-five-mile race.

Out on the infield there was considerable excitement.

Officials were summoned hurriedly and the four professional drivers addressed themselves voluminously to Florian Slappey, chairman of the Magic City Automobile Fast Racing Association.

"We ain't no fools," howled one individual, "to go git out there on that dirt track with a feller which ain't never even drove a race befo'."

Florian's official lips curled in a sneer.

"I ain't worryin' my haid bouten what you is gwine do an' what you ain't gwine do. Come time fo' the race to staht an' you ain't on the line you loses each the fifty dollars entrince fee an' don' git you no espense money."

One of them—a tall, broad-shouldered negro—clutched Florian by the arm.

"But you don' on'erstan', Mistuh Slappey. That long lean feller with the Conley-Detroit, he don' know nothin' 'bout race drivin'. He's gwine swing wide on one tu'n, an' sho't on another, an' fust thing you know they is gwine be one gran' bust-up."

"You is all signed releases, quittin' us of responsibility if'n anybody gits kilt," retorted Florian practically; "an' the crowd loves a smash-up. Huh! Fo' professionals skeered of a amachure."

"Tha's it prezac'ly. If'n the man knowed anythin' 'bout drivin' in a race it woul'n't make no diff'ence. But we ain't gwine be able to do nothin' with him on the turns. He ain't gwine know when he's beat, an' they's shuah to be a accident."

"You is jes' on'y wo'ied that he's gwine beat you-all. Tha's all what is the matter with you. All I is got to say, I hopes he wins the prize, an' the fust man which fouls him gits kicked offen the track. Tha's all, gen'lemun. You c'n use yo' own judgment."

He turned toward the Conley-Detroit. Anopheles had just filled and tightened his last grease cup and stood back proudly surveying the car which was to drive him to victory and ownership of the coveted Rollins touring car. He had long since spotted the automobile dealer at one end of the field, waiting true to his promise, with the car which Anopheles was to pay for immediately the prize money was handed over.

Anopheles' confidence was sublime. It multiplied when Florian told him chucklingly of the conference with the four professional drivers.

"They is jes' on'y skeered that you is gwine beat 'em, 'Nopheles; an' I hopes you does."

"They ain't no doubt of it," came the bland answer. "They ain't never drove no faster'n sixty miles an' this heah car is guaranteed to do ninety."

News of Anopheles' entry swept through the stands. Excitement increased a hundredfold. Anopheles became a hero. Men who knew something of the game shook their heads; they had an idea of what Anopheles' ignorance had put him up against.

As for the quartet of professional drivers, they were petrified with fear. Excellent men though they were, they knew enough to know when danger was real, and they had no mind to run a real race against a scatterbrained amateur. They had no fear that Anopheles would win, but they were afraid that he would cause two or three nasty accidents. And they had no desire for casualties.

"Trouble with a ignorant nigger like him," vouchsafed one, "is that if'n one of us takes a turn safe an' wide, he's jes' as li'ble as not to bust in betwix' us an' the fence, an' then they's gwine be a heap of automobile gwine to the other wo'ld."

The five drivers were called together by Florian. It was agreed that the racers were to start ten seconds apart, and the drivers rolled high dice for the honor. Anopheles rolled last. Three dice, and he had a fifteen to beat. His long bony fingers wrapped round the ivories, clicked them fondly and spun them on to the ground. Three symmetrical sixes stared up at them. Anopheles laughed aloud.

"Eighteen! I stahts fust. Reckon this is sho' nuff my lucky day!"

The cars lined up, Anopheles and his red Conley-Detroit at the rail. He carried no mechanician, and his sole equipment consisted of a pair of ten-cent goggles some kind friend had loaned. He started his motor and hunched down in his seat, gears in low, ears alert for the starter's gun, which was to sign the flagman to drop his signal. At Anopheles' right were the four professionals in their wicked-looking racers, motors roaring.

The stands were in a furore. Only Anopheles, of the thousands, was calm and unruffled. He was already envisioning his triumph: The chagrin of the professional drivers, the joy of his wife when he should drive home with his new secondhand Rollins touring car.

The pop of a revolver sounded above the engine din. The assistant starter flipped his flag. The stands howled. Instinctively Anopheles clamped down on his accelerator and let the clutch pedal back with a jerk. The car quivered and leaped ahead. Anopheles slipped from low into high. He was at the first turn before he knew it, and shot wildly round, just grazing the outside fence. The second starter, just under roaring way, cursed as he saw and understood Anopheles' clumsiness.

The Conley-Detroit straightened out on the back stretch, and Anopheles fed her the juice. She seemed to leap from under him. He was at the turn; his foot came off the accelerator, the car turned on two wheels, veered wildly, righted itself, kicked up a horrible cloud of dust, shot straight for the inner fence, jerked away and was in the home stretch. As it shot by the grand stand the long driver heard a wild yell of acclaim, but this time he slowed down at the curve on the lower end and took it more discreetly. He was beginning to get his bearings and to understand that there was considerably more to driving a high-powered car on a one-mile dirt track than he had fancied.

In his ears was a sinister roaring and he became vaguely conscious that it was from a motor other than his. He glanced at his speedometer; he knew that he was making at least seventy-five miles an hour. The speedometer registered forty-six.

"Dawg-gawn it!" muttered Anopheles. "It's done gawn an' got out of order!"

The roar of the pursuing motor came closer and closer. Anopheles couldn't understand it. His car was a good ten miles faster than that of any other car on the track and he had the lead. It was a simple matter of mathematics with him. That lead could and should be held.

The driver of the second car was crowding close, intending to cut in between Anopheles and the fence when the former swung wide on the turn, and then to shoot into a safe lead on the stretch.

His plan worked—partly. Anopheles took his turn wide; so wide that the fence loomed up straight ahead of him. It looked like a brick wall. Anopheles gave a wild yell and slung his steering wheel over. The big car quivered, heaved, bucked, doubled, and sped straight as a bullet for the inner fence.

The driver of the second car had just put on speed to get by. He heard a shriek from his mechanician and saw Anopheles' roaring machine shooting across his track. Terror gripped at his heart. He clamped on the brakes, slewed violently to the right, missing the rear of the Conley-Detroit by a fraction of an inch, and was rewarded with a loud and stinging plop!

At the same instant the third car, which had been hanging close on the heels of the second, attempted to cut across on the far side. The unexpected maneuver of the second car threw a wrench into the driver's intentions and he cracked to the left. Two of his tires refused the strain and followed the despairing course of the one on the second car.

Meanwhile Anopheles reached the inner fence, muscled down on his steering wheel once more and by another miracle found himself headed straight down the stretch. He hunched over his wheel like a great buzzard and sirened triumphantly by the grand stand at a forty-two-mile gait, a half lap leader over the two other cars.

For three more laps Anopheles held a safe lead. The second car donned a new tire and started out again. The drivers of the two cars still seriously in the running held grimly to the flanks of the Conley-Detroit, chafing at the slow pace, but having learned a lesson from the near-smashups of the others. Their idea was to wait until the pace grew hopelessly slow, then, when they had Anopheles taking his turns on the fence, to shoot wide at a fifty-mile gait and pass him.

The end of the tenth mile found the relative positions unchanged. The car with the two gone tires had withdrawn ungracefully. Anopheles was bubbling with confidence. The pace had degenerated to forty miles. Anopheles' wild driving had broken up the surface of the track and it was a solid cloud of dust. The spectators were in a frenzy.

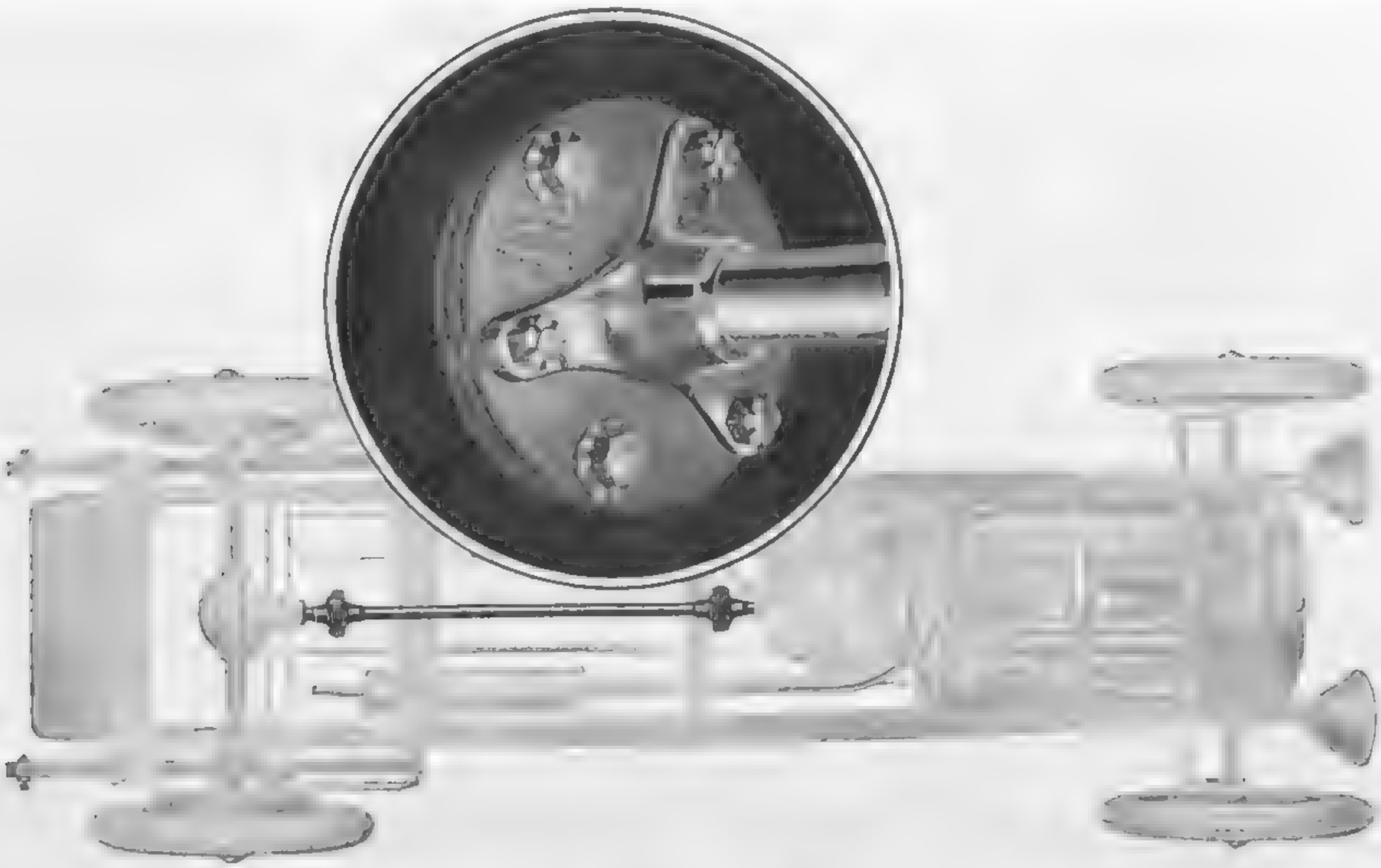
On the eleventh lap the driver of the car immediately behind Anopheles saw his chance. The Conley-Detroit negotiated the turn close and carefully. And suddenly Anopheles heard a screaming horn, a wildly roaring motor.

His right foot went down. So did the accelerator. The Conley-Detroit jumped forward like a crazy thing, zigzagging across the bows of the other car.

The professional driver saw his danger. Anopheles saw it but didn't recognize. All he knew was that he held the lead and must continue to hold it. So he didn't see the professional bang his rear wheel against the fence and pile his car up by the side of the track. Anopheles merely heard a crash, and when he came round again saw the wrecked car with the driver and mechanician sitting gloomily and unhurt beside it. Anopheles' lips curled into a sneer.

"Professional—huh? Them fellers ain't no drivers a-tall!"

(Concluded on Page 81)



Striking your rear axle a one-ton blow

Metal universal joints fail to cushion the strains which rack your car

EVERY time a car is started the entire rear axle is subjected to the equivalent of a one-ton blow. The power from the engine is hurled through the driving shaft against the rear axle. As it forces the ton or more dead weight of the car into motion, the impact from the engine acts as a hammer on the rear axle and all parts of the driving shaft.

The ordinary type of metal universal joint transmits these shocks and jolts *directly*—without the slightest cushioning—and the result is a racking of the chassis.

Furthermore, a metal joint wears loose and the strain of starting is then intensified. There is jerking and jamming which cannot be avoided even by the most careful driving.

How the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints act as a cushion

To meet these conditions the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint has been developed. It is constructed of flexible fabric discs which act as a cushion. It absorbs the jolts and jars of sudden starting by transmitting the impact from the motor in a smooth, even flow of power to the rear wheels.

No lubrication needed

Having no metal-to-metal wearing surfaces, the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint requires no lubrication. It runs in absolute silence, *smoothly* and without backlash.

The patented process by which the flexible discs are constructed, is the chief reason for their great strength and durability. The layers of fabric are built up fanwise, in the well-known Thermoid-Hardy formation, so that the strands of cotton in the various plies run in different directions.

Ask to see the universal joint on the next car you buy

When choosing your next car, ride in one equipped with Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints. Start the car yourself, drive it slowly, speed it up, then reverse. You will find a smooth and even application of power. Every vibration in the drive shaft is cushioned, even the jolts caused by the rise and fall of the rear axle on rough roads.

Send for our new book, "Universal Joints—Their Use and Misuse." It will give you in detail the construction of the Thermoid-Hardy Joint, records of performance, opinions of leading engineers and manufacturers who have adopted it.

Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints carry our well-known guarantee: ***Thermoid-Hardy will make good—or WE WILL.***

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Sole American Manufacturers

Factory and Main Offices: Trenton, N. J.

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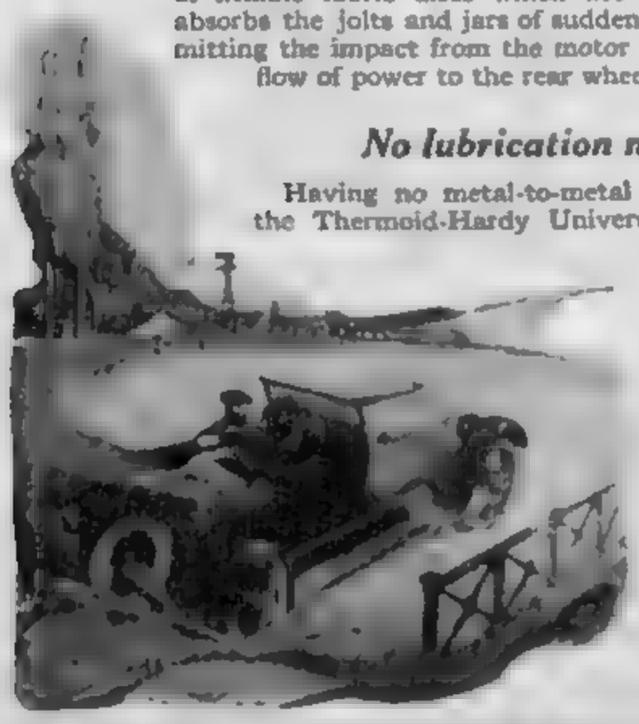

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(Concluded from Page 79)

Anopheles was as calm as a spring oyster. He accelerated gently to forty-seven, and held her there. Two cars were out of the race altogether; the other two had taken to heart the lesson he had taught. Neither driver had any intention whatever of attempting to pass the lanky amateur. They were content to hang on, hoping against hope that something would happen to the Conley-Detroit, that something would break; a tire blow out.

Twenty-one miles; twenty-two; twenty-three. On the twenty-fourth lap the second man made a last desperate attempt to pass Anopheles on the stretch. The roar of his motor was the signal for Anopheles. He shot ahead and took the turn on two wheels. The professional gave it up as a hopeless job.

The last lap started with the professional close and the maniacal crowd on its feet, yelling deliriously. Anopheles bent forward and fed the gas. The speedometer climbed to fifty-three—fifty-four. The other car held close, praying for a last-minute accident.

It failed to come. Anopheles shot across the line an easy winner!

But he didn't know that he had won. Not until he had circled the track thrice more did he realize that the other cars had quit and the race was at an end. He halted his car and dismounted. Hundreds gathered about him, shouting congratulations. Anopheles smiled in superior fashion.

"Huh!" he said. "That ain't near as hahd as the tailorin' business!"

And then the cash prize of five hundred dollars was handed to the victor amid tumultuous applause. Finally Anopheles broke away. He headed across the field toward Captain Kenney and the waiting Rollins touring car. And he passed the quartet of professional drivers. They glowered at him menacingly.

Anopheles paused. He placed hands on skinny hips.

"Cullud men," he remarked genially, "what you knows bouten automobiles—ain't!"

Then he passed on, five hundred dollars in hand in addition to his returned fifty dollars entrance fee. The fifty he pocketed and the five hundred he handed to Captain Kenney. That gentleman looked wonderingly upon his colored friend.

"Anopheles," he advised sagely, "I would suggest that you insure this car immediately; very immediately!"

At half past five o'clock a weary and foot-sore couple dragged leaden feet down Twentieth Street, turned into Avenue F and paused.

Mrs. Anopheles Ricketts was all in. She was a little more than all in. Every muscle in her body ached. She turned pained eyes upon Mr. Adam Shooks.

"If'n you ever comes within a hund'ed miles of me ag'in, Mistuh Shooks," said she, "you is gwine to be ain't. G'-by!"

Adam had long since lost strength for a retort. He dragged heavy feet behind him and stumbled down the street toward his own home.

"Eighteen miles," he groaned. "Oh, lawsy! Eighteen miles with a talkin' woman!"

Clarissy reached the veranda and collapsed into a wicker chair. Her head sank back and her eyes closed in an excess of agony.

She didn't even bother to investigate as to whether Anopheles had returned. She was suffering too much to care one way or the other.

Suddenly from up the street there came to her ears the triumphant honking of an automobile horn. It was steady and insistent, almost hypnotic. She raised heavy, tired eyes and gazed.

The glittering, newly painted car rolled proudly down the street—a fine Rollins touring car. She finally sensed that the man at the wheel was her husband. She groaned and turned over in her chair. Her eyes closed again.

He was out of the car and beside her in the twinkling of an eye, too full of news about his gift to give heed to her bedraggled condition.

"Honey!"

"Yeh?"

"Look what I is bought fo' you."

"What?"

"A fine new secon'han' Rollins towerin' car!"

"O-o-oh!"

It was not the sort of ejaculation he had anticipated. He bent tenderly above her chair. "I reckon Adam Shooks won't never ——"

Her hands clenched. "Don' you never mention that man's name again roun' where I is at!"

He paused. Then: "C'mon out an' take a ride, Clarissy. I'll show you the swellest car a man ever got fo' the fines' li'l wife which is."

She made a game effort to rise, but the racking pains which shot through every fiber of her body forced her down again.

"I—I reckons not now, 'Nopheles."

"You ain't much happy, hon. Is you so', countin' I got a secon'han' car."

Mention of automobiles made Clarissy ill. This seemed like a way out.

"Yeh—I reckon tha's it, 'Nopheles."

"Huh!" he retorted with some heat. "I reckon you don' know nothin' 'bout automobiles. This heah car is as good as new. They ain't a' single thing wrong with it. That is, not hahdly nothin'—jes' one li'l thing."

"One thing?" she queried languidly.

"Yeh; 'tain't nothin' impawtant. It's jes' that the accelerator is busted."

"IT CAN BE DONE"

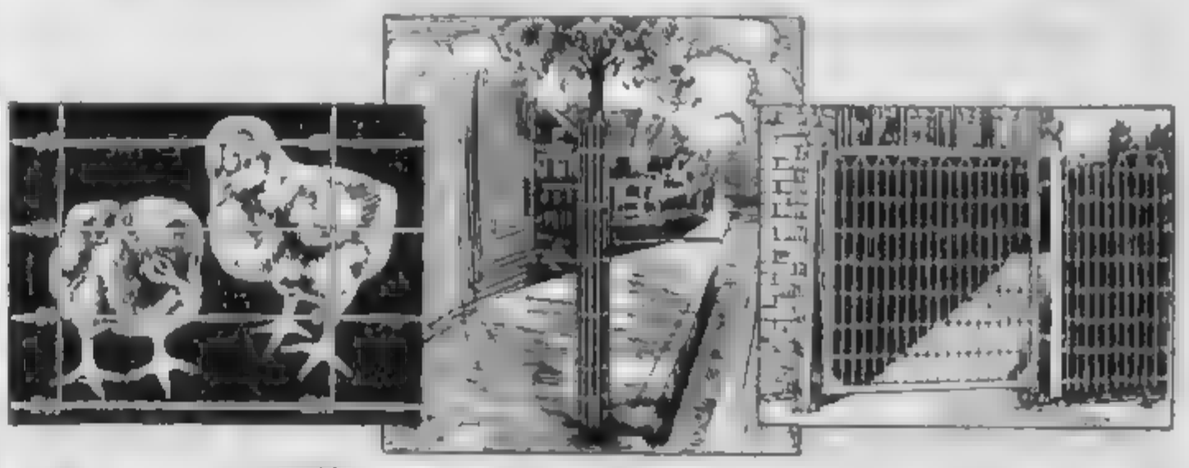
Here's a chain link fence that is *absolutely rustproof*. For years, fence manufacturers have considered this an "impossibility." Clinton-Wright Wire Company has now proved that "it *can* be done."

Excelsior Rustproof Chain Link Fence is proof against rust because *galvanized after weaving*. Ordinary fencing is made of wire galvanized in the coil. When this wire is bent or cut in weaving, its protective coating becomes damaged and exposed to rust. But Excelsior Rustproof is first woven into fabric, and then heavily galvanized. It, therefore, resists rust at all points.

This new process of galvanizing after weaving marks another step forward in wire manufacture. It is one of many discovered by Clinton-Wright Wire Company. It is directly in keeping with the policy of "*quality first and always.*"

Excelsior products, made by Clinton-Wright Wire Company, set the standard of wire value. They meet practically every wire requirement from picture cord and poultry netting to ships' cables and machinery guards. Everywhere they are known for *reliability, strength, and length of service.*

Your dealer can readily supply you with Excelsior products of steel, iron, copper, brass and bronze. Clinton-Wright wire warehouses are located in the principal cities. *Dealers: write for catalog.*



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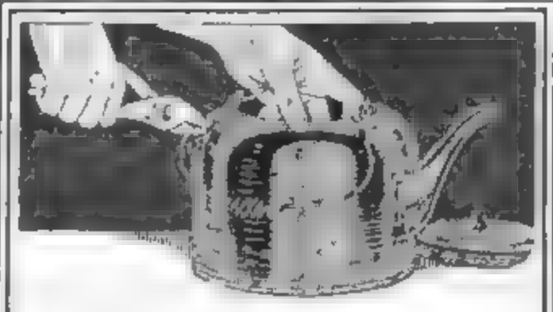

Handy around the Kitchen

There are many times when you need a pair of

Red Devil
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PLIERS

in the kitchen. The handle of the kettle may need straightening, or there's a sauce-pan top to bend into shape. You can do so many things with these pliers, because they give you such a grip, that they ought to be part of the kitchen equipment. They are like "Fingers of Steel."

Ask your hardware dealer to show you a pair of No. 1024 Red Devils. He will have other styles of pliers for general or special purposes, but you can do many things with No. 1024

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"Red Devil" is the Expert Mechanic's Guide to known quality in pliers, electrician's tools, hack saw frames and blades, auger bits, chain drills, and other hand tools, all of a class with "Red Devil" Glass Cutters, the most popular glass cutters in the world.

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No Rats By Sunday

On Thursday scatter small bits of "Rough On Rats" mixed with chopped meat about the place; on Friday mix dampened oatmeal and "Rough On Rats"; Saturday chopped ham with "Rough On Rats" will get all that are left. Sunday comes but rats and mice are gone. Change of bait fools the pests. Get "Rough On Rats" at drug and general stores. Write for booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice", sent free to you

E. S. WELLS
Chemist
Jersey City, N. J.

ROUGH ON RATS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RACE HORSE

(Continued from Page 25)

long as he saw fit on the schooling list, and had a lengthy sentence been inflicted upon me it would simply have meant that I could not start again until the ban was lifted. So my master had to go to a great deal of trouble and bespeak the good offices of some influential people who happened to be friends of the major's. Finally I was restored to favor, though the fact that Barney and the assistant starter had an altercation which ended in a free-for-all fight that night did not help any at first. But subsequently it did have a good effect, because the assistant starters were cautioned against the too liberal use of their whips.

Three days afterward I was carded to start again, the conditions of the race and the distance being practically the same as formerly. I made up my mind that no matter what happened this time I would keep my mind on the running of the race. We went over to the post as before and fortunately got away at the second attempt. I had drawn the extreme outside position, meaning that at the post I was placed nearest to the outside rail, which of course gave me one disadvantage, were I to retain that position until I reached the turn.

The moment the barrier lifted and we were in motion, however, my master rushed me diagonally across the track toward the inside rail. Before we had gone fifty yards I was in the lead and lying almost so close to it that he might have brushed it with his racing boot had he extended his foot a couple of inches. But in that short burst I had demonstrated that I had more speed than anything in the bunch.

I could hear their hoofs pattering after me and the wind was roaring in my ear just like you hear it if you hold a big seashell so close that in fancy you can hear the rumble of the waves. But I did not see any of my competitors until we had swung round the upper turn and got straightened for home. Then a big black horse ranged alongside. I had not been racing my best up to this time, but now my master clucked to me to go on. The black horse's head was at my throat latch and he certainly could run some. So I pinned back my ears and started the first big fight of the many I was afterward to engage in.

At first I thought that perhaps I could shake him off easily, but such was not to be the case. He kept racing alongside of me and never showed the slightest weakness. He did not seem to get his head past my throatlatch, but he stayed there, and just as I began to be afraid that he would be a tougher customer than I had anticipated he dropped back to where his forehead band was on a level with my saddle skirts.

But we were not taking any chances. I just kept going as hard as I could. At the drawgate another horse came out of the bunch behind and challenged me. In less time than it takes to tell it he had pulled up even with the black horse and inch by inch crept past him. First thing I knew he was running head and head with me.

For an instant I did not see how I could possibly stand this strain, but the feeling of panic passed away as it came and I buckled down to my work again. We had reached the farthest end of the grand stand now, which was one seething, yelling mass of excited human beings. It appeared afterward that this horse was the favorite in the race and a great deal of public money had been bet on him. Very few people outside of a few stable boys, who did not have much to bet, and my master and his friend, the major, had put a dollar on me.

So down we came, racing through pandemonium. It did not seem as if I could ever get away from that horse, and there were only a few yards more to go. I knew I had done all I knew how. But just within striking distance of the wire he appeared to falter in a way that was scarcely noticeable, but still it caused him to shorten his stride and in that brief space I had got a neck the better of it and flashed by the judges a winner by three or four feet.

As you can imagine, this was a great triumph for me, because I had beaten a horse that was pretty well thought of, added to which I had gone to the post a despised outsider, as it is called in racing parlance. My master and the major did not bet any large amount on my chances, because, of course, no one can tell how a colt will act the first time he races in company, but they did bet enough to win several thousand dollars, which as I was a long price did not necessitate the investment of very much money.

With the race the Grasshopper had won and mine, my folks were now pretty well on Easy Street and it was decided not to race me again until the summer meetings up the line.

When I speak of up the line I refer to the old-time circuit by which the horsemen traveled. At the close of the winter racing in New Orleans they would move to Little Rock and Hot Springs; then to Memphis, where they always had a very excellent meeting; from Memphis to Nashville; and at the close of the Nashville meeting most of the horses went to Lexington or Louisville and after that to Latonia. When the Latonia meeting was over some of them went to St. Louis, but many of the more important stables went East and either raced on the tracks adjacent to New York or shipped direct to Saratoga and rested up there for the big meeting in August.

In those days the latter track was the grand meeting place for the horsemen of the North and South, besides which many Westerners and Canadians shipped their horses there to join issue with their brethren.

I believe at that time the Saratoga track was dominated by a man named Spencer, who also ran the clubhouse. It was here that the highest-rolling gentlemen who loved to gamble—North, South, East or West—gathered to buck the tiger, as the old game of faro was called. Roulette was also popular, and it is needless to remark that poker games with the limit taken off grew behind every stump, as they say.

At that time Saratoga was a wide-open town. No obstacle was placed in the way of the visitor who wanted either to gamble with his money or get rid of it. And a notable fact was that, judged by the standards of to-day, the prices for accommodations even at the best hotels were more than reasonable. I think this was due a good deal to the fact that the men who controlled the big hotels were mostly Americans. We had not up to that time felt the foreign invasion of hotel men whose only object was and is to key the public purse up to the limit.

In the clubhouse, of course, all the games were big ones, and any evening one could see some of the most prominent men in American politics, commerce, art, literature or anything you could mention, seated at the tables endeavoring to take a fall out of the goddess of chance.

Local gossip might be said to have been divided into two sections—one devoted to recounting the list of those who won or lost big wagers at the race track in the morning, and the other to those who did or did not write checks after the close of the games at night, though for that matter most of the indoor entertainment round town was along the continuous-variety order. Many an old-time sport wags his head when you mention the Saratoga of the early nineties.

"Ah!" he will sigh, "them were the days—them sure were the days!"

One of the big figures round Saratoga in those days was Charles Reed. I believe he was a partner of Spencer, but he was less like one who made the greater part of his income out of gambling than any man in the world. Reed was a large man of English descent. He was an omnivorous reader and was well posted on almost any subject one wanted to broach. He was absolutely on the square. He maintained among other things a great stable of race horses. He loved the sport and owned many good ones, but I think the money-making end of racing never appealed to him very much. He loved the excitement and the sport for sport's sake just as much as any prince of the blood ever did.

Mr. Reed's stable was always turned out in a manner that would have delighted the critically disposed. Everything he had pertaining to his horses was of the best. Indeed I think he was one of the pioneers among American owners in the matter of beautifying the surroundings of the buildings that housed his favorites.

As philosophers, few men were Reed's equal. He always claimed to be a fatalist and accepted without cavil any verdict that Dame Fortune handed out. He subsequently purchased a large breeding farm in Tennessee and placed the famous English Derby winner, St. Blaise, at the head of his stud. As a breeder, however, he did not meet with very marked success.

The purchase of St. Blaise was one of the spectacular occurrences in Reed's career. After the death of August Belmont the elder, and in order to settle up his estate, the horses of the famous Nursery Stud owned by him were brought to New York City and put up at public auction. Among them was St. Blaise, for whom Mr. Belmont had given something like fifty thousand dollars in England—a big price in those days—and whose record not only on the English turf but as a sire of speed was of the best.

So it naturally followed that Mr. Lorillard, J. B. Haggin, of California, and several others of the rich men who were engaged in breeding race horses were very anxious to procure St. Blaise. And when the famous winner of the English Derby was led into the ring that night, looking like the emperor that he was, it is safe to say that representatives of every big turfman in the country were present. Amongst them was Charles Reed.

Mr. Easton, the auctioneer, did not waste much time in preliminaries. He stated in a very simple way that those present all knew the horse, his record and his performances, emphasizing the fact that they needed no eulogy from him.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "what do I hear for the mighty St. Blaise?"

The Englishman's sharp staccato challenge died away. Men who had come to buy St. Blaise regarded each other nervously, but no one opened his mouth. They were all waiting for someone to start the ball rolling. It was a long pause.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Easton again. "Well, gentlemen, what do I hear for St. Blaise? What do I hear?"

And then to the amazement of all those present a big man rose halfway out of his chair. It was Charles Reed.

"One hundred thousand dollars!" he boomed, and sat down again.

Even Easton, as polished and cool an auctioneer as ever mounted the rostrum, was momentarily taken aback. All eyes were focused on the big man who had made this colossal bid, but he was apparently oblivious of his surroundings and continued to peruse an evening paper which he held in his hand. Easton finally found his voice.

(Continued on Page 85)

Gruen Guild Watchmaking

What it is and how it has given to America fine pocket timepieces

BACK in the Middle Ages there flourished, for every important trade, numerous companies of craftsmen known as "guilds." One of the most famous of these guilds, the "Company of Watchmakers," became most firmly established in Switzerland.

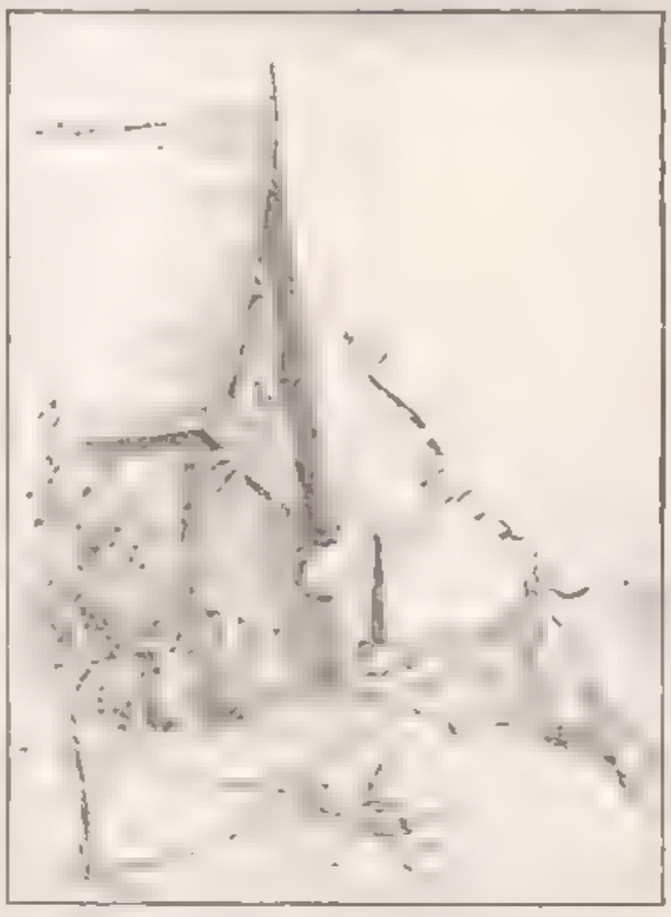
Old manuscripts show that in certain parts of this picturesque country, fine watchmaking was practiced almost as a religion. The spirit of the guild was handed down from father to son through many generations, each generation seeking to produce a more perfect watch.

* * *

Today, as in the fourteenth century, the finest watch craftsmen in the world are the Swiss. America, however, with her genius for invention and her knack for standardization, produces the finest watchmaking machinery. Gruen Guild Watchmaking is unique in that it combines the best of both countries.

Under the old way, a few Swiss watchmakers were brought to America to train American workmen in that part of watchmaking which *machines can't do.*

"The eight which make rustic stairs and patronize down the hill"—



The Gruen Watchmakers Guild "Service Workshop" on Time Hill Cincinnati, where duplicate standardized parts are always on hand

Under the Gruen Guild way, American machines are taken to the Swiss craftsmen

At Madre-Biel, Switzerland, Gruen organized a Guild of sons of the sons of world famous watchmakers.

Equipped with the most modern machinery, and operating on America's principle of standardization, these master craftsmen make the movements for Gruen Watches; and then do what no machine can do—skillfully finish by hand and adjust each movement to that Precision accuracy which really makes a fine watch.

In America, on a picturesque spot known as Time Hill, in Cincinnati, is the Gruen Guild workshop. Built like the Swiss chalets of old, its quaint charm carries one back to the fourteenth century.

Here, amid quiet, artistic surroundings, Guild craftsmen make the beautiful hand-wrought cases, insert the movements and give them final adjustments. From here the Gruen Guild products are sold through 1200 jeweler agencies, the best in each locality.

The Gruen Guild Workshop at Time Hill is a real service workshop, where standardized duplicate repair parts are always on hand for prompt delivery, to any jeweler in America.

Thus does Gruen Guild Watchmaking give you the finest modern examples of American and Swiss watchmaking skill with complete standardized service behind it.

Write for Gruen Guild Exhibit

A book of etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Watches for men and women, will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

"The massive door, [illegible] in our lamps", entrance to Gruen Guild Workshops in Cincinnati

Gruen Verithins, $53.50 to $250—Very-Verithins, $60 to $250—Ultrathins, $210 to $315—Dietrich Gruens, $290 to $825.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD
Time Hill, Bennington and Morgan Sts., Cincinnati, O.
Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874
Canadian branch, Toronto, Can.

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Pure—because it is made of vegetable oils only. *Economical*—it is all soap; it contains no ingredients harmful to clothes or hands. *Efficient*—every atom is brimful of quick-cleansing energy. For laundry, kitchen and household, **Crystal White** answers every cleansing need.

For Things That Touch the Skin

Unsurpassed for Dish Washing

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.

KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 82)

"A hundred thousand dollars for St. Blaise!" he shrilled, and there was a note of triumph in his voice, because it was the biggest bid at public auction of race horses that he or any other knight of the gavel had ever got. "Any advance, gentlemen? Any advance on a hundred thousand dollars for St. Blaise?" This last sentence half sarcastically.

But there was no response to the auctioneer's appeal. The first bid had taken the wind out of all the millionaires and left them gasping for financial breath. Down went the hammer, and with it Charles Reed manufactured a good page in the turf history of our beloved country.

After the sale a friend asked Mr. Reed why he had not waited, and suggested that the horse might have gone cheaper if he had allowed the bidding to go up by easy stages, as is usual.

"What was the use?" growled Reed. "I was sitting in a game with a lot of fellows who didn't care anything for money when they got started, and the only way I could win was to earthquake them before they did."

A little colored stable boy round Mr. Reed's racing establishment described the sale of St. Blaise in a different way. He had been present the night of the sale and someone asked him regarding the intimate details of the auction of this great horse.

"Dey was jus' two bids," volunteered the chocolate drop. "Jus' two bids—dat was all."

"Oh, you've got that wrong!" interrupted the seeker of information. "There was only one bid. Here it is in the paper. Mr. Reed offered a hundred thousand dollars first jump out of the box and got the horse."

"Dat's all right," replied the colored brother. "Dat's all right, but dar was two bids jus' de same."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well," explained the black boy, "'twas dis way: Ole Man Reed he bid a hundred thousand dollahs an' de rest ob dem all bid him good-by."

As we now had some money, Barney thought it would be a good idea to go back to Missouri and look after the horse he had left there. He apparently had great hopes that he would round back into his old-time form. Barney stayed away about a month, and when he returned he brought the horse with him, but he did not look anything like the sorry-looking nag he had taken out in the country the day before we left St. Louis.

This horse—Alec Manley—had really filled out until he was one of the handsomest looking colts on the race track. Barney had it right, because all the horse needed was a rest and a change of scene. He wanted what a great many horses do—namely, to be taken away from the excitement and the race track for a while, and were this same treatment given many of the horses who train off their form their owners would find that it could have nothing but beneficial results.

It can't hurt a horse to turn him out for a while in surroundings where he will be taken good care of, and the chances are that it will do him a world of good.

The horse had been in our stable two or three days when one morning a little colored boy rode past on a three-year-old that looked so like Alec Manley anyone who did not know both horses would have readily mistaken the one for the other. Barney stopped the boy and asked him what horse he was riding and he replied that the horse's name was Alec Manley.

Barney then talked to the boy awhile and meantime looked the horse thoroughly over from the tip of his ear to a very small white spot about the size of a dime on his right hind heel.

The real Alec Manley, which we had in the stable, did not have a single white hair on him, but apart from this and a slight difference in the set of the masquerader's ears the horses were almost identical.

After the boy had gone Barney told my master that he knew the horse's real name. He said it was Dutch Flat and that he was by an imported horse called Oat Cake and that his mother's name was Lightning. Barney said he had known this horse ever since he was a yearling and that he could not be mistaken, because when the colt was a youngster he had got his head under a barbed-wire fence and the least little piece had been taken out of one of his ears. He had seen the scar there when he looked the horse over.

My master and Barney talked the matter over a good deal, but they did not exactly know how to meet the situation. Of course, they realized that he would be put in a race as a ringer some day under the fictitious name. So they thought they had better keep quiet and await developments.

The real Alec Manley, which we had, was taking to his work like a major general. He had all his old-time speed and was apparently as good as he ever was. Barney figured on starting him in one of the short races in a very few weeks—unless something transpired meantime.

But one evening Red Groget came round to the stable as if he was merely paying a friendly call. He looked the horses over and gossiped a little about the goings-on of the turf, but neither by word nor deed did he give any sign or token that he recognized the horse he had given Barney in the first place.

Speculation as to why he had paid us a visit was set at rest the next morning, however, because the stable owner who had originally raced Alec Manley and who now was housing the horse sailing under his name came round and asked Barney if he had a bay three-year-old he wanted to sell. He explained that he had seen him out galloping on the track and liked his appearance.

Barney never batted an eye, but showed him the horse. The old man asked how he was bred and what his name was and the latter replied that he was a colt called Dutch Flat, by Oat Cake.

This almost—metaphorically speaking—kicked the legs from under the prospective purchaser.

"Dutch Flat!" he exclaimed. "Dutch Flat, eh? Why a—why—Dutch Flat, eh?"

"That's the name he was christened," confirmed Barney solemnly. "I have known him since he was broke."

"You have, eh?"

"That's what I have!" This from Barney in tones of absolute conviction.

The other man drew a long breath.

"Well," he said at length, "I—er—I didn't know that was his name. In fact I—er—I didn't know what you called him. He's a new one on me."

"Of course you didn't. How could you?" soothed Barney. "There's so many horses round this race track—and most of them bays with black points—that the man who wrote the book couldn't keep track of them."

"That's right," confirmed the other hastily. "And of course a name don't make any difference. I like this colt's looks and if you'll put a price on him—well, we might do business."

"He ought to be worth fifteen hundred," returned Barney nonchalantly. "But at that I don't care about parting with him."

"Fifteen hundred!" stormed the other. "Why, it's too much! It's—it looks like robbery! Why—why listen a minute and I—I'll tell you something!"

"You don't need to tell me nothin'," returned Barney. "That's the reason I have holes cut in my hat to let out all the surplus information I get round here. The main thing is, do you want him or don't you? I guess you know best whether you do or not."

"I'll take him," returned the other hastily. "I'll take him! But just the same you'd ought to remember—you'd ought to ——"

"The best thing a fellow can do round here," retorted Barney calmly, "is not to remember anything, an' all I can say to you is that if you buy this horse the loss of memory specific goes with him. D'ye get me?"

"I understand," exclaimed the other sourly as he paid over the money. "I understand."

So that's how we got rid of Alec Manley and his connection. We heard afterward that sometimes he was raced in his right name and sometimes in that of Dutch Flat, but as we were not at any of the tracks he or his owners raced over I could not make a positive statement regarding his subsequent movements. In those days there were plenty of ringers. It is more than likely that he was one of the noble army of outlaws.

Before we left New Orleans the Grasshopper won another race. So when we started out we had enough money left to last us several months, if used judiciously. From New Orleans we went to Memphis, as we procured two stalls in an express car with another owner. This made the traveling a good deal cheaper than if we had taken a car to ourselves. We were heading back to St. Louis and taking the cheapest way of getting there, because—as I said before—it was not my master's intention to do much racing until midsummer. And nothing unusual occurred until we reached the latter place.

But at St. Louis something happened which changed all our plans for the summer, because my master and Barney met a boy who used to be a jockey but had got too heavy to ride. He was now living down in Kansas, near the Oklahoma line.

This boy was full of wonderful stories regarding the opening up by the Government of the land in Oklahoma. He said he knew where some of the most desirable sections were located and he wanted my master to finance an outfit and go down there. He claimed that the land in the Cherokee Strip, which was about to be thrown open for settlement by the Government, was the richest that laid out of doors, and that if we could get down there with some good horses we would be in a position to preëmpt this land when the grand rush was made.

An adventure of this kind naturally carried with it a tremendous appeal both to my master and Barney. They talked with this boy and planned for days regarding the trip. Finally they decided to sidetrack the racing game for the time being, and so we were all put aboard a freight car and started down for Oklahoma.

The freight train traveled slowly and it took us many days to get there, but as comfortable stalls were arranged for us we did not suffer any ill effects. I should have told you that before we left St. Louis my master bought another horse for this boy to ride in the big land race. He was six years old and had, I believe, run third in the Kentucky Derby. He was a big, rawboned horse, and while he did not have a tremendous amount of speed, Barney said he could run all day and that we might need him in our business when we got down in the Nation, which is the name by which the Cherokee Strip generally went in those days.

We all arrived safe and sound and as it was announced that the land would not be thrown open for settlement until September, we had more than a month to get ready and make all our plans and arrangements.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Grassy Went Over With Me, Because They Thought I Would Not Feel Nervous if He Came Along

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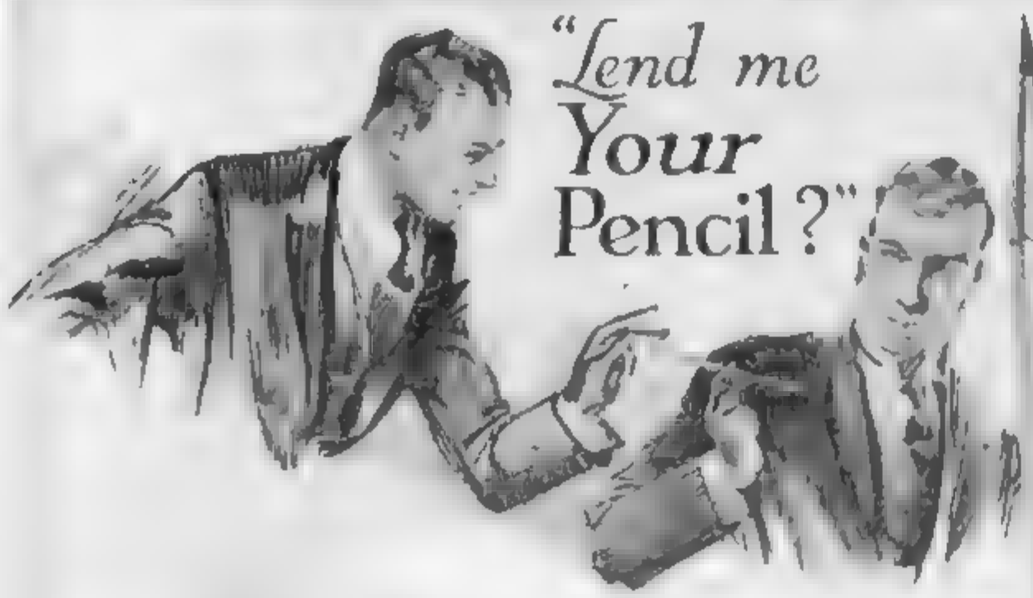

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DANGER—RUN SLOW

(Continued from Page 5)

The landlady consented to his importing an oil stove for cooking his meals. He bought the stove, with a box of oatmeal, a jar of bacon and half a dozen eggs. He bought a plane and solid geometry and an algebra. At dinner time he laid the algebra beside his plate of anemic bacon and leaking eggs. The eggs grew cold. He did not stir. He was reviewing his high-school algebra. He went down the pages, word by word, steadily, quickly, absolutely concentrated—as concentrated as he would recently have been in a new problem of disordered transmission. Not once did he stop to consider how glorious it would be to marry Claire—or how terrifying it would be to marry Miss Boltwood.

Three hours went by before he started up, bewildered, rubbed his eyes, picked at the chill bacon and altogether disgusting eggs, and rambled out into the street.

Again he risked the scorn of conductors and jitney drivers. He found Queen Anne Hill, found the residence of Mr. Eugene Gilson. He sneaked about it, slipped into the gate, prowled toward the house. Flabby from the intensity of study he longed for the stimulus of Claire's smile. But as he stared up at the great squares of the clear windows, at the flare of white columns in the porch lights, that smile seemed unreachable. He felt like a rustic at court. From the shelter of the prickly holly hedge he watched the house. It was "some kind of a party? Or what would folks like these call a party?" Limousines were arriving: he had a glimpse of silken ankles, frothy underskirts; heard easy laughter; saw people moving through a big blue-and-silver room; caught a drifting tremor of music.

At last he saw Claire. She was dancing with a young man as decorative as "that confounded Saxton fellow from Brooklyn" he had met at Flathead Lake, but younger than Saxton, a laughing young man, with curly black hair. For the first time in his life Milt wanted to kill. He muttered "Damn—damn—damn!" as he saw the young man carelessly embracing Claire.

His fingers tingling, his whole body yearning till every cell seemed a beating hammer, Milt longed just once to slip his hand about Claire's waist like that. He could feel the satin of her bodice, and its warmth.

Then it seemed to him, as Claire again passed the window, that he did not know her at all. He had once talked to a girl who resembled her, but that was long ago. He could understand a Gomez-Dep and appreciate a brisk sports suit, but this girl was of a world unintelligible to him. Her hair in its dips and convolutions was altogether a puzzle. How did she ever fix it like that? Her low evening dress—what was it made of? Some white stuff, but was it silk or muslin or what? Her shoulders were startling in their bare powdery smoothness. "How dare that young pup dance with her?" And her face, that had seemed so jolly and friendly, floated past the window as pale and illusive as a wisp of fog. His longing for her passed into clumsy awe. He remembered without resentment that once on a hilltop in Dakota, before they had really become comrades, she had coldly forbidden him to follow her.

With all the pleasure of martyrdom—to make quite sure that he should realize how complete a fool he had been to intrude on Miss Boltwood—he studied the other guests. He gave them, perhaps, a glory they did not have. There were girls sleek as ivory. There was a lean, stooped man, very distinguished. There was a bulky man in a dinner coat, with a semicircle of mustache, and eyes that even at a distance seemed to give impatient orders. He would be a big banker or a lumberman.

Milt straggled off, too unhappy to think how unhappy he was. In his clammy room he picked up the algebra. For a quarter hour he could not gather enough vigor to open it. In his lassitude his elbows felt feeble, his fingers were ready to drop off. He slowly scratched the book open.

At one o'clock he was reading algebra, his face still and grim. But already it seemed less heartily brick red.

IV

HE LISTLESSLY telephoned to Claire in the morning.

"Hello? . . . Oh! Miss Boltwood? . . . This is Milt Daggett."

"Oh! Oh, how are you?"

"Why, why, I'm—I've got settled. I can get into the engineering school all right."

"I'm glad."

"Uh—enjoying Seattle?"

"Oh! Oh, yes. The mountains—do you like it?"

"Oh! Oh, yes. Sea and all. Great town."

"Uh, wh-when are we going to see you? Daddy had to go East; left you his regards. Wh-when ——"

"Why—why, I suppose you're awful—awfully busy, meeting people and all ——"

"Yes, I am, rather, but ——" Her hedging, uncomfortable tone changed to a cry of distress: "Milt, I must see you! Come up at four this afternoon."

"Yes!"

He rushed to a small hot tailor shop. He panted: "Press m'suit while I wait?" They gave him a pair of temporary trousers, an undesirable pair of trousers belonging to a short fat man with no taste in fabrics, and with these flapping about his lean legs he sat behind a calico curtain, looking at a fashion plate depicting nine gentleman yachtsmen each nine feet tall, while the Jugoslav in charge unfeelingly sprinkled and ironed and patted his suit.

He spent ten minutes in blacking his shoes in his room—and twenty minutes in getting the blacking off his fingers.

He was walking through the gate in the Gilson hedge at one minute of four. But he had reached Queen Anne Hill at three. For an hour he had walked the crest road, staring at the steamers below, alternately gripping his hands with desire of Claire, and timorously finally deciding that he wouldn't go to her house—wouldn't ever see her again.

He came into the hall tremblingly expecting some great thing, some rending scene; and she met him with a cool "Oh, this is nice. Eva had some little white cakes made for us."

He felt like a man who has asked for a drink of cold charged water and found it warm and flat.

"How —— Dandy house," he muttered, limply shaking her limp hand.

"Yes, isn't it a darling? They do themselves awfully well here. And I hear a lot more about society here than I ever did in the East. The sets seem frightfully complicated." She was drifting into the drawing-room, to a tapestry stool, and Milt was awkwardly stalking a large wing chair, while she fidgeted: "Everybody tells me about one poor dear soul, a charming lady who used to take in washing or salt gold mines or something, and she came here a little while ago with billions and billions of dollars, and tried to buy her way in by shopping for all the charities in town, and apparently she's just as out of it here as she would be in London. You and I aren't exclusive like that, are we?"

Somehow—her "you and I" was too kindly, as though she was trying to put him at ease, as though she knew he couldn't possibly be at ease. With a horribly elaborate politeness, with a smile that felt hot on his twitching cheeks he murmured: "Oh, no. No, we—no, I guess ——"

If he knew what it was he guessed he couldn't get it out. While he was trying to find out what had become of all the things there were to say in the world a maid came in with an astonishing object—a small, red, shelved table on wheels, laden with silver vessels and cake and sandwiches that were amazingly small and thin.

The maid was so starched that she creaked. She glanced at Milt. Claire didn't make him so nervous that he thought of his clothes, but the maid did. He was certain that she knew that he had blacked his own shoes, knew how old were his clothes. He was urging himself: "Must get new suit to-morrow—ready-made—mustn't forget, now—be sure—get suit to-morrow." He wanted to apologize to the maid for existing. He wouldn't dare to fall in love with the maid. And he'd kill the man who said he could be fool enough to fall in love with Miss Boltwood.

He sipped his tea, and dropped sandwich crumbs, and ached, and panted, and peeped at the crushing quantities of pictures and sconces and tables and chairs in the room, and wondered what they did with all of them, while Claire chattered: "Yes, we weren't exclusive out on the road.

(Continued on Page 39)

MICHELIN

To Tire Dealers:

Have you decided what tires to sell next season? You will agree that the best proposition looks about like this:

1st A quality tire selling at a fair price.

2nd A quality tire backed up by extensive educational advertising national in scope.

3rd A quality tire whose guarantee is not limited to any specific mileage.

4th A quality tire made by a big liberal manufacturer whose long experience has made him familiar with the dealer's problems and how to solve them.

Michelin cord and fabric casings, and Michelin ring-shaped tubes meet these specifications. They are easy to sell and stay sold. Just drop us a line and let us tell you the whole story.

MICHELIN TIRE CO., Milltown, N. J.

Michelin Tire Co. of Canada Limited,
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Dealers in all parts of the world

Examples of the educational Michelin advertisements that have been published during 1919 and read by millions of motorists. This campaign will be extended during 1920.

Box-fulls of Climate!

Why 10-rib Mayo Underwear is a favorite in the zero belt!

BASS are biting. The corn is in the shock. Pumpkins are turning their thoughts to golden pies. The atmosphere is chirking up. Coal wagons are rumbling through city streets. A thousand signs warn you—"Get ready! Winter's on the way."

Way up North woodmen are already putting on their warm 10-rib Mayo Underwear. They would tell you that when the mercury begins to push the bottom out of the thermometer—there is no warmer friend than 10-rib Mayo. They will tell you too that 10-rib Mayo knitting is money's worth knitting—that Mayo Underwear is mighty economical.

What puts the extra warmth and wear in Mayo?

Extra ribs per inch! 10-ribs to the inch instead of 8! And Mayo Underwear is the only *medium priced* underwear knit in the 10-rib way. Before Mayo came, only *high priced* underwear had 10-rib knitting.

Don't be a slave to Jack Frost. Make your own balmy climate by wearing 10-rib Mayo Underwear.

Every box-full of Mayo Underwear is chockfull of balmy Florida warmth. And dealers' shelves are full of Mayo boxes. See your dealer today. Let him show you why 10-rib knitting makes Mayo the thriftiest Underwear you can buy.

DEALERS: *If your jobber has no 10-rib Mayo Underwear in stock—write us for the name of the nearest jobber who has.*

THE MAYO MILLS, MAYODAN, N. C.
Sales Office: 346 Broadway, New York City

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Made from Mayo Yarn

WINTER UNDERWEAR *for* MEN *and* BOYS
UNION SUITS · SHIRTS · DRAWERS

Look for this trade mark in the neckband of your underwear. It identifies the real Mayo Underwear

(Continued from Page 86)

Didn't we meet funny people, though? Oh, somehow that 'funny people' sounds familiar. But what fun that morning was at—Pellago, was it? Heavens, I'm forgetting those beastly little towns already—that place where we hazed the poor landlady who overcharged me."

"Yes." He was thinking of how much Claire would forget now. "Yes. We certainly fixed her, all right. Uh—did you get the check for the car?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. So nice of you to bother with it."

"Oh, nothing at all, nothing; nothing at all. Uh—do you like Seattle?"

"Oh, yes. Such views—the mountains. Do you like it?"

"Oh, yes. Always wanted to see the sea."

"Yes, and—such a well-built town."

"Yes, and—they must do a lot of business here."

"Yes, they . Oh, yes, I do like Seat ."

He had darted from his chair, brushed by the tea wagon, ignoring its rattle and the perilous tipping of cups.

He put his hand on her shoulder, snorted: "Look here! We're both sparring for time. Stop it! It's—it's all right, Claire. I want you to like me, but I'm not—I'm not like that woman you were telling about that's trying to butt in. I know—I know so well what you're thinking! You're thinking I'm not up to the people you've been seeing last couple of days—not up to 'em yet, anyway. Well—we'll be good friends."

Fearless now, his awe gone in tenderness, he lifted her chin, looked straight into her eyes, smiled. But his courage was slipping. He wanted to run and hide.

He turned abruptly, grumbling, "Well, better get back to work now, I guess."

Her cry was hungry: "Oh, please don't go!" She was beside him, shyly picking at his sleeve. "I know what you mean. I like you for being so understanding. But—I do like you. You were the perfect companion. Let's—oh, let's have a walk, and try to laugh again."

He definitely did not want to stay. At this moment he did not love her. He regarded her as an estimable young woman who, for a person so idiotically reared, had really shown a good deal of pluck out on the road, where he wanted to be. He stood in the hall disliking his old cap while she ran up to put on a topcoat.

Mute, casual, they tramped out of the house together, and down the hill to a region of shabby old brown houses like blisters on the hillside. They had little to say, and that little was a polite reminiscence of incidents in which neither was interested.

When they came back to the Gilson hedge he stopped at the gate, with terrific respectableness removed his cap.

"Good night," she said cheerily. "Call me up soon again."

He did not answer "Good night." He said "Good-by" and he meant it to be his last farewell. He caught her hand, hastily dropped it, fled down the hill.

He was, he told himself, going to leave Seattle that evening.

That doubtless is the reason why he ran to a trolley, to get to a department store before it closed; and why, precipitating himself upon a startled clerk, he purchased a new suit of chaste blue serge, a new pair of tan boots—curiously like some he had seen on the university campus that morning—and a new hat so gray and conservative and felty that it might have been worn by a prime minister.

He spent the evening in reading algebra and geometry, and in telling himself that he was beautifully not thinking about Claire. In the midst of it he caught himself at it, and laughed.

"What you're doing, my friend, is pretending you don't like Claire, so that you can hide from your fool self the fact that you're going to sneak back to see her the first chance you get—first time the watchdog is out. Seriously now, son, Claire is impossible for you. No can do. Now that you've been chump enough to leave home —— Oh, Lord, I wish I hadn't promised to take this room for all winter! Wish I hadn't matriculated at the U. But I'm here now, and I'll stick it out. I'll stay here one year anyway, and go back home."

■

THE one thing of which Milt Daggett was certain was that now he had managed to crawl into the engineering school he must get his degree in mechanical engineering. He was older than most of his classmates. He must hurry. He must do four years' work in two.

There has never been a Freshman, not the most goggle-eyed and earnest of them, who had less of his classmates, thought less about outside activities, more grimly centered the universe about his work.

Milt had sold his garage, back in Schoenstrom, by mail. He had enough money to get through two years, with economy. His life was as simple and dull as it had been at home.

He studied while he cooked his scrappy meals; he pinned mathematical formulæ and mechanical diagrams on the wall, and pored over them while he was dressing; or while he was trying to break in the new shoes, which were beautiful, squeaky and confoundedly tight.

He was taking French and English and composition writing in addition to engineering, and he made out a schedule of life as humorlessly as a girl grind who intends to be a Latin teacher.

When he was not at work or furiously running and yanking chest weights in the gymnasium he was attending concerts and lectures.

Studying the life about him he had discovered that the best way to save time was to avoid the lazy friendships of college; the pipe-smoking, yawning, comfortable, rather heavy, altogether pleasant wondering about "What'll we do next?" which occupies at least four hours a day for the average man in college. He would have liked it, as he had liked long talks about nothing with his amusing but not highly edifying friend, Bill McGolwey at the Old Home Lunch. But he couldn't afford it. He had to be ready to ——

That was the point at which his reflections always came up with a jolt. He was clear about the method of getting ready, but he hadn't the slightest idea of what he was getting ready for. The moment he had decided to marry Claire he saw that his only possible future would be celibate machinery installing in Alaska; and the moment he was content with the prospect of an engineer's camp in Alaskan wilds his thoughts went crazily fluttering after Claire.

Despite his aloofness Milt was not unpopular in his class. The engineers had few of them the interest in dances, athletics, college journalism, which distinguished the men in the academic course. They were older and more conscious of a living to earn. And Milt's cheerful "How's the boy?" his manner of waving his hand—as though to a good customer leaving the Red Trail Garage with the generator at last tamed—indicated that he was a good fellow.

One group of collegians Milt did seek. It is true that he had been genuine in scorning social climbers, but it is also true that the men whom he sought to know were the university smart set.

Their satisfaction in his allegiance would doubtless have been lessened, however, had they known how little he cared for what they thought of him, and with what cruel directness he was using them as models for the one purpose of pleasing Miss Claire Boltwood.

He met them in his English class. He remarked "Hello, Smith," and "Mornin', Jones," as though he liked them but didn't care a hang whether they liked him. And by and by he drifted into their fraternity dwelling house, with a question about the next day's assignment, and met their friends. He sat pipe-smoking, silent, cheerful, and they seemed to like him. Whenever one of them felt that Milt was intruding and asked impertinent questions in the manner of a Pullman porter at a Darktown ball Milt had a peculiar level look which had been known to generate courtesy even in the offspring of a million dollars. They found that he knew more about motor cars than any of them, and as motor cars were among their greater gods they considered him wise.

But there is a question as to what they would have thought had they known that lying awake in the morning Milt unsmilingly repeated: "Hair always straight down at the back. Never rounded. Nix on clippers over the ears.

"Matisse is a popular nut artist. Fashionable for the swells to laugh at him, and the fellows on the college papers to rave about him.

"Blinx & Severan the swellest—the smartest haberdashery in the city.

"Gold Bond" Clothes

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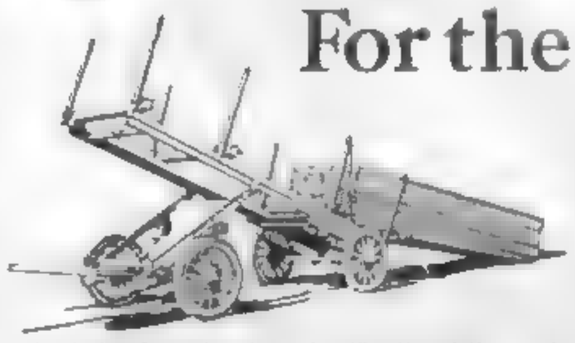
For the Lumber Yard



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Twelve teams were replaced hauling wheat from a farm five miles away to Salina, Kas., by two light roadsters, a ¾-ton truck and four Trailmobiles. Each Trailmobile made 10 round trips a day and together they hauled 2,000 bushels in a day. The truck was used to pull the Trailmobiles through rough stubble fields to the road where the light passenger cars picked them up.

The Trailmobiles used ordinary farm wagon bodies which every farmer has.

Write for folder on farm hauling

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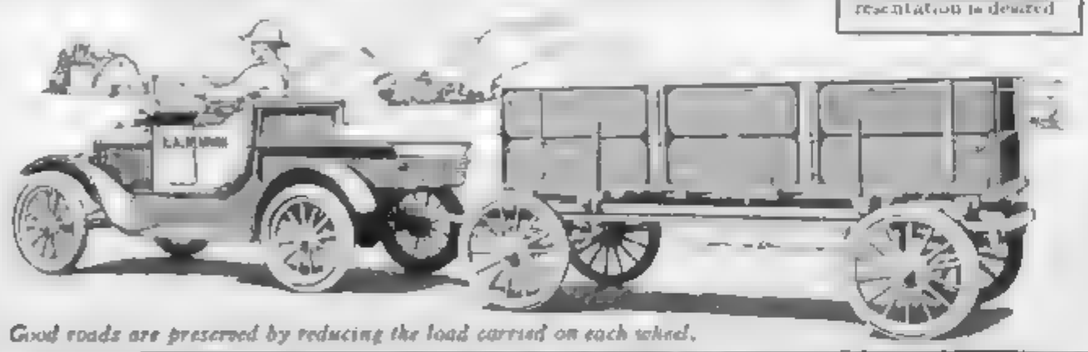

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

452 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Never say 'Pleased to meet you.' Just look about halfway between bored and tol'able and say 'How do you do?'"

VI

ALL these first three weeks of his life in Seattle he had seen Claire only on his first call. Twice he had telephoned to her. On one of these high occasions she had invited him to accompany the family to the theater—which meant to the movies—and he had wretchedly refused; the other time she had said that she might stay in Seattle all winter, and she might go any day, and they must be sure to have that good long walk; and he had said "Oh, yes," ten or twelve unhappy times, and had felt very empty as he hung up the receiver.

Then she wrote to invite him to late Sunday breakfast at the Gilsons—they made a function of it, and called it luncheon. The hour was given as ten-thirty; most people came at noon; but Milt arrived at ten-thirty-one, and found only a sleepy butler in sight.

He waited in the drawing-room for five minutes, feeling like a bill collector. Into the room vaulted a medium-sized, medium-looking, amiable man, Eugene Gilson, babbling. "Oh, I say, so sorry to keep you waiting. Mr. Daggett? Rotten shame. Do come have a bun or something, frightfully informal these luncheons. Play auction?"

"Zall right—no," said Milt.

The host profusely led him to a dining room, where—in English fashion, or something like English fashion, or, anyway, a close approximation to the fictional pictures of English fashion—kidneys and sausages and omelets waited in dishes on the sideboard.

Mr. Gilson poured coffee and chanted: "Do try the kidneys. They're usually very fair. Miss Boltwood tells me that you were very good to her on the trip. Must have been jolly trip. You going to be in town some time? Oh, yes, Claire said you were in the university, engineering, wasn't it? Have you ever seen our lumber mills? Do drop round some —— try the omelet before the beastly thing gets cold. Do you mind kicking that button, we'll have some more omelet in—any time at the mill and I'll be glad to have someone show you through. How did you find the roads along the Red Trail?"

"Why, pretty fair," said Milt.

Into the room precipitated Mrs. Gilson, in a smile, a supersweater, and a sports skirt that would have been soiled by any variety of sport more violent than pinochle, and she was wailing as she came: "We're disgraced, Gene! Is this Mr. Daggett? How do you do; so good of you to come; do try the kidneys, they're usually quite decent. Are the omelets warm? You might ring for some more, Gene. For heaven's sake give me some coffee; Miss Boltwood will be right down, Mr. Daggett; she told us how fortunate they were that they met you on the road. Did you like the trip? How were the roads?"

"Why, they were pretty good," said Milt.

Claire arrived, fresh and serene in white taffeta, and she cried prettily: "I ought to have known that you'd be prompt even if no one else in the world is; so glad you came; have you tried the kidneys? and do have an—oh, I see you have tried the omelets. How goes the work at the university?"

"Why, fine," said Milt.

He ate stolidly, and looked pleased, and sneaked in a glance at his new—and still tight and still squeaky—tan boots to make sure that they were as well polished as they had seemed at home.

From nowhere appeared a bustling, weighty woman, purring: "Hello, hello, hello, is it possible that you're all up —— Mr. Daggett. Yes, do lead me to the kidneys."

And a man with the gray hair of a grandfather and the giggle of a cash girl bounced in, clamoring: "Mornin'—expected to have luncheon alone—do we have some bridge? Oh, good morning, Mr. Daggett; how do you like Seattle? Oh, thanks so much, yes, just two."

Then Milt ceased to keep track of the conversation, which bubbled over the omelets, and stewed over the kidneys, and foamed about the coffee, and clashed above a hastily erected bridge table, and altogether sounded curiously like four cars with four quite different things the matter with them, all being tried out at once in a small garage. People flocked in, and nodded as though they knew one another too well to worry about it. They bowed to him charmingly, and instantly forgot him for the kidneys and sausages. He sat looking respectable and feeling lonely, by a cup of coffee, till Claire—dropping the highly unreal smile with which she had been listening to the elderly beau's frenziedly dull account of a fishing trip he hadn't quite got round to taking—slipped into a chair beside him and begged: "Are they looking out for you, Milt?"

"Oh, yes, thank you."

"You haven't been to see me."

"Oh no, but—working so darn hard."

"What a strikingly original reason! But have you, really?"

"Honest."

Suddenly he wanted—eternal man, forever playing confidential small boy to the beloved—to tell her about his classes and acquaintances; to get pity for his bare room and his home cooking. But round them blared the brazen interest in kidneys, and as Claire glanced up with much brightness at another arrival Milt lost momentum and found that there was absolutely nothing in the world he could say to her.

He made a grateful farewell to the omelets and kidneys, and escaped. He walked many miles that day, trying to remember how Claire looked.

VII

"WHAT did you think of my nice Daggett boy?" Claire demanded of Eva Gilson the moment luncheon was over.

"Which one was —— Oh, the boy you met on the road? Why, really, I didn't notice him particularly. I'd rather fancied from the way you referred to him that he was awfully jolly and forceful, but rather crude. But I didn't notice him at all. He seemed perfectly well-bred, but slightly heavy."

"No, he isn't that. He —— Why did you lead spades?" reflected Claire.

They were in the drawing-room, resting after the tact and tumult of the luncheon. Claire had been here long enough now for the Gilsons to forget her comfortably, and be affectionate and quarrelsome and natural, and to admit by their worrying that even in their exalted social position there were things to fuss about.

"I do think we ought to have invited Belle Torrens," fretted Mrs. Gilson. "We've simply got to have her here soon."

Mr. Gilson speculated intensely. "But she's the dullest soul on earth, and her husband spends all his spare time in trying to think up ways of doing me dirt in business. Oh, by the way, did you get the water tap in the blue room fixed? It's dripping all the time."

"No; I forgot it."

"Well, I do wish you'd have it attended to. It simply drips all the time."

"I know. I intended to phone the plumber. Can't you phone him to-morrow from the office?"

"No, I haven't time to bother with it. But I do wish you would. It keeps on dripping."

"I know; it doesn't seem to stop. Well, you remind me of it in the morning."

"I'm afraid I'll forget. You better make a note of it. If it keeps on dripping that way it's likely to injure something. And I do wish you'd tell the Jap not to put so much parsley in the omelet. And I say, how would an omelet be with a butter sauce over it?"

"Oh, no; I don't think so. An omelet ought to be nice and dry. Butter makes it so greasy. Besides, with the price of butter ——"

"But there's a richness to butter. You'd better make a note about the tap dripping in the blue room right now, before you forget it. Oh! Why in heaven's name did we have Johnny Martin here? He's dull as ditchwater."

"I know, but—it is nice to go out to his place on the point. Oh, Gene, I do wish you'd try and remember not to talk about your business so much. You and Mr. Martin were talking about the price of lumber for at least half an hour."

"Nothing of the kind. We scarcely mentioned it. Oh, what car are you going to use this afternoon? If we get out to the Barnetts' I thought we might use the limousine. Or, no, you'll probably go out before I do. I have to read over some specifications, and I promised to give Will a lift. Couldn't you take the touring car? Maybe you might drive yourself. No, I forgot, the clutch is slipping a little. Well,

(Continued on Page 92)

A Spinning Basket that is Wringer and Clothesline

A clothesline miles long would be required to dry the daily wash of the average modern laundry.

In common with the housewives of the land early laundries used such a line—beginning the drying of clothes with a wringer and finishing them on the clothesline.

But wringers and clotheslines alike are unknown in the modern laundry.

How to dispense with them was a riddle that long baffled laundrymen. It was left for an ingenious engineer to solve the problem. He did it by inventing the spinning "basket"—a device that extracts the water from wet clothes almost in the twinkling of an eye.

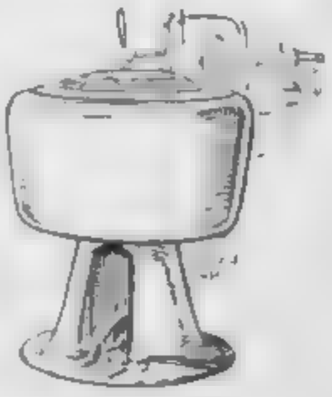
It is this magic "basket" that is wringer and clothesline in modern laundries.

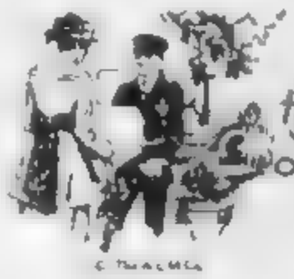
If after placing a few wet clothes in your market basket, you will swing the basket in a circle, the water will be seen to leave the clothes and escape through the spaces between the willows. But the clothes themselves will not move. They will remain firmly in place just as does water when you whirl a filled bucket.

It is by this principle that water is removed from clothes in modern laundries—only the "basket" in which your washing is placed, spins like a top. In the sides of the basket are many holes through which the water makes its escape. Of course the device is encased—just as you might confine a spinning top in a teacup.

But while the basket whirls, speedily, only the water leaves. There is no movement in the clothes themselves. Neither is there any of the wear that weakens fabrics.

Upon removal from the spinning "basket," the clothes are ready for the next step in the laundering process. There are no buttons broken or torn off, and none of the rough usage that ages wearing apparel.





In your city are modern laundries where these improved methods are used. You will find them an ideal place to send your family wash.

The American Laundry Machinery Company

Executive Offices, Cincinnati

(Continued from Page 90)

you might drive out and send the car back for me. Still, there wouldn't hardly be time ——"

Listening to them as to a play Claire suddenly desired to scream: "Oh, for heaven's sake, quit fussing! I'm going up and drown myself in the blue-room tap! What does it matter! Walk! Take a surface car! Don't fuss so!"

Her wrath came from her feeling of guilt. Yes, Milt had been commonplace. Had she done this to him? Had she turned his cheerful ignorances into a careful stupor? And she felt stuffy and choking and overpacked with food.

She wanted to be out on the road, clear-headed, forcing her way through, an independent human being—with Milt not too far behind.

Mrs. Gilson was droning: "I do think Mattie Vincent is so nice."

"Rather dull, I'd call her," yawned Mr. Gilson.

Mattie was the seventh of their recent guests whom he had called dull by now.

"Not at all. Oh, of course she doesn't dance on tables and quote Maeterlinck, but she does have an instinct for the niceties and the proprieties. Her little house is so sweet—everything just exactly right—it may be only a single rose, but always chosen so carefully to melt into the background. And such adorable china—I simply die of envy every time I see her Lowestoft plates. And such a quiet way of reproving any bad taste."

"Oh, damn nice china! Oh, let's hang all spinsters who are brightly reproving." Claire was silently raging. "And particularly and earnestly confound all nicety and discretion of living."

That afternoon, after having agreed that Mr. Johnny Martin was a bore, Mr. and Mrs. Gilson decided to run out to the house of Mr. Johnny Martin. They bore along the lifeless Claire.

Mr. Martin was an unentertaining bachelor who entertained. There were a dozen supercilious young married people at his bayside cottage when the Gilsons arrived. Among them were two eyebrow-arching young matrons whom Claire had not met—Mrs. Corey and Mrs. Betz.

"We've all heard of you, Miss Boltwood," said Mrs. Betz. "You come from the East, don't you?"

"Yes," fluttered Claire, trying to be cordial.

Mrs. Corey and Mrs. Betz looked at each other in a motionless wink, and Mrs. Corey prodded: "From New York?"

"No; Brooklyn." Claire tried to make it too short.

"Oh." The tacit wink was repeated. Mrs. Corey said brightly—much too brightly—"I was born in New York. I wonder if you know the Dudenants?"

Now Claire knew the Dudenants. She had danced with that young ass Don Dudenant a dozen times. But the devil did enter into her and possess her, and to Eva Gilson's horror Claire said stupidly: "No-o, but I think I've heard of them."

The condemning wink was repeated.

"I hear you've been doing such interesting things—motoring and adventuring. You must have met some terrible people along the way," fished Mrs. Betz.

"Yes, everybody does seem to feel that way. But I'm afraid I found them terribly nice," flared Claire.

"I always say that common people can be most agreeable," Mrs. Corey patronized. Before Claire could kill her—there wasn't any homicidal weapon in sight except a silver tea strainer—Mrs. Corey had pirouetted on: "Though I do think that we're much too kind to workmen and all. Upon my word, to keep a maid nowadays you have to treat her as though she were a countess."

"Why shouldn't maids be like countesses? They're much more important," said Claire sweetly.

She stolidly wore through the combined and exclamatory explanations of Mrs. Corey, Mrs. Betz, Mrs. Gilson and Mr. Johnny Martin about the inherent viciousness of all maids, and when the storm was over she said in a manner of honey and sirup: "You were speaking of the Dudenants, weren't you, Mrs. Corey? I do remember them now. Poor Don Dudenant; isn't it a pity he's such a fool? His father is really a very decent old bore."

"I," observed Mrs. Corey in prim horror, "regard the Dudenants as extremely delightful people. I fancy we must be thinking of different families. I mean the Manhattan Dudenants; not the Brooklyn family."

"Oh, yes; I meant the Manhattan family too—the one that made its fortune selling shoddy woolens in the Civil War," caressed Claire.

Right there her welcome by Mrs. Corey and Mrs. Betz ceased; and without any of the unhappiness which the thought would have caused her three months before Claire reflected, "How they hate me!"

The Gilsons had a number of thoughts upon the subject of tact to express to Claire on the way home. But she, who had always smiled, who had been the obedient guest, shrugged and snapped: "They're idiots, those young women. They're impertinent shopgirls in good frocks. I like your Seattle. It's a glorious city. And I love so many of the fine, simple, real people I've met here. I admire your progress. I do know how miraculously you've changed it from a mining camp. But, for heaven's sake, don't forget the good common hardiness of the miners. Somehow London social distinctions seem ludicrous in American cities. I don't care whether it's Seattle or Minneapolis or Omaha or Denver—yes, or my own New York—I refuse to worry about the Duchess of Corey and the Baroness Betz."

She had made peace with the Gilsons by night; she had been reasonably repentant about not playing the game of her hosts; but inside her eager heart she snuggled a warm thought. She remembered how gayly she had once promised, out on the road, to come to Milt's room and cook for him. She thought of it with homesick desire. His room probably wasn't particularly decorative, and she doubted his having an electric range; but it would be fun to fry eggs again, to see him fumbling with the dishwashing, to chatter and plan golden futures, and not worry about the opinions of Mrs. Corey and Mrs. Betz.

The next afternoon the limousine was not busy and she borrowed it, with the handsome Greek chauffeur. She gave him an address not far from the university.

He complained: "Pardon me, miss, but I think you have the wrong number. That block is a low quarter."

"Probably! But that's the right number!"

He raised his Athenian eyebrows, and she realized what a mistake she had made in not bringing the lethal tea strainer along. When they had stopped in front of a cheap candy store he opened the door of the car with such frigid reserve that she thought seriously about slapping him.

She climbed the stingy flapping stairs and knocked at the first door in the upper hall. It was opened by a large apron, to which a sleepy woman was an unimportant attachment, and out of the mass of apron and woman came a yawning: "Mr. Dagget's room is down the hall on the right."

Claire knocked at a door which had at various epochs been blue, yellow and pink, and now was all three. No answer. She tried the knob, went in.

She could not tell whether it was the barrenness of the room or Milt's carefulness that caught her. The uncarpeted boards of the floor were well swept. He had only one plate and one spoon, but they were scoured and put away on newspaper-covered shelves in a cupboard made of a soap box. Behind a calico curtain hung his new suit, dismayingly neat on its hanger. On the edge of the iron sink hung, primly washed and spread out to dry, one tattered old rag. At the sight of it, at the thought of Milt solemnly washing dishes the tears began to creep to her eyes.

There was but one picture in the room—a half-tone of a girl clipped from a magazine devoted to actresses. The name was cut off. As she wondered at it Claire saw that the actress was very much like herself.

The only other ornament was a papier-mâché figure of a cat, a cat reminiscent of the Lady Vere de Vere. Claire picked it up. On the bottom was the price mark—three cents.

It was the price mark that caught her. She flung across the room, dropped on his creaky cot bed and howled: "Oh, I've been a beast—a beast—a beast! All the pretty things—limousines and marble baths—thinking so much of them, and not wanting them for him! And he with so little, with just nothing—he that would appreciate jolly things so much—here in this den, and making it as tolerable as he can—and me half ashamed of him instead of fighting for him. I belong with Corey and Betz. Oh, I'm so ashamed, so bitterly ashamed."

She patted his bed smooth with nervous, eager fingers. She scraped a pinpoint of egg yolk off a platter.

Before she had been home five minutes she had written a note asking him to tea for next day.

VIII

MR. HUDSON B. RIGGS now enters the tale—somewhat tardily, and making a quick exit, all in a morning coat too tight about the shoulders and a smile of festivity too tight about the lips. He looked as improbable as an undertaker's rubber plant. Yet in his brief course he had a mighty effect upon the progress of civilization as exemplified in the social career of Mr. Milton Daggett.

Mr. Riggs had arrived at a golden position in Alaskan mining engineering by way of the farm, the section gang, the surveyor's chain and prospecting; and his thick hands showed his evolution. His purpose in life was to please Mrs. Riggs, and he wasn't ever going to achieve his purpose in life. She wore spangles, and her corsets creaked, and she smiled nervously, and could tell in a glance quicker than the 1-100 camera shutter whether or not a new acquaintance was worth cultivating. She had made Mr. Riggs thoroughly safe and thoroughly unhappy in the pursuit of society. He stood about keeping from doing anything he might want to, and he was profusely polite to young cubs whom he longed to have in his office—so that he could get even with them.

What Mr. Riggs wanted to do, at the third large tea given by Mrs. Gilson for Miss Claire Boltwood, was to sneak out on the sun porch and play over the new records on the phonograph; but the things he had heard from Mrs. Riggs the last time he'd done that had convinced him that it was not a wise method of escape. So he stood by the fireplace—safe on one side at least—and ate lettuce sandwiches, which he privately called "cow feed," and listened to a shining, largely feminine crowd rapidly uttering unintelligible epigrams from which he caught only the words: "Ripping hand—Trained nurse—Whipcord—Really worth seeing—Lost the ball near the second hole—Most absurd person—New maid—Thanks so much." He was hoping that someone would come round and let him be agreeable. He knew that he stood the ride home with Mrs. Riggs much better after he had been agreeable to people he didn't like.

What Mr. Riggs did not know was that a young man in uninteresting blue, who looked like a good tennis player, was watching him. It wasn't because he detected a fellow soul in purgatory, but because he always was obsequious outside of his office that Mr. Riggs bowed so profusely that he almost lost his teacup when the young man in blue drifted to him and suggested: "I hear you're in the Alaskan mining game, Mr. Riggs."

"Oh, yes."

"Do you get up there much now?"

"No, not much."

"I hope to hit Alaska some day. I'm taking engineering at the U."

"Do you? Straight?" Mr. Riggs violently set his cup down on a table—Mrs. Riggs would later tell him that he'd put it down in the wrong place, but never mind. He leaned over Milt and snarled: "Offer me a cigarette. I don't know if they smoke here, and I dassen't be the first to try. Say, boy, Alaska—I wish I was there now! Say, it beats all hell how good tea can taste in a tin cup, and how wishy-washy it is in china. Boy, I don't know anything about you, but you look all right, and when you get ready to go to Alaska you come to me, and I'll see if I can't give you a chance to go up there. But don't ever come back!"

When the crowd began bubblingly to move toward the door Milt prepared to move—and bubble—with them. Though Claire's note had sounded as though she was really a little lonely, at the tea she had said nothing to him except: "So glad you came. Do you know Dolly Ransome? Dolly, this is my nice Mr. Daggett. Take him and make him happy."

Dolly hadn't made him in the least happy. She had talked about tennis; she had with some detail described her remarkable luck in beating one Sally Saunders three sets. Now Milt was learning tennis. He was at the present period giving two hours a week to tennis, two to dancing, two to bridge. But he preferred cleaning oil wells to any of these toilsome accomplishments, and it must sadly be admitted that all the while he was making his face bright at Dolly he was wondering what would happen if he interrupted Dolly's gurgling, galloping, giggling multitudinousness by shouting, "Oh, shut up!"

When it seemed safe to go, and he tried to look as though he, too, were oozing out to a Tranquil Twelve, Claire slipped beside him, soft as a shadow, and whispered: "Please don't go. I want to talk to you. Please!" There was fluttering wistfulness in her voice, though instantly it was gone as she hastened into the hall and was to be heard asserting that she did indeed love Seattle.

Milt looked out into the hall. He studied a console with a curious black-and-white vase containing a single peacock feather, and a gold mirror shimmering against a gray wall.

"Lovely stuff. I like that mirror. Like a slew in the evening. But it isn't worth being a slave for. I'm not going to be a Mr. Riggs. Poor devil, he's more of a servant than any of these maids. Certainly am sorry for that poor fish. He'll have a chance to take his coat off and sit down and smoke—when he's dead!"

The guests were gone; the Gilsons upstairs. Claire came running, seized Milt's sleeve, coaxed him to the davenport in the drawing-room—then sighed and rubbed her forehead and looked so tired that he could say nothing but "Hope you haven't been overdoing."

"No, just—just talking too much."

He got himself to say: "Miss Ransome—the one that's nuts about tennis—she's darn nice."

"Is she?"

"Yes, she's—she's —— What do you hear from your father?"

"Oh, he's back at work."

"Trip do him good?"

"Oh, a lot."

"Did he ——"

"Milt! Tell me about you. What are you doing? What are you studying? How do you live? Do you really cook your own meals? Do you begin to get your teeth into the engineering? Oh, do tell me everything. I want to know, so much!"

"There isn't a whole lot to tell. Mostly I'm getting back into math. Been out of touch with it. I find that I know more about motors than most of the fellows. That helps. And about living—oh, I keep conservative. Did you know I'd sold my garage?"

"Oh, I didn't, I didn't!"

He wondered why she said it with such stooping shame, but he went on mildly: "Well, I got a pretty good price, but of course I don't want to take any chances on running short of coin, so I'm not splurging much. And"—he looked at his nails, and whistled a bar or two, and turned his head away, and looked back with a shy—"and I'm learning to play bridge and tennis and stuff!"

"Oh, my dear!" It was a cry of pain. She beat her hands for a moment before she murmured: "When are we going to have our lessons in dancing—and in making an impression on sun specks like Dolly Ransome?"

"I don't know," he parried. Then looking at her honestly he confessed: "I don't believe we're ever going to. Claire, I can't do it. I'm no good for this tea game. You know how clumsy I was. I spilled some tea, and I darn near tripped over some woman's dress and —— Oh, I'm not afraid of them. Now that I get a good close look at this bunch they seem pretty much like other folks, except maybe that one old dame says 'cawn't.' But I can't do the manners stunt. I can't get myself to give enough thought to how you ought to hold a teacup."

"Oh, those things don't matter—they don't matter! Besides, everybody likes you—only you're so terribly cautious that you never let them see the force and courage and all that wonderful sweet dear goodness that's in you. And as for your manners—heaven knows I'm no P. G. Wodehouse valet. But I'll teach you all I know."

"Claire, I appreciate it a lot but—I'm not so darn sure I want to learn. I'm getting scared. I watched that bird named Riggs, here to-day. He's a regular fellow, or he was, but now he's simply lost in the shuffle. I don't want to be one of the million ghosts in a city. Seattle is bad enough—it's so big that I feel like a no-see-um in a Norway pine reserve. But New York would be worse. I don't want to be a Mr. Riggs."

"Yes, but—I'm not a Mrs. Riggs!"

"What do you ——"

(Continued on Page 97)

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Satisfying to that candy-craving spot. Satisfying to dry and dusty throat. Satisfying when you're nervous and want to nibble something. Satisfying at the movies—at the office—between meals when you're hungry.

Satisfying to know that when you want these Handy Candies *quick*, they're on every candy counter.

Satisfy *your* particular flavor-liking *now*—at the next candy stand—Mint, Wintergreen, Clove or Licorice.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

"Sweets of Finest Flavor"

(Continued from Page 92)

He did not finish asking her what she meant. She was in his arms; she was whispering, "My heart is so lonely," and the room was still. The low sun flooded the windows, swam in the mirror in the hall, but they did not heed, did not see its gilding glory.

Not till there was a sound of footsteps did she burst from his arms, spring to her reflection in the glass of a picture, and shamefacedly murmur to him over her shoulder: "My hair—it's a terrible give-away!"

He had followed her; he stood with his arm circling her shoulder.

She begged: "No. Please no. I'm frightened. Let's—oh, let's have a walk or something before you scamper home."

"Look! My dear, let's run away, and explore the town, and not come back till late evening."

"Yes! Let's!"

They walked from Queen Anne Hill through the city to the docks. There was nothing in their excited, childish "Oh, see that!" and "There's a dandy car!" and "O-oh, that's a Minnesota license—wonder who it is?" to confess that they had been so closely, so hungrily together.

They swung along a high walk overlooking the city wharf. They saw a steamer loading rails and food for the government railroad in Alaska. They exclaimed over a nest of little tarry fishing boats. They watched men working late to unload Alaska salmon.

They crossed the city to Jap Town and its writhing streets, its dark alleys and stairways lost up the hillsides. They smiled at black-eyed children, and found a Japanese restaurant, and tried to dine on raw fish and huge shrimps and roots soaked in a very fair grade of light-medium motor oil.

With Milt for guide Claire discovered a Christianity that was not of candles and shifting lights and insinuating music, nor of carpets and large pews and sound oratory, but of hobos blinking in rows, and girls in gospel bonnets, and little silver-and-crimson placards of Bible texts. They stopped on a corner to listen to a Pentecostal brother, to an I. W. W. speaker, to a magnificent negro who boomed in an operatic barytone that the Day of Judgment was coming on April 11, 1923, at three in the morning.

In the streets of Jap Town, in cheap motion-picture theaters, in hotels for transient workmen, she found life, running swift and eager and many-colored; and it seemed to her that back in the house of four-posters and walls of subdued gray, life was smothered in the very best pink cotton batting. Milt's delight in every picturesque dark corner and the colloquial eloquence of the street orators stirred her. And when she saw a shopgirl slip her hand into the hand of a slouching beau in threadbare brown her own hand slipped into Milt's and clung there.

But they came shyly up to the Gilson hedge, and when Milt chuckled, "Bully walk; let's do it again," she said only, "Oh, yes, I did like it. Very much."

He had abruptly dropped his beautiful new felt hat. He was clutching her arms, demanding: "Can you like me? I can't play at love. I'm mad—I just live in you. You're my blood and soul. Can I become—the kind of man you like?"

"My dear"—she was fiercely addressing not him alone but the Betzes and Coreys and Gilsons and Jeff Saxtons—"don't you forget for one moment that all these people—here or in Brooklyn either—that seem so aloof and amused are secretly just plain people with enamel on, and you're to have the very best enamel, if it's worth while. I'm not sure that it is."

"You're going to kiss me!"

"No! Please no! I don't—I don't understand us, even now. Can't we be just playmates a while yet? But—I do like you!"

She fled. When she reached the hall she found her eyelids wet.

It was the next afternoon. Claire was curled on the embroidered linen counterpane of her bed, thinking about chocolates and Brooklyn and driving through Yellowstone Park and corn fritters and satin petticoats versus crêpe de Chine and Mount Rainier and Milt and spiritualism and manicuring, when Mrs. Gilson prowled into her room and demanded "Busy?" so casually that Claire was suspicious.

"No, not very. Something up?"

"A nice party. Come down and meet an amusing man from Alaska."

Claire took her time powdering her nose and ambled downstairs and into the drawing-room, to find—Jeff Saxton, Mr. Geoffrey Saxton, who is the height of Brooklyn Heights, and who had for years been her most dryly efficient suitor, standing by the fireplace, smiling at her.

IX

BUT at second glance—was it Jeff? This man was tanned to a thick even brown in which his eyes were startlingly white. His hands were burned red; there was a scar across one of them; and he was standing with them cockily at his hips, all unlike the sleekly, noisily quiet Jeff of Brooklyn. He was in corduroy trousers and belted corduroy jacket, with a khaki-colored flannel shirt.

But his tranquilly commanding smile was Jeff's, and his lean grace, and his familiar amused voice greeted her paralyzed amazement with: "Hello, pard! Ain't I met you some place in Montana?"

"Well—where—in—the ——"

"Just landed from Alaska. Had to run up there from California to look over some of the company's copper properties. How are you, little princess?"

His hand was out to her, then both hands, beseechingly, but she did not run to him, as she had at Flathead Lake, when Jeff had contrived to meet them on the road. She stalked him cautiously and shook hands—much too heartily. She sought cover in the wing chair and—much too cordially—she invited: "Tell me all about it."

He was watching her. Already his old pursuing determination—that steady dignity of his which had always made her uneasy, these last few years back home—was beginning to frighten her. But he calmly dropped into a straight chair, and obliged:

"It's really been quite a lively journey. Didn't know I could like roughing it so well. And it was real roughing it, pretty much. Oh, not dangerous at all, but rather vigorous. I had to canoe up three hundred miles of a shallow river, with one Indian guide, making a portage every ten miles or so, and we got tipped over in the rapids now and then—the Big Chief almost got drowned once—and we camped at night in the original place where they invented mosquitoes—and one morning I shot a black bear just in time to keep him from eating my boots."

"Oh!" she sighed in admiration; and "Oh!" again uneasily.

Nothing had been said about it; Jeff was the last person in the world to spoil his triumph by commenting on it; but both of them knew that they had violently changed places; that now it was she who was the limp indoor dweller, and he who was the ruddy ranger; that as he had admired her at Flathead Lake so now it was hers to admire and his to be serenely heroic.

She was not far from the worshiping sub-deb in her sighing: "How did you get the scar?"

"That? Oh, nothing."

"Please tell me."

"Really and truly, nothing at all. Just a drunken fellow with a knife, playing the fool. I didn't have to touch him—quite sure he could have given me a frightful beating and all that sort of thing. It was the Big Chief who got rid of him."

"He—cut you? With a knife? Oh!"

She ran to him, pityingly stroked the scar, looked down at him with filmy eyes. Then she tried to retreat, but he retained her hand, glanced up at her as though he knew her every thought. She felt weak. How could she escape him?

"Please!" she begged flutteringly.

If he held her hand another moment, she trembled, she'd be on his lap, in his arms—lost. And he was holding it. He was ——

Oh, he was too old for her. Yes, and too paternal. But still—life with Jeff would be protected, kindly, honorable.

Yet all the time she wanted, and stormily knew she wanted, to be fleeing to the boy Milt, her mate; to run away with him, hand in hand, discovering all the colored world, laughing at life, not afraid of losing dignity. In fear of Jeff's very kindliness and honor she jerked her hand free, tried to smile like a clever fencer.

As she retreated to her chair she stammered: "Did you—was Alaska interesting?"

He did not let her go this time. Easy, catlike for all his dry gravity, he sauntered after her, and with a fine high seriousness pleaded his case:

"Claire dear, those few weeks of fighting Nature were a revelation to me. I'm going to have lots more of it. As it happens they need me there. There's plenty of copper, but there's big transportation and employment problems that I seem better able to solve than the chaps there—though of course I'm an absolute muff when it comes to engineering problems. But I've had certain training and—I'm going to arrange things so that I get up there at least once a year. Next summer I'll make a much longer trip—see the mountains—oh, glorious mountains—and funny half-Russian towns, and have some fishing. Wandering. The really big thing. Even finer than your superb plucky trip through ——"

"Wasn't plucky! I'm a cry-baby," she said, like a bad, contradictory little girl.

He didn't argue it. He smiled and said "Tut!" and placidly catalogued her with: "You're the pluckiest girl I've ever seen, and it's all the more amazing because you're not a motion-picture tomboy, but essentially exquisite."

"I'm a grub."

"Very well, then. You're a grub. So am I. And I like it. And when I make the big Alaskan trip next year I want you to go along! Claire! Haven't you any idea how terribly close to me the thought of you has been these weeks? You've guided me through the wilderness."

"It's—I'm glad." She sprang up, beseeching. "Jeff, dear, you're going to stay for tea? I must run up and powder my nose."

"Not until you say you're glad to see me. Child, dear, we've been ambling along and —— No, you aren't a child any more. You're a woman. And if I've never been quite a man, but just a dusty office machine, that's gone now. I've got the wind of the wilderness in my lungs. Man and woman! That's all I'm going to say now, but—— Oh, Claire, I do need you so!"

He drew her head to his shoulder, and for an instant she rested there. But as she looked up she saw coming age in the granulated skin of his throat.

"He needs me—but he'd boss me. I'd be the cunning child wife, even at fifty," she worried, and "Hang him, it's like his superiority to beat poor Milt even at adventuring—and to be such a confounded modest Christian gentleman about it!"

"You'd—you're so dreadfully managing," she sighed aloud.

For the first time in all their acquaintanceship Jeff's pride broke, and he held her away from him, while his lips were pathetic, and he mourned: "Why do you always try to hurt me?"

"Oh, my dear, I don't."

"Is it because you resent the decent things I have managed to do?"

"I don't understand."

"If I have an idea for a party you think I'm managing. If I think things out deeply you say I'm dull."

"Oh, you aren't. I didn't mean ——"

"What are you? A real woman or one of these flirts that love to tease a man because he's foolish enough to be honestly in love?"

"I'm not—honestly I'm not, Jeff. It's you don't quite make me —— It's just that I'm not in love with you. I like you, and respect you terribly, but ——"

"I'm going to make you love me!" His clutching fingers hurt her arm, and somehow she was not angry, but stirred. "But I'm not going to try now. Forget the Alaskan cave man. Remember, I haven't even used the word 'love.' I've just chatted about fiords, or whatever they are, but one of these days —— No, I won't do it.

"I want to stay here in Seattle a few days, and take you on jolly picnics; but—would you rather I didn't even do that? I'm"—he dropped her arm, kneaded his forehead with the heel of his palm—"I can't stand being regarded as a bothersome puppy. I can't stand it! I can't!"

"Please stay, Jeff! We'll have some darling drives and things. We'll go up Rainier as far as we can."

He stayed. He was anecdotal and amusing at tea that afternoon. Claire saw how the Gilsons, and two girls who dropped in, admired him. That made her uneasy. And when Mrs. Gilson begged him to leave his hotel and stay with them he refused with a quick look at Claire that hurt her.

"He wants me to be free. He's really so much more considerate than Milt. And I hurt him. Even his pride broke down. And I've spoiled Milt's life by meddling. And I've hurt the Gilsons' feelings. And I'm not much of a comfort to father. Oh, I'm absolutely no good," she agonized.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Photographs taken in January, 1919, showing Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires after 14 months' service for Mountain View Dairy Farm, near Plattsburg, N. Y. Since then, these tires have passed the 22,000-mile mark on original air and still are sturdy

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

How Pneumatics Save Delays In These Winter Deliveries

"THE motor truck dealer was right when he advised me to use pneumatics on my dairy farm truck. The Goodyear Cord Pneumatics are good snowshoes for the truck. They plow right through snow and mud. I am never delayed on account of slippery going. The Goodyear Pneumatics are right in every respect for my dairy farm work, winter and summer, and that means they are tough."— Mr. Paul J. Grube, Mountain View Dairy Farm, Plattsburg, New York

Oncoming winter, with its snow and ice, will bring no thought of frequently delayed milk deliveries to the owner of Mountain View Dairy Farm, near Plattsburg, New York.

When the photograph at the left was taken last January, Mr. Grube's motor truck on Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires was covering its 25-mile route daily just as it had done during the preceding summer.

Snow and slush made the rough road running toward town very treacherous, but the Goodyear Cords tracked easily and quickly through the soft, slippery going.

Under similar conditions, Mr. Grube had known solid tires to spin and get stuck, and on one occasion he had used his Goodyear-Cord-equipped truck to pull a solid-tired truck out of a miry place.

Looking back at his previous employment of horses for the same delivery work, this dairyman found that the big, trustworthy pneumatics were saving him considerable time and money.

They saved two hours in the morning, formerly spent in getting the horses ready; they saved much time in collecting milk from neighboring dairymen and, then, in delivering it; and they saved considerable money under the cost of keeping horses.

Further, Mr. Grube told us that, if his delivery route were longer, the nimbleness and cushioning of the pneumatics would have been of even greater help when fresh milk was being hauled under a hot July sun.

More emphasis of the economy of the powerful Goodyear Cord Pneumatics is noted today in their record, thus far, of 22,000 miles delivered while traveling that flinty, chuck-holed road in all seasons.

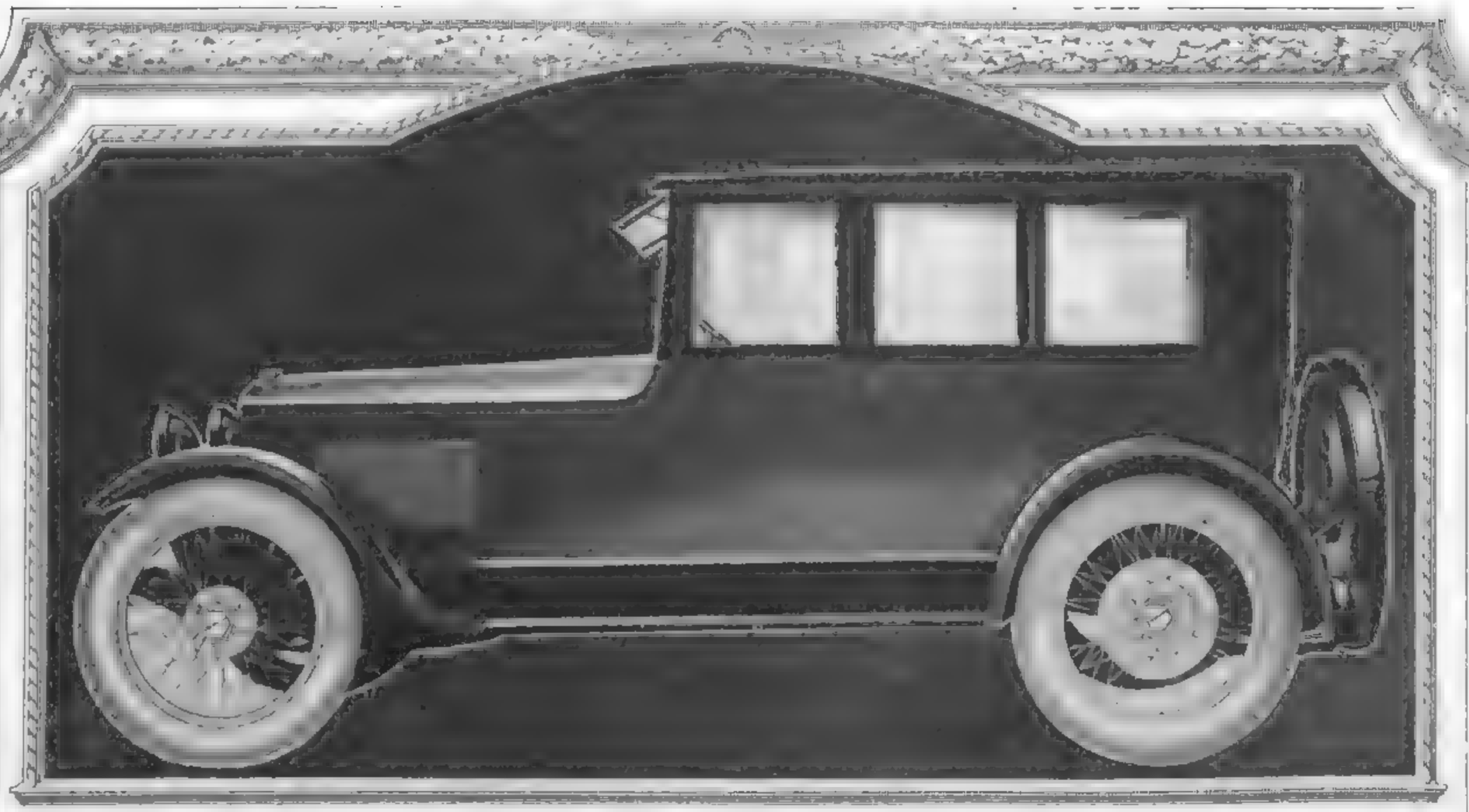
Back and forth over its gritty surface, the pneumatics have hurried for nearly two years, yet all four not only are running on the original air but also remain decidedly strong.

In other words, throughout all this term of service, the traction, cushioning and quickness of these tires have had a firm foundation in their rugged wearing qualities.

This observation supplies a very important reason why the general city and rural adoption of Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires, under all sorts of conditions, has proved so uniformly successful.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TRUCK TIRES



Auburn Beauty-SIX Sedan Five-Passenger

Announcing the Inclosed Models of the

AUBURN Beauty-SIX

THE inclosed models of the AUBURN Beauty-SIX are characterized by the same verve and grace of line which won such marked favor for the Beauty-SIX touring models. Here again, you find daring mellowed by experience, conscious artistry tempered by discretion. Here again, you find ample room for luxurious comfort rather than mere riding space. In elegance of appointments and fittings these new AUBURN Beauty-SIX models eminently satisfy the most discriminating.

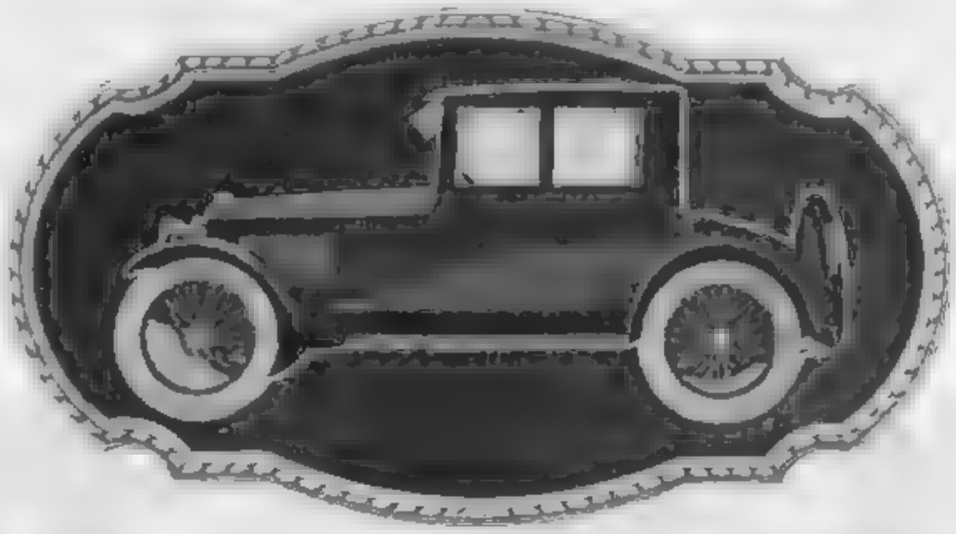
Auburn Model 6-39-H Touring	$1,695
Auburn Model 6-39-K Tourster	1,695
Auburn Model 6-39-R Roadster	1,695
Auburn Model 6-39-Sedan, Five-Passenger	2,475
Auburn Model 6-39-Coupé, Four-Passenger	2,475

Auburn inclosed models for Fall and Winter are now being exhibited by Auburn representatives

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

Automobile Engineers for Twenty Year

Auburn Beauty-SIX Coupé, Four-Passenger



AUBURN Beauty-SIX AUTOMOBILE CO. AUBURN IND.

Vote For Good Roads

—

Give the Nation a second line of transportation

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Concluded from Page 42

conclude that Nature is prodigal and that the story of the earth is a tale of the rapid passing out of types. Millions of species of live things once inhabited the earth and are now extinct. Thousands upon thousands of organisms have perished seemingly that a few superorganisms might survive."

We had just finished dinner and the doctor, who had been speaking, settled back in his most reflective mood.

"Did you ever take a pencil," he continued, "and try to figure out just where the human race is going to get off in the present fight for existence? If you have you found right at the start that a vital problem confronts us. Just assume that the net increase in the population of the United States continues at the rate of one per cent a year during the centuries to come and you will find that in less than four hundred years this country will have a population greater than now inhabits the whole earth. On a similar basis of calculation there will not be standing room on the earth for the world's population one thousand years hence. We talk of natural resources and such things; they would be as nothing compared with the demands of such times. Will Nature eliminate us in favor of a new and higher organism? Will she increase the ravages of pestilence so that only supermen will survive? These things we do not know.

"A little more than fifty years ago three rabbits were sent to Australia from London. Forty years later 96,000,000 rabbit skins and 25,000,000 frozen rabbits were shipped back to Europe from Australia. Nature started something that would have proved calamitous were it not for the superior intelligence of man. Think what would happen if the death rate of certain organisms did not equal the birth rate of these same bodies! Take, for instance, the microscopic organism known as the stylonychia. Here we have a live minute body with such a high birth rate that only the equally high death rate prevents the organism from producing a mass one million times larger than the sun in a month's time. Such facts show us possibilities that might tax the ultimate science of the whole human race in its battle for existence."

"What we need is an awakening," said the vice president of a great insurance company, who had joined the after-dinner circle. "One would have thought that the influenza disaster of last year would have thrown such a scare into the people of the earth that untiring vigilance would be the watchword of the hour. Instead of caution and remembrance we find a state of indifference and security. This latter condition has been fostered by the recent favorable mortality reports. In New York and other places during the past two months the death rate has been the lowest recorded in years. What is the reason? Perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we assume that last year's epidemic carried off the weak, leaving only those who were strong enough to survive, and we see the effect of this weeding-out process.

"But let us fix a few facts in our mind and perhaps we will decide to renew our preparations for a more vigorous resistance in the event of an epidemic recurrence this winter or next year. Following the influenza wave which began in 1889 the general mortality—especially from pneumonia—remained high for several years thereafter. If this experience is repeated in the present instance we may expect a high death rate in 1920 and 1921. Many individuals afflicted with influenza in 1889 died in the years immediately following, because of lowered vitality and weakened resistance to all kinds of disease.

"The only way we can avoid a recurrence of this condition is for all of those who suffered from the recent epidemic to subject themselves to periodic medical examination to determine whether the disease has left any invidious after effects. Such examination may now reveal disabilities that can be cured by prompt action. Everyone should be made to know that the after effects of the flu are even worse than the disease. The individual's heart, kidneys or lungs may have been weakened. Our company paid thirteen per cent more death claims in 1891—two years after the former epidemic—than in 1889, and twenty per cent more than in the normal year 1888. Each local health officer should urge the hospitals, clinics and dispensaries in his particular community to offer the services of the medical men connected with these institutions for the examination of all citizens who have had attacks of influenza or pneumonia."

"You are absolutely right," resumed the doctor. "It is altogether probable that as an after effect of the influenza there will be an unusually high pneumonia rate for several years to come. Worst of all, we must confess that we have discovered almost nothing at all that is new concerning the nature and treatment of the disease. After all of our investigations it still appears impossible to prevent the primary disease by vaccination with known organisms. There were not less than 400,000 deaths from influenza and its complications during the months of September, October and November of last year, and the major portion of this mortality occurred between the ages of twenty and forty, when human life is of the highest economic importance. However, I was much astonished by other authentic figures that were brought to my attention, which appear to indicate that more children than adults contracted the disease. This means that the children resisted the epidemic and got well while a smaller percentage of the adults recovered.

"The one sure way to prolong human life is to lessen the causes of disease and reduce the number of infections. Of course that sounds prosaic, but there is more to the thought than at first appears. We may laugh at some of the customs of the Chinese, but their policy in respect to doctors is as wise as it is old. The doctor in China is engaged by the year. He is paid, not to give treatment in sickness but to keep his patient in health. If he fails his pay is reduced according to the number of visits he has to make to his sick patient. Undoubtedly this is the correct idea of the doctor business. We must anticipate disease and strike back before it gets its hold. More than a hundred and fifty thousand citizens of the United States and Canada die each year of the white plague—tuberculosis. Nearly all of these people would have lived had they obeyed three simple rules: Rest, fresh air and good food. Everybody has tuberculosis. That is, the germs causing the disease are in every human body. They can develop and multiply only under certain conditions. The old idea that the victim of consumption is doomed is utter nonsense. We now throw away medicines, forbid close confinement and abandon a diet of dainty foods, and thousands of our consumptives are getting well. But better still would have been prevention.

"The story of smallpox is one of the greatest lessons in prevention that lies before us. About a century ago this disease was the terror of mankind. To-day it is a mild and comparatively rare disease. We talk of epidemics, but we have none like those of the olden days. In 1774 smallpox attacked the entire population of Chester in England and left only seven in every hundred unharmed. Similar conditions existed in dozens of other cities. In America whole tribes of Indians, free from smallpox until the coming of the white man, were wiped out. The Revolutionary armies at Cambridge and Valley Forge were ravaged. An epidemic would die out only to be followed by a greater one. Few persons who lived a life of normal length were fortunate enough to escape.

"Years later Edward Jenner, a physician working in the dairy districts of England, was amazed at the beautiful complexions of the milkmaids. He observed that these persons were rarely attacked by smallpox and the idea occurred to him that perhaps infection with cowpox protected these dairy people from the more dangerous smallpox. His investigations showed that the girls who did not get smallpox had at one time or another been infected with cowpox.

"Finally Jenner vaccinated a boy of eight years with the virus taken from a cowpox sore on the hand of a dairymaid. Several weeks later the boy was exposed to actual smallpox infection, but the lad did not contract the disease. Again and again he was inoculated with the virus of smallpox, but no evil effects followed. Others were then treated with equal success and Jenner named his new principle 'vaccination,' from the Latin word *vacca*, meaning cow.

"Let us see what this simple act of prevention has accomplished for humanity. In 1796, the year of Jenner's experiment, about eighteen deaths out of every hundred in London were due to smallpox. Ten years later the figure was six, and by 1816 it had dropped to three.

"In 1871 compulsory vaccination was carried out and the death rate dropped to nine in 100,000. It is now about one in 100,000. But all of these years were not without their lesson. In 1870 a fresh epidemic of smallpox spread over Europe, taking the lives of thousands.

"An investigation showed that when vaccination was discovered the death rate from smallpox among children was very high. Consequently it was applied especially to them. These children grew to manhood in the belief that they did not need vaccination more than once in their lives. The 1870 epidemic made victims of many people who had been vaccinated early in life. Startling facts were discovered. The world was taught the necessity for revaccination.

"We now know that in order to be completely protected against smallpox every person should be vaccinated once during infancy, again at about the age of twelve and during every epidemic. This is worth thinking about, for in a recent year here in the United States, our Public Health Service reported 21,767 smallpox cases in twenty-nine states. If we do not rigidly enforce the practice of vaccination and revaccination we may at any moment suffer from a calamity such as befell Europe during the seventies.

"In our commercial and industrial life lies the greatest of all fields for medicine. Efficiency depends on health and health is dependent on the care that a man gives himself, the care that industry gives him and the enforcement of proper health laws. Illness is one of the chief factors bearing on operating costs. Many a business has failed because the brains of a company had to lie for weeks in his home on a sick bed. Certain philosophers maintain that efficiency depends on a man's psychology. But does not psychology depend upon a flow of blood to the brain? And this varies with the weather, the barometer and the human organs that control general health.

"That we have traveled a long way in recent years in the art of keeping well let no one doubt. Not more than a decade ago in most of our great industrial plants the wounds of injured men would become septic in fully fifty per cent of the cases. To-day in certain of our most modern organizations not one wound in a thousand becomes septic. One monster establishment having upward of fifty cases of cuts, wounds and scratches each day has had only two cases of septicæmia in four years. When the war was on it was our winter and the leaves were off the trees and we could see a long distance. Now that peace has come we must not focus our eyes too closely on the plans and principles of antebellum days.

"Above all else it is important that workmen be enlightened on the matter of fatigue. Many things make fatigue, but seldom are we fatigued by work. If a person catches a cold or an infectious disease it happens when he's tired. If we become chilled we get tired, for the cold makes every cell in the body work fast. People who believe in four-hour days and such things, because—as they say—work is a curse, are either vicious or ignorant. We can't exist without work, whether we work at our play or at our business. An active life leads to longevity. Does the wise rich man of to-day sit down and take it easy? You bet he doesn't! He builds an eighteen-hole golf course and works harder all the rest of his life trying to keep well than he formerly worked in his business.

"The chief things that cause fatigue are dark unventilated rooms, infectious disease, poor food, and bacteria in the mouth and tonsils. These things bring on anæmia and the individual will have a blood count of, say, 2,500,000 instead of 5,000,000. This means that he has only half as many red corpuscles in his blood as he should have and as a consequence the blood has to circulate twice as fast through the body in order to get the necessary oxygen carried by the red corpuscles to the various tissues of the body where it is used to burn up the food we eat. Likewise the blood picks up and carries away the waste resulting from the combination of the food, and right here is where the shower bath helps. It drives the blood inside and it returns to the surface much purified, with the result that fatigue is lessened.

"Another great cause of fatigue is irregularity in personal habits. One day when I was talking on this point to some of our captains of industry I said that if I was building a big plant the first thing I would do would be to erect a marble lavatory so as to get everybody to go in. One of my listeners followed out the suggestion and all of his Italian laborers went in there and ate their lunch. Something similar happened to Uncle Sam. The Government considered it so important that our soldiers keep their teeth clean that each man was presented with a toothbrush. Did they use it for the purpose intended? Many did, but a lot of the boys found their toothbrushes quite useful in cleaning mud from round the soles of their shoes. Sometimes these unexpected uses for perfectly respectable utilities crop up, but nevertheless it is better to go to extremes in our well-intentioned efforts than to fail through not trying.

"The problem of to-day is how to save the energy that is stored in the nation's body, how to prevent it from becoming old and exhausted before all its power has been applied to some useful purpose. I have pointed out one or two ways."

THE PEDDLER

Continued from Page 24

torch. It was darker than ever, possibly because they had been staring at the glare of the motorcycle's searchlight. For about a quarter of a mile they picked their way cautiously, then on mounting a little rise in the ground Diana saw a light in the window of what appeared to be a fisherman's shanty and which was evidently their objective point. As they drew near a man's voice rang out sharply in a military challenge:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Dorsey."

"Advance, chief. It's all right, sir. We got 'em."

"Whom did you get?"

"The gardener and the chauffeur. We caught 'em with the goods."

The peddler nodded, but did not appear to show any signs of gratification. Taking Diana by the elbow he led the way to the cabin, opened the door and they entered. The interior of the place was such as might have been expected. Two men sitting on a bench rose and saluted. Two others sitting on the floor with their backs against the wall did not, and as Diana glanced at them she recognized the De Vallignacs' chauffeur and a man whom she had seen working about the place, mowing and sprinkling the lawn, and the like. She observed also that they were handcuffed together, and that the chauffeur's uniform was water-soaked. Both men wore an expression of sullen indifference, and the chauffeur was smoking a cigarette. On a rough table was a brown canvas war bag which fastened with a brass shackle and padlock. It appeared to be about half filled and the water trickled from it, to fall upon the rough plank flooring.

The peddler glanced at the prisoners with such an expression as might be worn by a sportsman who has gone out in quest of geese and canvasback, and succeeds in bagging no more than a brace of hell-divers.

"Have any trouble?" he asked listlessly.

"No, sir. We had the electric in behind the rocks, and these birds never piped us

Continued on Page 104

Ship by Truck

Answers the Call of the Lumberman

By H. S. FIRESTONE, President
FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

IN the logging camps, at the sawmill and in the retail lumber yards, the motor truck is giving striking proof of its usefulness and economy.

Its capacity for greater loads, its extreme mobility, its tireless energy have already effected remarkable changes in taking out the logs and in distributing the finished lumber. Some authorities believe it will entirely supplant the horse in this field. Others say it has already revolutionized the industry.

A Big Logging Camp's Experience With Ship by Truck

The Barker Logging Company's camp at Bellingham, Washington, has been using trucks successfully and profitably for over sixteen months.

In one day 65,000 feet were handled from the loading point to the dump, a mile and a half away, with three 5-ton trucks. The timber that this concern is taking out is fir logs running from three to six feet or more in diameter. While the Barker Company originally installed trucks because of the difficulty of getting steel rails, it is now their belief that the truck is as cheap as the railroad as far as operating costs are concerned, and the initial cost of the railroad would have been much greater.

Ship by Truck for Mill and Yards

At the sawmills of the Northwest trucks ranging from 1 ton to 3½ tons are being extensively used. In the yards the small truck has shown that it can do the work of several horses. Data on deliveries, based on a number of instances, show that a truck has the capacity of not less than two teams and saves the wages of one man.

A Michigan lumber company has kept close records of trucking costs. A 3½-ton four-wheel-drive truck is used with a 6-ton semi-trailer. In moving logs from the rural district to the plant—12½ miles—56,484 feet were handled in 22 days, or an average of over 2,500 a day.

The average total cost was $11.91 a day, or it cost $4.25 to move each 1,000 feet a distance of 12½ miles. By any other power it would have cost $12 per 1,000 feet.

An Oklahoma retail concern reports that with three 2-ton trucks and one smaller size, they handle a business that would require twenty teams.

Taking into consideration the investment of trucks and the investment of teams and wagons, they state that they have cut their drayage costs more than 40 per cent.

The Importance of the Trailer

The value of the trailer as an adjunct to the truck in lumbering should be clearly understood. At little additional expense a trailer or semi-trailer, by greatly increasing the capacity of a load, will cut down expense considerably.

Where timber to be hauled is of great length the trailer is a necessity. A Pennsylvania company uses a 5-ton truck and a 2-wheel trailer for mine props which run from 30 to 55 feet in length. These loads average between eight and twelve tons and are brought over mountains with grades as high as 7 per cent.

Ship by Truck responds to the demands of an era of reconstruction. It links new productive areas of timber, which the railroads have not reached, to the markets of trade.

It offers unprecedented opportunities to the lumberman to put his haulage on an efficient basis, to speed up production and to expand his business.

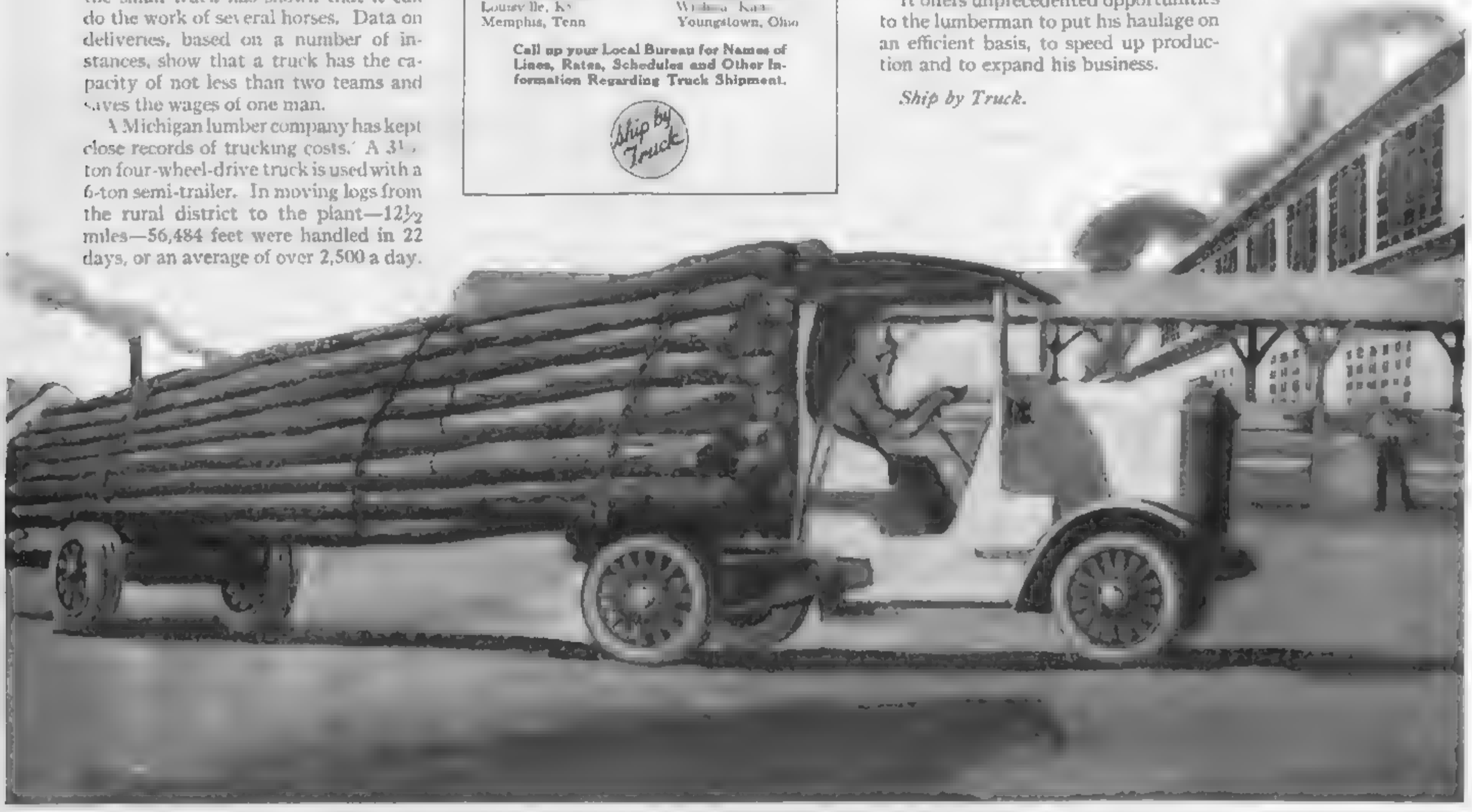
Ship by Truck.

Firestone Ship by Truck Bureaus are now in operation in the following cities:

Akron, O.
Albany, N. Y.
Atlanta, Ga.
Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
Boston, Mass.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Charlotte, N. C.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, O.
Cleveland, O.
Columbus, Ohio
Dallas, Tex.
Davenport, Ia.
Des Moines, Ia.
Detroit, Mich.
El Paso, Tex.
Erie, Pa.
Fargo, N. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Great Falls, Mont.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Hartford, Conn.
Houston, Tex.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Kansas City, Mo.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Louisville, Ky.
Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
Nashville, Tenn.
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y.
Oakland, Cal.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Neb.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Phoenix, Ariz.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Providence, R. I.
Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
Sacramento, Cal.
St. Louis, Mo.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Tex.
San Francisco, Cal.
Savannah, Ga.
Seattle, Wash.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Mass.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Toledo, Ohio
Washington, D. C.
Wichita, Kan.
Youngstown, Ohio

Call up your Local Bureau for Names of Lines, Rates, Schedules and Other Information Regarding Truck Shipment.

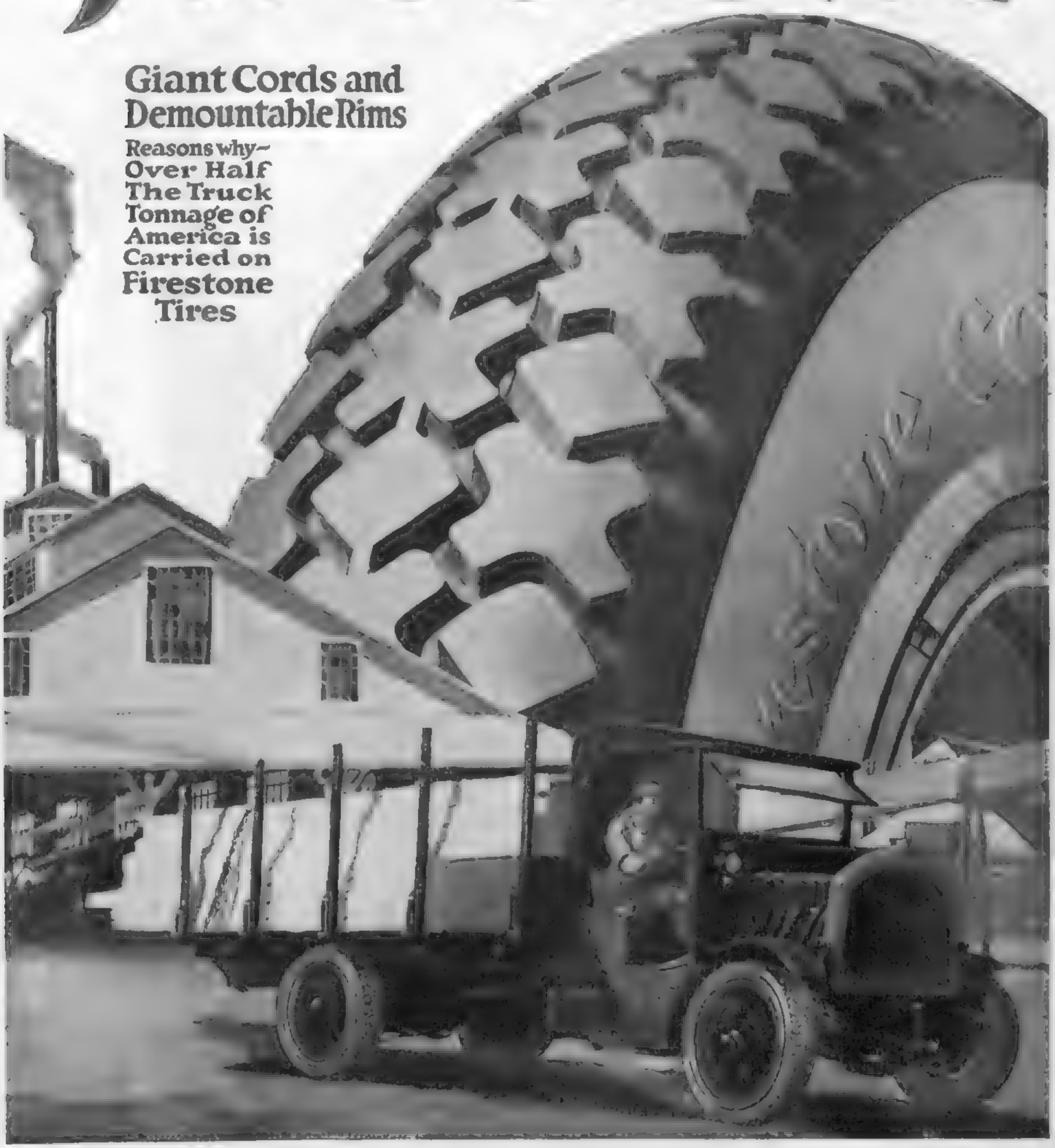
Ship by Truck



Firestone

Giant Cords and Demountable Rims

Reasons why—
Over Half
The Truck
Tonnage of
America is
Carried on
Firestone
Tires



(Continued from Page 101)

down till we shot in alongside. The shoffer was in the water and his mate working the eel jack.

"They had to look round a mite, as the tide wasn't yet full ebb, and the rock they was to get their bearin's on was still covered. Any luck your end, sir?"

The peddler shook his head.

"I fluked it," he answered. "I don't think I'll ever get over this, Murphy. Had her right in my hands and let her get away."

"She must be some girl!" opined the policeman. "Never mind, sir. The job looks pretty good to me."

"Well, then, it doesn't to me. She went through my hands like a greased eel. I chased her out into the water and she made a guy of me there. When she found I couldn't catch her she had the nerve to swim back and try to drown me; and would have got away with it, only that I can stay under like a seal. As it was I managed to get the irons on her about two fathoms deep, and as I was towing her ashore, half drowned as I thought, she did the Houdini stunt and beat it. Did you find out about that chaser?"

"Yes, sir. She's all right. Got nothing to do with this bunch. She's owned by a young man named Milliken."

The peddler nodded and stared gloomily at the prisoners. Gustave, the chauffeur, looked up and Diana, who was watching him, saw a gleam like that of triumph in the dark eyes, and the slightest curve of a sardonic smile upon his lips. She remembered what the peddler had told her about the steadfast loyalty of this type of European thief, to whom more than any other crime is endowed with the glamour of romance and hero worship. Looking now at Gustave's face she believed this to be true and could understand the peddlef's chagrin at the failure of his coup.

"Well," said the peddler, "you might as well chuck them in the flivver and lug them over to the calaboose. Take the swag to headquarters and lock it up in the safe and stay with it until I pass by in the morning. My night's work is not finished yet. There's still a fighting chance of putting the thing across, but I don't bank much on it." He turned to the door, then paused. "One of you slip down to the De Vallignacs' boathouse and tell Willis, the local bull, to lay off the job and go back to his beat. Nothing doing there."

And then to Diana: "Your family jewels should be in that sack, Miss Kirkland, but we won't bother to look just now. We've other work to do. Let's go."

He opened the door in a dejected manner and they went out into the night.

XVII

THEY crossed the moor, mounted the motorcycle and proceeded to return rapdily upon their tracks, now at a more moderate rate of speed. Passing through the town the peddler drew up at the police station.

"One minute," he said to Diana and went inside.

The one minute lengthened into several, but he came out presently, still wearing the same dejected mien.

"I've closed all the roads but one for the De Vallignacs," said he, "and that is the one we are on. I've also phoned your family to tell them that everything was all right and to ask William to meet us at the bus in Mr. Metcalf's meadow." He looked at her severely.

"They seemed very much surprised to learn that you were with me."

For the first time since she had worn it upon her shoulders Diana's proud head drooped.

"I told them that I was going to spend the night with Gwen."

"What time did you leave them?"

"Just before dark," was the almost inaudible answer.

"Indeed? And where were you all that time?"

"On—on—the roof of the hangar."

"Really!" exclaimed the peddler, and some peculiar tone in his voice made Diana feel as though she were the smallest indivisible particle of matter floating alone somewhere out in the vasty interplanetary space.

"Then," said the peddler, "you must have witnessed my fiasco."

"It was too dark," murmured Diana almost inaudibly, "but I saw her jump down the bank and run into the water—and I heard her cry out: '*A moi, Jean!*'"

"Could you swear that the voice was Patricia Melton's?"

"No, I couldn't," Diana answered; "but I would if you wanted me to."

The peddler gave a short laugh.

As They Drew Near a Man's Voice Rang Out Sharply in a Military Challenge: "Halt! Who Goes There?"

"I believe you," he answered. "You seem to be a very cheerful little perjurer, if you don't mind my saying so."

"I don't!" answered Diana; "because I am. I've done more lying to-night than in all the rest of my life. First I told the family that the thieves were going to try to steal the hydroplane to make their getaway, and that they must all stay in the library where they could be seen by anybody looking through the window. Then I told them that I was going to the Metcalfs' for dinner and to spend the night, and started off down the lane; and last of all I broke my promise to you by sneaking back and climbing up on the roof of the hangar."

"Well," said the peddler, "if one is going to lie one might as well make a thorough job of it."

"Can't you arrest her for attempted murder?" asked Diana hopefully.

"Hardly, for the attempted murder of a manikin. The testimony also would be rather slim, and it is doubtful if any jury, looking first at my size and shape and then at Patricia in a trim tailor suit, would have much confidence in my statement that once having got my grip on her she bowled me over and beat it. Then you have had no dinner?"

"That doesn't matter in the least."

"Hop aboard," said the peddler, and took the handle bars of the motorcycle.

They sputtered on their way again, through the viscid, sticky night, presently to arrive at the Metcalf place. Here they stopped, dismounted and wheeled the machine down the lane and across the meadow, where Torp greeted them with shrill squeals of welcome.

Approaching the big van they saw the glow of a cigarette on the hurricane deck and William's voice inquired with a note of irony: "How did you leave Gwen, sister dear? What's the matter, Clamp—didn't they show up to swipe the hydroplane?"

"One of them showed up, but not to swipe the hydroplane," replied the peddler. "Your mendacious sister may tell you all about it while I am getting into some clean, dry clothes. If you will kindly mount to my upper suite, Miss Kirkland, you will find in the kitchen the wherewithal for supper—coffee, tea, biscuits and bacon and eggs and things. We shall not be starting on the last lap for a couple of hours yet."

Diana meekly followed his directions, and as she proceeded to start the stove and put the water on to boil she gave her astonished brother a graphic description of the night's adventure. The peddler, presently joining them, relieved her of the culinary operations, which he performed in a swift and efficient manner which bespoke experience. They ate and drank hungrily, William taking only coffee, which the peddler had made strong enough to put a "permanent" in the hair of a Japanese; then, the repast finished, he seated himself on the edge of his bunk, great shoulders hunched forward, elbows on his knees and his feet slightly toeing in, where he presented somewhat the appearance of depressed thoughtfulness portrayed in the late Rodin's Penseur.

"I have to admit a complete and dismal failure," said he.

"Nothing of the sort, old sleuth," protested William. "You've got all the loot and two of the rotten bunch."

"Though I'm glad, of course, to be able to return your family heirlooms," said the peddler, "the rich and idle and unworthy folks to whom the rest of the plunder belongs would be positively frightened if they knew how little I cared whether they ever saw theirs again or not. And as for those two thugs who are captured, they are mere underlings, such cogs in the wheel of crime as an ordinary cop might nab and of which the penitentiaries are full. I never did have much hope of catching the principals with the goods after what Baron Rosenthal told me about them and their methods, so this sudden and unlooked-for opportunity to collar the Melton girl in an attempt at assassination was like finding a weak spot in the devil's armor. And then I had to go and bungle it."

"Some chicken!" said William.

"As the case now stands," said the peddler, "we have nothing whatever on these three. There is no proof we can offer that they planned the robberies or took any active part in them. I had some hope of catching them in actual possession of their plunder, but they were never in actual possession of it. The electric launch with its police crew, which I had on watch below their place, merely located the spot where the loot was hidden by the two men we nabbed to-night. Fortunately they chose a dark night to slip round under the shore, over the flats where the eelers work at low tide.

"It was a clever idea of theirs to supply themselves with eeling gear. After that it was merely a question of keeping the place under constant observation."

"How about the Sultana?" William asked. "Do you think that is with the other stuff?"

"No," answered the peddler. "We are going to have a try for that as soon as it gets light. But I don't expect much to come of it."

Diana's heart sank. She felt that after all it was the Sultana that most concerned her brother, and she thought she understood the reason for the peddler's disappointment and disgust at his failure.

"What are your plans?" asked William. "If you don't mind my asking."

"Not in the least. You see, though they know that I have got nothing on them, I feel fairly certain that they will try to leave the neighborhood this morning. They have no reason to think that the police knew where they had hidden the stuff, and the chances are that these two men had orders to get it and meet them at some other point. I was afraid that this exchaser had been chartered by them for their immediate get-away, but it appears that I was wrong. The owner, Mr. Milliken, is a well-known yachtsman."

"Then you mean to hold them up on the road?" William asked.

"Such is my intention. That is one reason why I telephoned for you to join me. Though I don't anticipate any resistance it is still possible that they may have in their possession some of the more valuable of the jewels, in which case they might put up a fight. But this is not probable, especially now that they know from Patricia's experience that they are suspected. Any such articles would more probably be hidden or intrusted to the other servants, who may try to escape by some other route. This trio is too clever, I fear, to run the risk of being caught with so much as a stolen scarfpin."

"But mightn't they pass, now, at any moment?" Diana asked.

"Not without my being warned. One of my men has instructions to watch the house and if they leave before five o'clock to telephone to Fairs Crossing, where I have a man with a motorcycle waiting to bring me word here. We will get this galleon under way before that time, and saying au revoir to Miss Kirkland ——"

"You'll do nothing of the sort!"

"Nonsense, Di, this is no job for you," said William. "You might get shot."

"And then again, I mightn't. If you two think that you're going to do me out of the very cream of it all, then you've got another guess. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! After all I've done and all the lies I've had to tell, and the abuse I've stood from the peddler!" She rose suddenly to her feet. "All right then, I'll go

(Continued on Page 108)

Away by nine on washday

Place your soiled clothes in BlueBird—start the motor—

in about an hour your clothes are all *clean*. The wash is "on the line by nine." *Washday is over!* With BlueBird you are as free, as untired, on washday as on any other day.

BlueBird washes clothes clean—*cleaner* than any other washing process. It gives you a plenitude of clean clothes for all purposes—with no washing drudgery.

Clothes last five times longer when washed the BlueBird way because there is no rubbing, no scrubbing, no friction to grind away the fabric. Garments of finest materials can be safely entrusted to BlueBird. These savings alone more than pay for this handsome, white cabinet washer.

A small payment puts BlueBird into your home. Let the BlueBird dealer in your town demonstrate BlueBird in your home free. See him today. Write us for The BlueBird Book.

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BlueBird

ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

United States Tires are Good Tires

'Nobby Cord' for trucks

Mileage you get as a matter of course from 'Nobby Cords'

But it isn't mileage *alone* that counts. Nor is it the great economies made possible by these pioneer pneumatic truck tires.

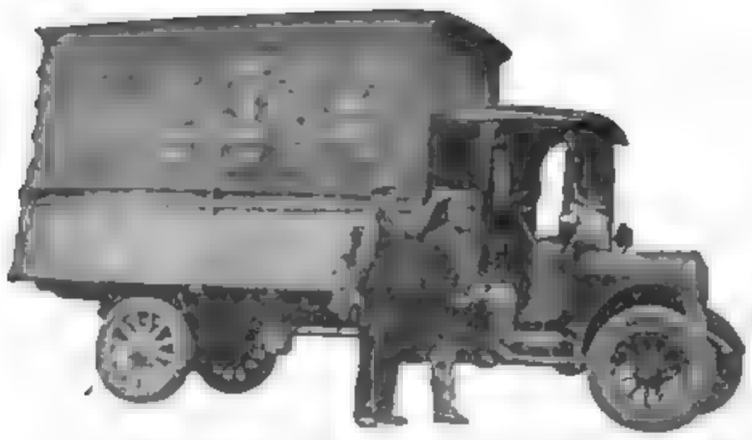
Take, for instance, the six trucks shown on this page. In hauling household goods, in delivery of bottles, or in transporting delicate parts for watches, the prime requisite is protection of the load—*elimination of breakages.* In passenger bus work, it is *ease of riding.* In the delivery of newspapers—*speed.* In hauling mountain freight —*strength and dependability.*

The fact that 'Nobby Cords' combine mileage and economy of operation with these other essentials is directly responsible for the popularity of these big tires in all sections of the country.

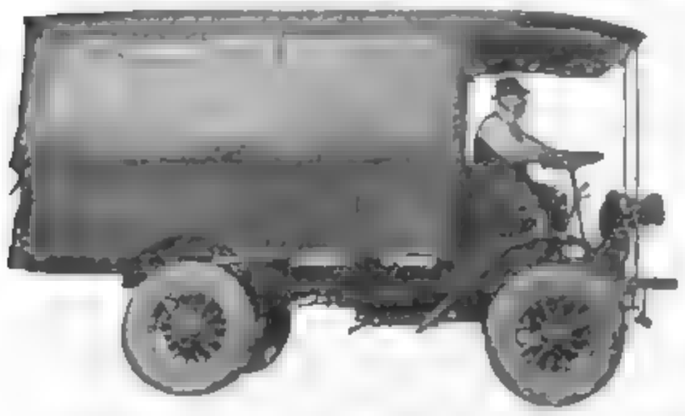
'Nobby Cords' keep the truck on the road and out of the repair shop—they relieve shock and strain—prolong truck life—lessen depreciation—prevent breakages—increase operating radius of the truck—save gas and oil—add to the comfort of the driver.

Like all United States Tires—passenger car and truck—'Nobby Cords' are guaranteed to be free from imperfections in materials and workmanship during their entire life. There is no specific mileage limitation in the United States Tire guarantee.

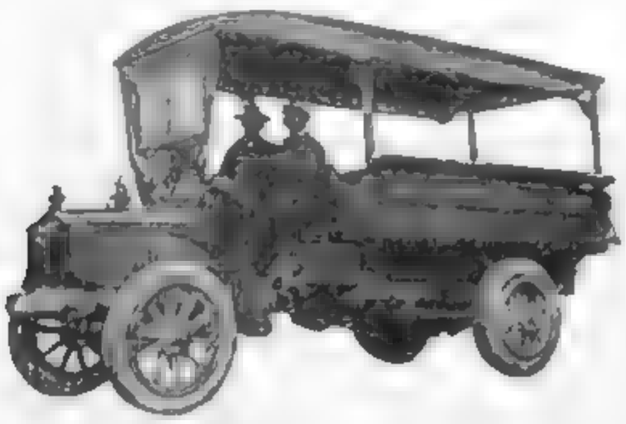
For passenger and light delivery cars, 'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. Also tires for cycles, airplanes and solid tires for trucks.



Our two-ton Garford has gone 14,000 miles to date on 'Nobby Cords' which still retain original air. . . . Good for again as far. . . . Reduce upkeep costs about 30 per cent.
Cincinnati Moving Co., Cincinnati, O.
(signed) John Kepp, Mgr.

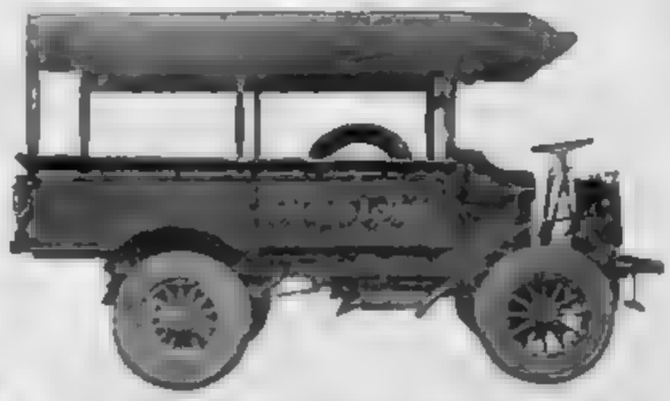


'Nobby Cords' on our Autocar have given over 24,000 miles, and are still in good condition. Have never had a puncture—enables us to make speed from twenty-five to thirty-five miles per hour and an average of ten to eleven miles on gallon of gasoline.
Street Gingerale Company
Baltimore, Md.



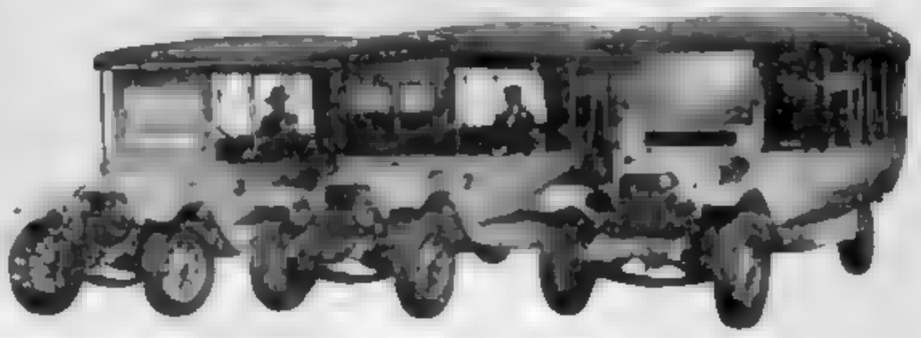
Two of our 38x7 'Nobby Cords' have gone 17,000 miles with only one puncture in one tire. Other never has been down yet. Will safely carry us through coming season. (May 21, 1919.)
Waltham Watch Co., Waltham, Mass
(signed) E. B. Jackson,
Purchasing Agent

. . . . 11,642 miles to date—going strong and look good for several months more . . . Freighting average loads of 6500 pounds through mountains on White truck.
Hickox Transfer Co.,
Boulder, Col.
(signed) Bert Green



The mileage on "The Globe" car was 15,821. The other tires look much better and we expect them to go over 20,000 miles.
Interborough News Company
New York
(signed) R. B. Arthur, Supt.

The 'Nobby Cords' on front wheels of first White bus have gone 36,000 miles—those on bus No. 2,—22,000 and the ones on bus No. 3,—14,000 miles.
White Line Transportation Co.,
Birmingham, Ala
(signed) J. A. Probst, Prop.



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back to the house." Righteous anger choked her voice. "And—and ——"

"And tip off dear Patricia?"

"—— and tell father and the boys, and we'll all get in the car and follow you, and be in at the death to see Patricia doesn't get away again!"

"*Touché! Pax,* and likewise kindly lay off," cried the peddler. "Come, then, by all means, dear goddess of the chase. Besides, it occurs to me that as modest and diffident young men we may have need of you."

"For what?" demanded William.

"To search the ladies—a task from which my sensitive nature shrinks."

"Me too," said William. "All right, let her come then. As you say, Clamp, they won't be likely to start anything. They'd know they could never get away with it."

"The peddler's name," said Diana, "is not Clamp at all, but John Henry Dorsey."

"Is it? Well, all I can say is, John Henry, that Clamp seems to fit you better."

"I thought so myself," said the peddler sadly, "until my whirl with Patricia. I think now that a more fitting monniker would be Mr. Attaboy Butterfist. Well, then, if you're both going to lend a hand please consider yourselves duly sworn in as deputy sheriffs."

Diana raised her hand.

"I swear."

"What do you swear?" asked the peddler.

"Anything, chief!"

"That ought to cover it. For some reasons it is a pity that you broke the male sequence of your family and cannot go in for politics—and for others it is not."

"Such as ——"

"There would be nobody to search the ladies," said the peddler. He sighed. "Since you had to disobey my orders it's a shame you couldn't see what was going on and hop down off that roof and lend a hand at the capture of that winged fury instead of sticking in your proscenium box."

"Then you would never have forgiven me. You take it too hard. She got away because she was a woman and you were afraid of hurting her. Where is all your philosophy?"

"Philosophy," said the peddler, "is only to offer others, never for oneself. And as for my being afraid of hurting her, I can claim no such tender mercy. Naturally I did not wish to strike her, as she might have come back with a suit for damages. No, she got away purely by reason of her strength and greater speed. Of course I was actually the stronger of the two, but so is an elephant stronger than a man with a rifle. She was about eight times quicker than I. She had me outpointed at every turn. I was at least seven grabs behind her. Relatively, you might liken me to one of those moving pictures where the slow motion is analyzed by the ultra-rapid camera."

"How long have you been doing this sort of thing, John Henry?" William asked.

"Just since the war."

"In the big fuss, I suppose?"

"Yes. Secret Service stuff in France. It was over there that I got in touch with Rosenthal."

"Who's Rosenthal?"

"A Czechian Jew and papal baron, who is the salt of the earth and, if the truth were known, probably the richest man on it. He figures his real estate by frontiers, and every war in the last thirty years has shifted his fortune a billion or two. It was he who gave the Sultana to the Marquise d'Irancy for a wedding present. We rendered each other certain services over there and it was that which led him to ask me to tackle this job. Well, it's looking pale and sickly in the east and appears to be the beginning of another imperfect day. Let's carry on. This may not lead to anything, but at any rate we can have a pleasant little promenade in my pretty car. You might stay up here in the fighting top, William, to avoid the possibility of our firing into each other."

A few minutes later the big truck was under way, and as it rocked and lurched and banged and volleyed out of the lane and onto the road the genial Mr. Metcalf was roused from his slumbers, turned sleepily and grumbled to himself.

"If Clamp's going to abuse my hospitality by making the night hideous as well as the day, he'll just have to hunt himself another billet."

At a leisurely pace they clattered down the road in the direction from which the peddler and Diana had so recently come. In ordinary weather the dawn would already have broken, but the congested sky now retarded it. Presently the road turned toward the shore to lead along the tops of the low cliffs, and here the peddler drew to one side and stopped. William, reposing himself on the peddler's couch, did not descend, but Diana and the peddler got down and, walking to the brink, seated themselves on the stone which commanded a view of the pike on the farther side of the little cove. The van was out of sight of anyone approaching this direction, who would be unable to discover it until mounting a short and steep ascent.

The peddler policeman and his fair deputy were conscious of a certain depression of spirits, which in the case of the man was owing to what he considered his inexcusable bungling, and in that of the girl from her reasoning that though the recovery of the jewels must exculpate William from all suspicion connected with their theft, she could not see how it was going to dispossess the mind of the marquise of such in regard to the rape of the Sultana.

For the damning fact remained that the Frenchwoman had been unconscious while alone with him, whereas during the rest of the day and evening she had been in full possession of all her faculties. Even supposing that Patricia had been deft and strong enough to open the locket while walking or standing close to her, it was by no means sure that the marquise would admit of such a possibility.

Several times Diana was on the verge of bringing up this point, but refrained from doing so because it seemed to her that the peddler had avoided all discussion of the jewel. She felt that if he were able to give her any satisfaction in this regard he would already have done so, and she had also a premonition that he had still another hand to play.

"Do you think that Miss Melton recognized you last night?" she asked presently.

"No. It was pitch dark and my face was blackened. In the water she could not have recognized anybody, what with our being mostly under it most of the time and the rumpus we were kicking up. The only satisfaction which this business leaves me is that in my capacity of peddler I fooled them from start to finish—my finish!"

He fell into a gloomy silence, which Diana did not attempt to break. The light grew rapidly until, as happens in midsummer when the sky is heavily overcast and the sunrise unannounced, they found it suddenly broad day. It was a murky, sticky, viscid sort of day, but promised soon to change in character, for a damp little breeze sprang up out of the east to ruffle the leaden waters. Suddenly the peddler slanted his head.

"Car coming," said he, and rose.

Diana sprang up after him, and at that moment there appeared round the shoulder of the hill across the cove a dark red touring car, which they recognized immediately as the De Vallignacs'.

"Here," said the peddler, "is where we make our last bet, turn our last card. Whether ace or two-spot is to be decided within the next ten minutes."

XVIII

AS THE peddler and Diana approached the van William's voice hailed them from the upper deck.

"Enemy submarine on the port bow, sir!"

"All right," said the peddler, "stand by, William."

He helped Diana to mount, started the motor and took his seat. As they forged cumbersomely forward the De Vallignacs' car popped up over the crest of the rise about two hundred yards ahead and bore down upon them at high speed.

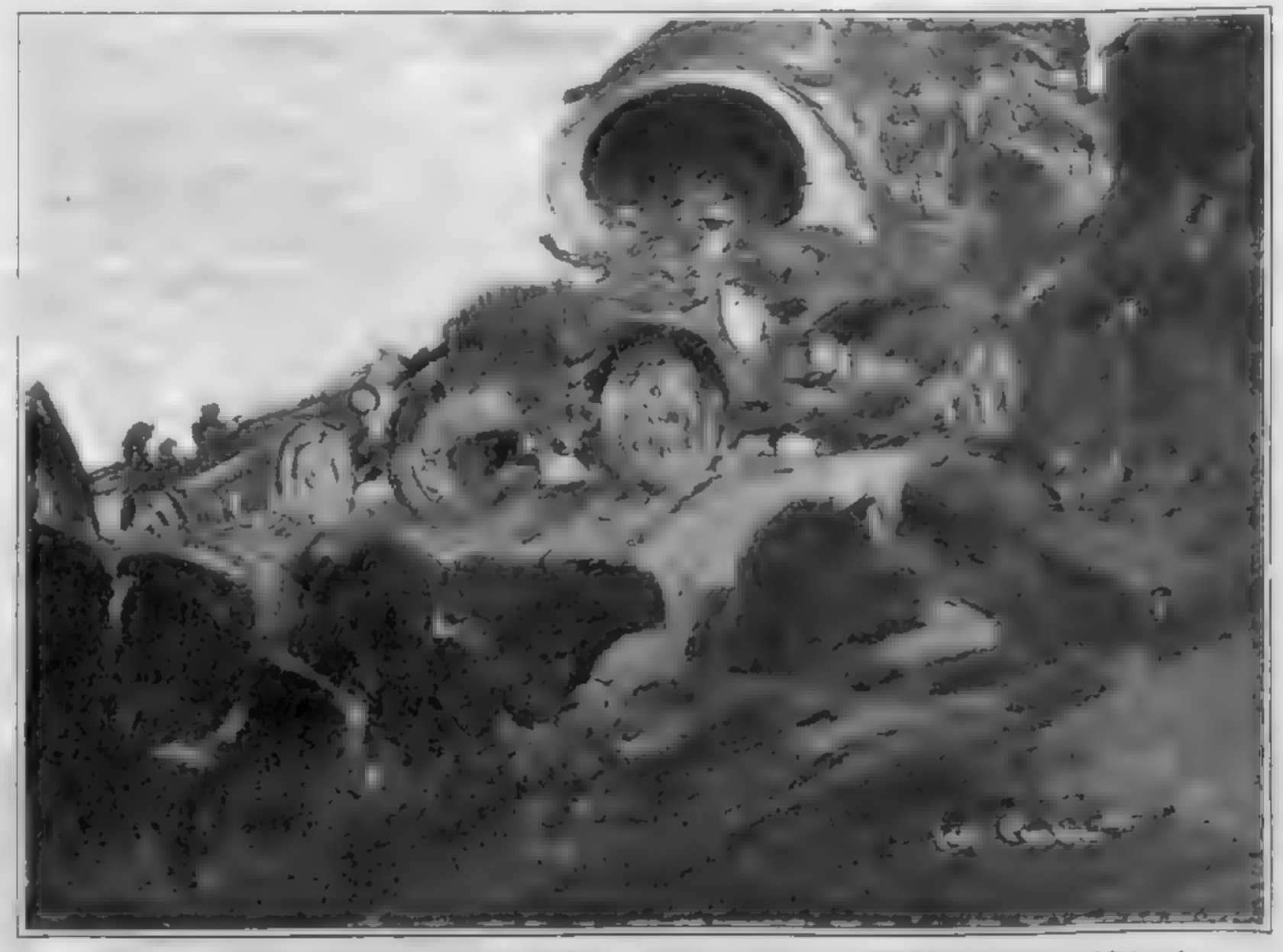
Even at that distance they were able to recognize Stephan at the wheel by reason of his pallid face, black mustache and Vandyke, and the ulster of yellow tweed which he usually wore when motoring. The peddler slowed down and, reaching out at the side, held up one hand as a signal for them to stop. This was evidently read and understood, but brought no more than a series of impatient blasts from the horn. The peddler put his truck in the middle of the road, which was here rather wide but with irregular rocks on either side, and at this apparently stupid maneuver, which left scant room to pass, the approaching car vociferated furiously, at the same time slowing its speed.

Again the peddler raised his hand with an energetic gesture. But Stephan, apparently assuming this to be a cheeky attempt to stop them for personal reasons of the peddler's own, merely struck his horn again and flung out his arm in an angry gesture for the peddler to give him road room, at the same time checking his pace still further. The car and the truck were by this time not more than fifty yards apart, and Diana's heart gave a sudden bound as she discovered the two cloaked and veiled figures on the back seat to be Léontine and Patricia. As the peddler had surmised, there were only the three principals in the car.

But though his speed was greatly reduced and he had ample time to come to a stop Stephan evidently had no intention of so doing. Furious at what he considered to be the peddler's stupid impudence—for Patricia had failed to recognize in him her would-be captor—he decided at the last moment to squeeze past. There was room for this with perhaps two inches to spare and Stephan was a skillful driver, so he swerved to the side and was about to throw on his power again when the peddler, anticipating his intention, gave a twist to his wheel, swung the big truck across the road and stopped.

There was a scream of brakes from the touring car, echoed both from its rear seat and from the truck, a string of Gallic oaths from Stephan, a yell of triumph from the roof of the van, and the long roadster crashed into the forward end of the truck.

Though Stephan had succeeded in bringing his car almost to a stop any bystander who might have happened to be a hundred yards away would have thought that there had been a head-on collision of two big motor vehicles running full speed. Though its volume would naturally have been greater it is doubtful if two express trains trying to pass each other on the same track could have produced a greater variety of noise, this the more singular as the actual damage was not very great and was confined to searchlights, mud guards and the hood of the van's motor. But the shock to the rolling store delivered thus broadside on shifted the cargo within and without, most of the latter on the side of the collision being flung upon the road with an appalling clank and clatter. The highway was strewn with a varied stock of marine, agricultural and household impedimenta, lanterns, oars and boat hooks, plowshares, garden tools, a vacuum cleaner, an ice-cream freezer, dustpans and an oilstove or two, with a little crockery and agateware.



There Was a Scream of Brakes From the Touring Car, a String of Gallic Oaths From Stephan, a Yell of Triumph From the Roof of the Van, and the Long Roadster Crashed Into the Forward End of the Truck

Stephan rose in his seat brandishing his arms, for a moment inarticulate from the rush of strong emotions. But not for very long.

Assured by the racket of the smash that the whole fore end of his car must have telescoped or crumpled like an accordion, there burst from his lips a volley of oaths in French and English.

"*Sacrés cochons!*" he screeched. "*Imbécile! Idiot! Chameau!* 'Opeless lunatic! *Misérable!* What the devil are you trying to do? 'Ave you no sense? You—you damn fool—are you trying to kill us all?"

The peddler stopped his motor and, leaning forward, beamed upon the furious man with cheerful impudence.

Continued on Page 110

SILVERWARE is most alluring. It attracts by its glint and lustre and pleases by its grace and design—but selection should not be made on appearance alone.

In silverplate, quality is ever the most important consideration and this, fortunately, is a matter easily established by the maker's reputation. 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware, for instance, has no rival in length of time in which it has given actual home service. Design speaks for itself, and it is possible to get the larger pieces of table ware to match the Spoons, Forks, etc.—all stamped with the well-known trademark, "1847 Rogers Bros."

So, in choosing teaspoons or knives and forks, it is well to have in mind that you may at a later time wish to have a tea set or other pieces to match the pattern of your spoons, just as in this illustration the Louvain teaspoon is matched in design by the outlines and decoration of the coffee set. This harmony in design is a feature of this brand of silverplate.

Several very attractive patterns may be seen at leading dealers', or illustrations can be had by requesting folder "K-90."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
Meriden, Conn.

New York	Chicago	San Francisco
9-19 Maiden Lane	5 North Wabash Avenue	150 Post Street

The Family Plate for Seventy Years

Louvain Pattern Tea Spoon and Coffee Set

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE

(Continued from Page 108)

"A thousand, thousand pardons, monsieur," said he, "and likewise, please excuse me. I heard that you were leaving the neighborhood, and in consideration of our pleasant and friendly relations I could not let you go without wishing you *Bon voyage*."

Speech utterly failed Stephan. He glared at the peddler in hopeless rage, and at Diana, whose presence he appeared suddenly to realize with a shock of astonishment. Behind him the two women were leaning forward, their eyes burning through their tulle veils, for their quicker wit had come to an instant realization that the peddler's seeming stupidity was very far from that and had behind it some specific purpose. The better to examine the situation Patricia whipped off her veil, which was wound about her great mass of ruddy hair, and she raised her hand to her head as though to rearrange it from any disorder produced by the shock. This gesture on her part did not escape the keen and watchful eye of the peddler.

"Your service, mesdames," said he politely. "A nice morning for a murder, Miss Melton, *n'est-ce-pas?* Or for a swim; or for both."

Patricia, her tawny eyes fixed intently on his face, which showed signs of her handiwork, caught her breath suddenly. At that moment she discovered William peering down upon her from the top of the van, and she caught the black metallic glint of the automatic in his hand. The peddler, humming his little tune, stepped down into the road.

"What the devil is the meaning of all this?" snarled Stephan in a voice from which the rage had suddenly evaporated.

As he spoke he reached for the pocket of his ulster and found himself looking into the black muzzle of the peddler's pistol, while a crisp voice, totally unlike the pleasant drawling tones which all associated with the itinerant merchant, struck through him with a sudden chill.

"Hands up!" said the peddler. "All of you, and quick! *Pattes en air, mes amis.* Paws heavenward, Léontine; and you, too, Patricia! Get down, the three of you. Step lively now! I'm a little nervous this morning and apt to squeeze this thing."

Three pairs of hands went up obediently. For if sudden death had ever stood upon their threshold it was at this moment. Stephan obeyed with alacrity the order to alight. Léontine followed his example, but Patricia lingered for an instant.

"Come along, Patricia," said the peddler. "No; get down this side! Give her a hand, Léontine," for Patricia swayed slightly as she stood.

Then with the unsteady movement of one who feels a sudden faintness she stepped down upon the road, advanced a pace and seemed to stumble on one of the articles jarred from the side of the bus, fell forward before anybody could reach an arm for her support, and as she scrambled up her hand went again to her hair.

William from his point of observation almost overhead caught a flash such as might have been reflected from a pocket mirror. The next instant Patricia's arm flew back, and with the strong and graceful gesture of a baseball player throwing home from the deep field she flung some object high out over the cliffs.

A pale blue gleam flashed against the leaden sky. They saw it rising higher and higher in paraboa, reach its perihelion, then flash and glitter downward in the arc of a great circle, which carried it far out over the surface of the ruffled water. There was a slight splash and Patricia turned to face them, a mocking smile on her wide mouth which whipped upward at its outer corner.

"Look!" cried William. "The Sultana!"

He came clattering down from the top of the van.

The peddler gave a short laugh.

"Was it, Patricia?" he asked.

Her left eyebrow flicked upward.

"Was it what, stupid?" she asked.

"Was that the Sultana you threw into the water?"

"The Sultana? What are you talking about? That was just a bit of blue glass that was on the road."

Her voice was limpid as ever, but her face was ghastly, the amber eyes glowing like two points of yellow flame, while the faces of Stephan and Léontine looked strained and haggard.

"Very well," said the peddler. "We shall have to take your word for it, I suppose." He turned to Diana. "Now, then, Miss Kirkland, I shall have to ask you to officiate. Léontine, you and Patricia will kindly step behind the car, keeping your hands above your head. Wait a minute."

He stepped up to the two women and made a swift examination for weapons possibly concealed about their persons, but failed to discover any such.

"All right. Go over them carefully, Miss Kirkland. William, keep our friend here covered while I overhaul him."

But even Stephan proved to be unarmed, nor did the brief but searching examination discover anything incriminating. The peddler next turned his attention to the car, which he went over thoroughly but with a similar negative result.

"It is just as I thought," said he lightly: "A perfectly innocent trio of distinguished foreigners subjected to an unwarranted indignity while starting off on a little tour in their car. One might indeed call it a hold-up. We may get twenty years for this, William, if they see fit to make a charge."

William, however, was in no joking mood.

"But confound it, Clamp, that was the Sultana she threw out into the water! We all saw it—she took it from her hair. Look at her face! Look at all their faces!"

These were indeed ghastly, especially that of Patricia. Though making, as one could see, a tremendous effort to preserve her insouciance, the hate, fury and baffled avarice which flowed from her amber-colored eyes were of a quality such as none of them had ever seen in the look of man or beast. There was something diabolic about it, something neither of the world nor underworld of men, but of that nether world peopled by demons or vampires.

On the contrary the expressions of Léontine and Stephan, though deathly still, showed a certain sense of relief. The peddler quite understood. It seemed to him probable that capture to criminal natures of such intensity meant death, and he doubted that any of them would support a sentence of long imprisonment. They played the game as might a military spy in time of war, their lives the stake in the event of failure. Patricia's act had saved them this. She had recognized in the peddler's scratched and battered face her assailant of the night before, knew that they had been outwitted and had now to deal with a brain of such acumen that no hazard must be taken. Better to lose the priceless diamond than to run the risk. And the peddler, she reasoned, would not have been content with the cursory search which had been made if he had not seen the wide glittering arc described by the great gem before it fell to its final resting place, to be embedded in the soft ooze or hidden beyond hope of all recovery in the weed-covered crevices of a rocky bottom.

"Well, *mes amis*," said the peddler cheerfully, "I fear that I shall have to apologize for my unwarranted suspicions and the damage caused your car. Of course you can scarcely be blamed for the criminal actions of your chauffeur and gardener, whom we seized early this morning in the act of recovering the loot plundered from the houses of this neighborhood, which they had cunningly hid at the bottom of the water off the point."

Léontine turned whiter still and leaned back against the body of the car as if in need of support. Stephan's face was livid. But Patricia's eyes had assumed the flat, impenetrable look to be seen in those of the great Felidæ after the first fury of capture. The peddler glanced down at the fore end of the touring car.

"Fortunately the damage is not such as to delay your continuing your *voyage d'agrément*," said he. "You are quite at liberty to go. You are of course sufficiently astute to know that I have no sufficient evidence for your indictment and that it is hardly worth the while to put us all to the inconvenience of a mere arrest based on that of a collateral character."

"But hang it all, Clamp," protested William, "we all saw her throw the Sultana into the sea!"

The peddler smiled.

"Pardon me," said he, "but we saw nothing of the sort. Patricia did precisely as she said. She threw a piece of blue glass into the sea. Of course she thought that it was the Sultana. They all thought that it was the Sultana, just as the Marquise d'Irancy thought it was that wonderful gem which she has been so foolishly lugging round in her awkward and unsightly lockets to make us all such a great deal of inconvenience and unhappiness."

He turned his mocking face to Patricia and laughed at the expression surprised upon her own.

"Live and learn, my dear," said he, "and do not trust entirely to your own uncommon cleverness. This big blue rock with which you just made such a beautiful throw was merely an exact and very masterly replica of the Sultana, which Baron de Rosenthal caused to be reconstructed by a famous manufacturer of artificial jewels, when he found that the Marquise d'Irancy was going to insist upon keeping the gem about her person. The real stone was put in a safe-deposit vault by Monsieur le Marquis, who gave his wife this imitation to play with."

He glanced from one to the other of the blank faces and gave his merry laugh.

"I must say, though, I should have thought that Léontine and a distinguished disciple of Chu-Chu would have discovered the fraud. But I suppose that with that trained spirit of precaution to which you owe your criminal success you did not permit yourself any long examination of it. Well, let us be on our way."

"But hold on, Clamp!" cried William. "Even supposing it was not the Sultana, all the same she stole it from the Marquise d'Irancy. Can't you arrest her for that?"

The peddler shook his head.

"Nothing doing, William," said he. "In the first place, as you must see when you stop to think, the sworn identification of a reconstructed jewel whirling through the air in a parabolic curve would not be given any great amount of consideration; and in the second, even if we had seized it upon her person, the crime would scarcely have amounted to petty larceny. The actual intrinsic value of the object is nil, and a thief is not convicted on what he thinks to be the value of the stolen article but on the actual value thereof."

He turned to Stephan.

"Why don't you go back to your house?" he asked. "Nobody is going to bother you."

"Then we are free to go?" Stephan asked.

"Free as air," said the peddler. "Perhaps some day we may have the pleasure of another merry little game of 'Button, button, who's got the button?' I do not mind admitting that in this case the honors are with you, while as for my competition with Patricia in aquatic sports the less said about that the better."

He looked at the girl, and as their eyes met there came into hers a flame of such singular intensity that despite his steady nerves the peddler was startled. For at this moment the impulse received from her *outré* personality was not a hostile one, nor did he feel it to be precisely that of admiration or respect. It was a regard of such hungry ferocity as no beast of prey ever projected upon its prospective quarry.

An involuntary shudder rippled through the peddler. For a moment he could not remove his eyes, and as their gaze clung to hers a crimson wave swept suddenly across the girl's face.

Diana laid her hand upon his arm.

"Let us go," said she a little faintly.

The spell was broken by her voice. Patricia's features seemed to contract in a spasm of rage. Stephan had got back into the car, started his motor and backed away. The peddler started that of the truck, helped Diana to mount, went astern with a roaring of gears and, the road clear, came to a stop while William proceeded to retrieve the scattered stock in trade.

"Chuck the darned stuff inside," said the peddler. "We're finished with it now."

William obeyed and mounted to the sky parlor. The peddler forged thunderously ahead, turned sharply and rolled along the road. Stephan having backed clear was waiting for the women to get in.

Then as the big truck rumbled along, keeping well to the right, the long red touring car sped past, and as it shot ahead the figure of Léontine turned in its seat. She flashed them a brilliant smile, waved one hand gayly, and the peddler, a motion-picture fan, saw her red lips form the words: "*Merci—et au revoir!*"

XIX

THE chanticleer of Kirkland Manor was a little late to usher in the dawn when James, roused from his uneasy slumbers on the leathern couch in the library where he had thrown himself, got up, walked to the window and looked out.

None of the Kirklands had gone to bed. The peddler's telephone communication had banished sleep, and after William's departure they had given themselves up to a nervous discussion as to what might be afoot. Most of all were they disturbed by Diana's perfidy, of which the peddler had given no detailed explanation. For he, learning to his vexation that she was supposed to be spending the night with the Metcalfs, had thought best to offer them no further information beyond the fact that he had met her and they need have no cause for anxiety in her regard.

Finally, exhausted by the nervous tension, they had flung themselves down for such repose as might be vouchsafed, Mr. Kirkland in his big armchair, James upon the couch, and the twins sprawled out upon a tiger and a bear skin rug. Once asleep their slumber was profound, so that they did not hear the departure of the peddler's van, even though less than a mile away.

James took a few turns upon the veranda, inhaling deeply the damp briny air, which exercise had come to take the place of the potation with which he would undoubtedly have stimulated his jaded system but for the promise made Diana some weeks before while waiting for the car to topple from the tree top. Now more hygienically refreshed he strode round to the rear and clapped his hands, when Chang popped out like a weasel from its hole.

"Coffee for all hands," said James. "First chop, fifty-fifty coffee. Plenty hot, and strong as lye."

He went back into the library, lighted a cigarette, then stepped to the coat closet in search of something to throw over his father's knees, for the east wind had cooled the air and the room was damp. As he performed this filial service Mr. Kirkland gave a strangled snort, opened his eyes and sat up suddenly, very defiant, looking quite his age and then some few years.

"Thank the Lord that beastly night is over," said he. "Any news?"

"Nothing yet, sir," James answered, and picking up a couple of cushions threw one at each of his younger brothers, who, accustomed to standing watch-and-watch, were able to cram a good deal of rest into three hours and fifty-five minutes.

"All the watch!" bellowed James. "Show a leg, you heroes. Rise and shine. Scratch your bites on the spar deck ——"

The efficient Chang, who had apparently anticipated the order, appeared at this moment with the black and powerful beverage, hard-tack and butter. Then having served them he stood by, grinning and rubbing his long hands one against the other.

"'Spose you diink coffee!" said he. "Go along hyloplane house, see velly funny sight. You laugh plenty."

"What's that?" demanded James.

"You go see—long hyloplane house," repeated the Chinaman; and he gave a chuckle and vanished.

Father and sons stared at each other questioningly.

"What's struck that celestial?" growled Mr. Kirkland.

"Don't know, sir," James answered. "He seems to have got next to something. I'll go and see."

"We'll all go," said his father. "In unity is strength, and I'm rather low on that this morning. Too old for all this sort of a razoo. Hang that peddler; why can't he come down in front of the footlight and gab out what he knows instead of sticking upstage and whispering? I'm all fed up on him. If he doesn't come across with something after this I swear I'll get down the old goose gun."

They bolted their coffee and flopped down the path to the hangar. Then rounding a bend in the path James stopped with a gasp of dismay, for there on the rustic bench, broad back turned to them, sat the headless trunk of William, slumped down slightly in his seat; and at a little distance—oh, horror!—the head itself with the light hat of French felt still upon it, and the contour of his bronzed cheek barely visible beneath its brim.

Just what the reaction of this shocking spectacle might have been upon their rickety nerves one cannot say, for the singsong voice of the Chinaman struck reassuringly upon their ears.

"No be flaid!" said Chang. "Him allee same dummy. Chang see Missy Di takum clothes, Mr. Willum, top side. Pedlaman makum stuff foolum hatchet man. Me tlink somebody come long tly choke Mr. Willum allee same lope."

(Concluded on Page 114)

WILSON'S *Certified* HAM

THIS picture is from an actual photograph. It shows why the *quality* is "Certified" in these hams which we select, cure and hickory-smoke to the last touch of perfection.

"CERTIFIED" quality means hams that cook better, slice evenly, and have a more tempting flavor.

Write us for a free copy of "Wilson's Meat Cookery," our book showing how to buy and cook meats economically. Address Dept. 1038.

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1½ ton $1965
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Bethlehem performance is measured in years of faithful, economical service. The first Bethlehem built is still on its long haul, and its thousands of miles without let up or lay up prove the actual meaning of Bethlehem Dependable Delivery.

The Motor Truck bought to-day without Electric Starting and Lighting will be out-of-date to-morrow

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The Bethlehem Dealer Franchise is a two-fisted—man size—five-to-six-figure money-making opportunity for one man in a territory.

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Some business man in your community is going to add his name to ours and dominate the motor truck field.

BETHLEHEM MOTORS
CORPORATION
ALLENTOWN, P.A.

Are *You* the Man?

(Concluded from Page 110)

He skipped forward and picked up from the ground the dark crimson curtain cord. James snatched it from his hand.

"Holy mackerel!" said he. "Chang's right. Are you on, dad?"

Mr. Kirkland rubbed his eyes.

"Well, not precisely, James. Merely dangling from the step, as one might say."

"These crooks," said James, "meant to scrag William and make it look like suicide ——"

"Plenty fight," Chang interrupted, and pointed to the crushed laurel sprigs, which showed evidence of a recent struggle. They were examining it excitedly when from the far distance came certain sounds which caused the more youthful twins to spring from the heathery couch like stags that at eve had drunk their fill, or hounds that hear the view halloo and distant hunter's horn. It was a discordant, rambling rattle at first, but presently there came the sound of a horn struck with punctuated time. Ugh—ugh! Ugh—ugh—ugh! It went repeatedly in glorified triumphant grunts.

As one man the Kirklands turned and started for the house, not too rapidly but with a sort of earnest dignity of haste. As they came within sight of the highway, which was visible through a vista a little before it passed in front of their wall, a dark red touring car, evidently not the one that had been horning from the far distance, shot over the road and disappeared.

"Him Flenchman plenty clook," observed the Chinaman, who had formed opinions of his own.

"By gad!" roared Mr. Kirkland, "I believe the boy is right."

"Well," said James, "if Clamp is chasing him in his bus he's got about as much chance as a hippopotamus after a jackal."

They waited with a patience that put a strain upon their creaking nerves. The uproar increased though with exasperating slowness, but presently the big sky-blue vehicle made a wide turn and charged through the gates with a clatter of cogs, and they observed it to be still augmented in height by the ample tent rigged out upon the roof. Sitting composedly side by side were Diana and the peddler, and as the anomalous caravan drew up in front of the house its driver saluted respectfully while his companion lightly blew them a kiss.

"Where is William?" bawled Mr. Kirkland.

"Upstairs in bed, papa," Diana answered.

At this moment a catastrophe occurred, for the peddler, unmindful of the tent, passed slowly under the springing branch of a maple. This caught the ridgepole, which fell with a clatter and billowing of canvas, when there came from beneath an upheaval accompanied by smothered cries and a volley of strong speech. Then appeared the late suspect, who descended the ladder rubbing his head.

"My word," said he, "but that's a nice way to rouse out a man who hasn't had a decent nap for a fortnight!"

They were haled into the breakfast room, where the grinning Chang, who invariably managed to keep one jump ahead of any service required, was already setting the table and, like the magician he was, juggling from some invisible source a supply of smoking-hot sausages and eggs and kippers and coffee and rolls and muffins.

Midst roars of Homeric laughter the story of the night's adventure was narrated by the peddler, and when it was all over Mr. Kirkland swabbed his eyes and took his daughter in his arms.

"Bed for yours, my chicken," said he. "Don, see that a berth is ready for Mr. Clamp."

"John Henry," corrected William. "What's the rest of it, old top?"

"Oh, never mind the rest," said the peddler, and yawned.

"Where are you off to, William?" James asked.

"I'm off to look at my murdered double, then I'll freshen up a bit and run over to break the joyful news to the marquise and Gwen."

"But it's only six o'clock. They'll all be asleep."

"Then they can jolly well wake up," said William. "It isn't every day that a girl gets officially engaged, and a distinguished guest learns that she is still in possession of a supposedly stolen diamond worth the ransom of a munitions worker."

MR. KIRKLAND pushed himself back from the table and lighted a cigar.

"Look here, Clamp!" said he. "Aside from being a darned efficient peddler and jack-of-all-trades, what the deuce else are you anyhow? You look like a thoroughbred and talk like a highbrow."

"In the arts of peace, sir," replied the peddler, "I am general superintendent of the Dorsey Iron Works and Shipyards in South Brooklyn, over against the Island of Manhattan. My father, Silas P. Dorsey, is the proprietor. Yon sky-blue joy-wagon is an ex-army truck that I bought at a bargain, when sent to the yard, where I caused to be erected on its chassis a fair frame house, my store and happy rolling home."

"Then how the deuce did you get mixed up in this thing?"

"Owing to the war, sir. As soon as we got into it I was given the commission of lieutenant in the United States Navy and sent to France, where I was detached for service in the O. N. I. In Paris I saw a good deal of the Baron Isidor de Rosenthal, an old friend and client of my father, who had built several ships to his order. Previous to the war I had done some work for the United States Federal Secret Service in the matter of suppressing certain efforts to burn up the water front in and about the port of New York, and my methods being known to the baron, he asked me as a particular and I may add highly paid favor to himself that I undertake this little job, which I have managed so brilliantly to bungle."

"Bungle nothing!" snorted Mr. Kirkland.

"You are very kind, sir, but the fact remains that I've made a shocking mess of it. The three principal criminals are still very much hand and foot loose and not subject to arrest and indictment, while I am convinced that the two understrappers we have captured could not be made to turn state's evidence if given the thirty-third degree.

"The whole affair, sir, would be a matter of regret and mortification to me were it not for a certain bonus for which I propose to file a claim which, if approved, will make this trifling loot and the Sultana itself look like a binful of junk. Of course the rape of the Sultana was never in any question, but even had it been I should have felt the same.

"You may remember, sir, the words of Solomon, who must have been an authority, as he had so many of them."

Mr. Kirkland's eyes twinkled.

"Rubies, I believe ——"

"No, sir; Sultanas."

Mr. Kirkland leaned back in his chair, brought the tips of his fingers together and assumed a judicial expression. Once or twice he glanced at the crimsoning Diana, who was evidently at a loss as to how she could take the presumptuous tentative of the peddler. The Kirkland brothers, nervously scenting a romantic situation, faded away to the outer regions like dogs at the sight of a scrubbing brush and a cake of soap in the hands of their keeper.

Mr. Kirkland looked again at the peddler. He squared his shoulders, drew down his vest and assumed generally an air of magisterial dignity.

"If you will pardon me for saying so," said he, "your preamble, if such, is as usual difficult for the mind of a practical man to follow. In other words, what the deuce are you driving at?"

The peddler rose and bowed.

"Sir," said he, "I have the honor to ask in marriage the hand of your daughter Diana."

Whether the vasomotor disturbance of Diana's face was due to resentment or maiden modesty she couldn't herself have told; in fact, her state of mind at that moment was similar to what one might think should be the mental equilibrium of an aviator caught in a sudden and unexpected cyclonic squall, whirled and spun about, dropping in vortices, side slipping and head spinning, knowing that the high air was a most unstable medium at that moment, yet not seeing just how he was going to get his feet on solid earth.

Mr. Kirkland on the contrary was put completely at his ease. Heretofore the similes and philosophic metaphors of the peddler had never failed to bewilder his cerebral functions and to make him feel as though his brain were being subjected to the application of an eggbeater. But now there was something tangible to which he might lay hold.

"This, sir," said he, "is the first time in our brief acquaintance that I have known you to make yourself quite clear. You have put this family under a very deep and lasting obligation, first in saving the lives of two of my children, and now in clearing our name from the insinuations of malicious tongues. As a young man of marked intelligence and ability I am bound to admit your merits, while as to your habits, your own appearance is the best guaranty of them. Ahem! You say your father owns this shipyard?"

"He does, sir, with no encumbrances. It was already a big concern before the war, and its operations have now been almost tripled."

"In that case," said Mr. Kirkland benignantly, "I see no reason for withholding my consent to your request, provided of course that my daughter has no doubt of her own mind in the matter. Has she?"

"I do not know, sir. I have not yet asked her."

Diana felt and rather looked as if about to suffocate. The rose peonies blooming at the side of the veranda could not have rivaled the depth and richness of her tint. Mr. Kirkland's eyes twinkled more than ever.

"In that case, sir," said he, "I shall retire and you can ask her."

He rose with dignity, exchanged bows with the peddler and withdrew, thoughtfully letting fall the curtains behind him.

The peddler turned to Diana, who for the first time saw the whole of his strong and tender nature glowing from a pair of eyes from which the smoke screen had been whipped away.

"Will you marry me, darling girl?" he asked.

"Will I?" cried Diana rapturously. "Oh, my—my—peddler!"

And she flung herself ecstatically into his efficient arms.

Under the flaming foliage of the first autumnal frost a large and freshly painted sky-blue bus went rolling down the winding road.

It was no stranger in the region, but those accustomed to the astonishing concussions which its passage had habitually struck the surrounding landscape now found something lacking in its stately progress.

For there was no noise, whether of rapid fire from its stern or clatter of ill-adjusted cogs or thump of heavy pistons or the slam-banging of various paraphernalia exposed for sale upon its vast expanse of side. No longer did plowshares clash on anchors or heavy tackles vie with churns and dishpans in beating the long roll as it rocked along. The small windows were neatly curtained and from long window boxes bloomed geraniums and trailing vines. It proceeded on its stately way with less announcement than a flivver of antebellum vintage.

But if these were lacking, then were they replaced by certain other novel accessories foreign to its type. Gay streamers and garlands fluttered from the stanchions of its hurricane deck and there was pendent a varied assortment of ladies' footwear which was not for sale. Enough rice could have been swept up, slow and aloft, to tide a Chinese family through a period of famine.

Inside were all such conveniences as could be reasonably required by the newly wed, each feature of which was of an aching newness. This snug cabin, though presenting certain aspects of the camp, was spotless as that of a Dutch canal boat, and possessed in concentrated volume all the comforts of a home. It seemed a pity in fact that its service was destined to be so short and its travels for the immediate present limited to the narrow confines of three states.

On the driver's seat were two very happy individuals and a small dog which would have been also elate but for the embarrassing adornment of a large white satin bow, long enough to tickle, too short to tug loose even with a muzzle drawn out by damning dachshund corpuscles. Observing his annoyance the master pulled out the bow, loosed the knot, slipped off the ribbon, took his small companion by the after end and lowered him gently overside, where after a bark of acknowledgment he spun along abreast like a mechanical toy, trotting in front, galloping behind.

The peddler wore his classic costume of Breton sailor's béret and spotless blue-denim working suit, there being always work in sight for the caravaner, particularly when on his wedding tour.

The blushing bride was consistently and charmingly arrayed in a white-serge sailor suit, there being much about the van, its handling and equipment to suggest a cruising yacht. The most captious critic, chronic hypochondriac or bitter misogynist who had seen her sitting there, one hand resting on the steering wheel, the other in a perfectly safe resting place, red lips slightly parted, violet eyes misty and deep gazing dreamily at the endless open road, would have been willing to admit that no brave captain ever embarked from any port for unknown seas with a truer and fairer mate.

The big van rolled round the first turning, when the sound of song and laughter died away. The strains of music grew faint and sweet with distance, and so they trundled out of this and into another and longer and sweeter story.

(THE END)

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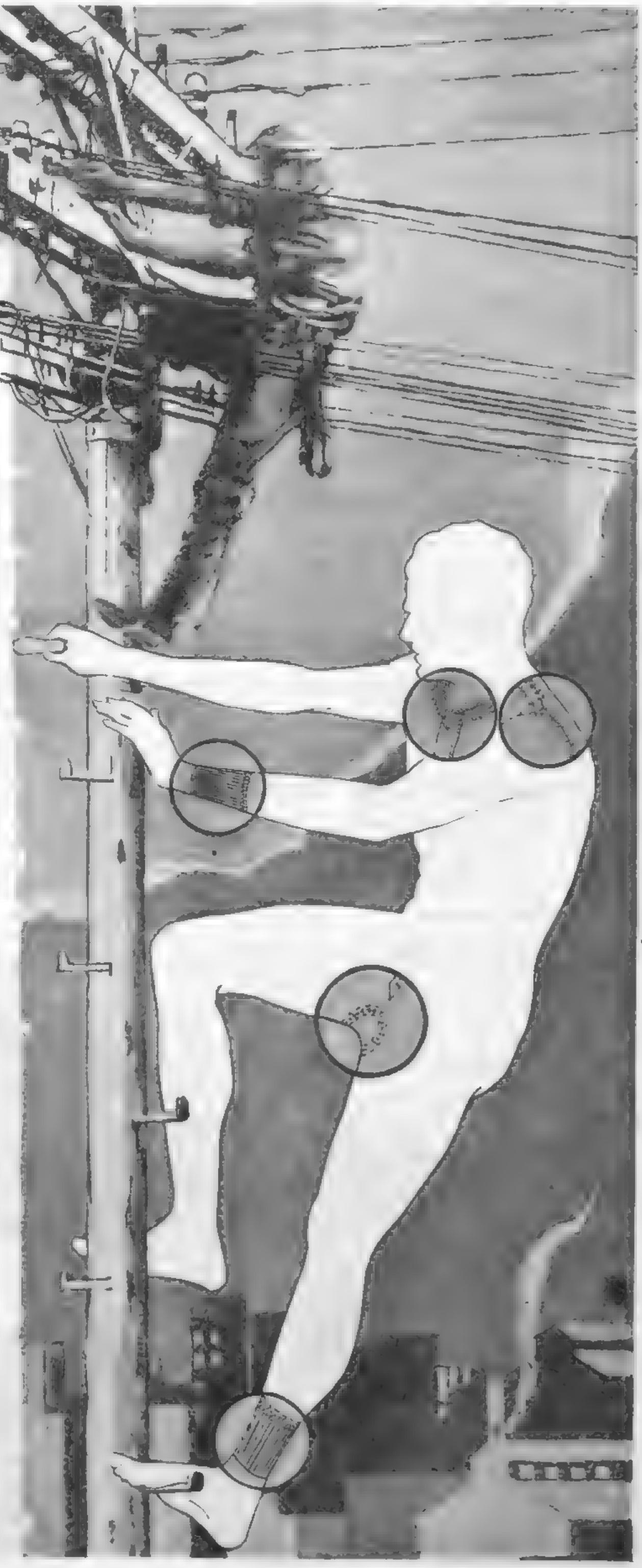

WHY COMPETING RAILROADS?

(Continued from Page 6)

Western lines heard of it—almost simultaneously the energetic young traveling representatives of those roads started for the city where the prospect lived. Eighteen of them came into town upon the same morning. They bought dinners and cigars for the local agent of the line upon which the man would be likely to begin his journey, until the agent was surfeited and could eat and smoke no more. And all for six one-way tickets, whose total cost would run only a little more than $500. The expenses of the eighteen solicitors could hardly have been encompassed within that sum. No wonder that operating folk in the old days used to grow discouraged.

Here then was competition; competition, if you wish to call it so, in one of its most sinister aspects; and after all was said and done, competition that did not compete. I have told you already of the gentlemen's agreements by which so-called competing roads informed one another of their decisions to place new trains in service between the competing points in which all were interested. I might tell in detail of some of the agreements that some of our railroads, big and little, used to make among themselves in regard to these trains; how their leaving and arrival and running times as well as service and equipment were carefully equalized and synchronized. Competition indeed! The very number of city ticket offices in New York and other metropolitan communities was regulated by agreement. And agreements went still further. The Pennsylvania Railroad had, and still has, a line from New York to Buffalo by way of Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Williamsport. Yet though it energetically sought traffic from Philadelphia and Washington and intermediate points to Buffalo, it maintained neither through service nor direct ticketing arrangements between this last point and New York; in exchange for which the New York Central, though possessing a through line from New York to Pittsburgh by way of Albany and Buffalo, ran no through cars between the two cities and sought no traffic between them; just as the Erie in consideration of receiving all the through-passenger traffic of the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie—the Vanderbilt entrant into Pittsburgh—between that city and Chicago, despite the fact that the Vanderbilts have a complete and fairly direct trackage of their own between the two cities, in return turned over all the traffic originating upon its line to the P. & L. E.

A Fatal Weakness

There have been many of these gentlemen's agreements—in both the freight and the passenger service. Perhaps they are but the natural outcome of highly developed competition, not in the least illogical but the most logical of results. For competition, in its very highest modern form, in other businesses than the railroad business seems paradoxically to abolish itself. Which may be translated as one of its supreme weaknesses, for how can a thing which in the long run tends to destroy itself be rated as fundamentally sound or strong?

So it is in the railroad business, for granted that the roads may even return to the old condition of things—or at least something that approximates the old condition of things—that railroad labor may not only be subdued or mollified but brought back to something of the degree of loyalty and enthusiasm and efficiency that it possessed, say, twelve or fifteen years ago; that rates may be placed in such a state of equity with outgo as not alone to pay fairly for the operation of the roads but to return a decent margin of profit to the honest dollars that have been invested in them; what is, after all, to be gained by a return even to the form of the competitive system in railroading?

"Service," the old-time railroader will reply, and immediately will return to a discussion of the fine trains we have been considering. But we have shown how little such competing trains really compete. And the old railroader will wonder why noncompetitive railroading cannot supply equally fine trains. The Merchants' Limited and the Knickerbocker, between New York and Boston, are both noncompetitive, and are second to none among American trains."

The Man Who Taught Mellen

"Courtesy," continues the old-timer. "The finesse of American railroad operation; the courtesy of the individual employee, the quality of the meals in the dining car; the upkeep of the road—these are the things that make discriminating travelers choose between roads. And the fact forever remains that the road that gains a popularity for travelers seems to gain and hold a popularity for the haulage of their freight. That's service. And service counts."

Take the noncompetitive New Haven again—consider it in the capable and honest management which preceded the days when it became the plaything of Wall Street. It was then an extremely well-operated road and it took pains to give good service even on its inconspicuous side lines. It had good tracks, swift trains and excellent stations on practically all its routes. When it found a good town, like Waterbury, for instance, well off its main line, it took pains to divert some of its through New York-Boston expresses so that they would pass through it. It ran its own parlor car and sleeping car services and ran them very well indeed—there never have been more comfortable or reasonable night accommodations between two American towns than the old New Haven used to give in its all-stateroom cars between Boston and New York—a fine double brass bedstead for each room and the charge only five dollars for the night's rest. And as far as dining-room service was concerned the New Haven's dollar meals were famed over a district far greater than that of New England itself. And the road's employees were known for their courtesy.

The line wasted no money in traffic solicitation, but spent the money which it saved in this way in the service itself, to the eternal benefit of its patrons. And the reflex benefit to the road, which if it had kept out of high finance and trolley roads and gas companies, and the like, would still be to-day one of the railroad giants of America, is not easily estimated. For the basic plan upon which the road operated was, in my opinion, fundamentally right. And when one Charles S. Mellen tried to extend that plan, which had worked so successfully in two states, to the rest of New England, I still believe that he was fundamentally right. The trouble rested in the methods by which he sought to attain his purpose.

"I want to make New England—the great workshop of America—a great terminal yard for all the railroads of the rest of the land," he said. And at once he sought to put his theory into effect by bringing two of the three large systems in that territory outside of New Haven into consolidation with it. These were the Boston and Maine—itself a creature of many consolidations—and the Maine Central, which rested to the north of it. The Boston and Albany was another important New England road. This property, however, which was leased to the Vanderbilts, and which had become in effect a branch of the New York Central, leading from Albany to Boston, could hardly be brought into the consolidation. However, it was not absolutely necessary to the Mellen scheme. The Rutland was a much smaller road, yet as an important link of a New York-Montreal through line Mellen desired it. And he succeeded in getting the Vanderbilts to consent to give it to him in exchange for the Ontario and Western, a New Haven coal property which with some of its line invaded the very heart of New York Central territory.

This exchange was blocked, however, by the Public Service Commission of the state of New York, which held some rather outraged feelings on the subject.

Only one New England road remained recalcitrant to the Mellen scheme—the Central Vermont, which was held and operated by the Grand Trunk. That property in the day when Mellen was trying to put his big plan through was headed by an upstanding man, a fighting man with vision in his soul and red blood in his veins.

I am referring to the late Charles M. Hays, the man who staggered the Canadian imagination by refusing in the same day a directorship in the Bank of Montreal and a knighthood from the king of England. In Hays, Mellen met his match. For when he threatened Hays, as he had threatened many and many another railroader and forced him back, the man from Montreal stood his ground and threatened back. He promised a genuine competition with the New Haven, which already had fallen sadly from its former high estate and roused New England as it had not been roused since the days of abolition.

Promise of Efficiency

Then for a time fortune seemed to favor Mellen. Hays went down with the Titanic and with him died his giant plans. Yet in the long run Mellen's plans died too. New Haven came to the edge of bankruptcy. It was forced to disgorge Boston and Maine. From a position of almost imperial strength it descended to husks.

Its morale disappeared, its service went to pieces. It was but a shadow of its former great self. And Mellen slipped out of the picture.

If I have drifted into railroad history for a moment it has been because of my firm belief that if the Mellen plan had been properly and honestly brought into the fullness of its being New England would perhaps be to-day enjoying the best railroad service in all the land instead of almost the worst. To begin with, it would be efficient because of its simplicity. With no more trains than were moved on the several different roads between Chicago and St. Louis in the prewar days the New Haven road gave New York and Boston an infinitely better through service. Because of the competitive situation, of the necessity of the competitive trains of four or five different roads to make the same connections in the big St. Louis Union Station, the seventeen or eighteen through trains between the two Middle West towns were bunched into three or four groups. There were trains at nine o'clock in the morning, at noon, at nine o'clock in the evening and at midnight, and few between; whereas nineteen or twenty trains between New York and Boston were so spaced as to give a train practically each hour that a traveler was apt to desire one. He could hardly go to the Grand Central or the South Station at any time of day or evening and not find a train departing for the other station within the next sixty minutes.

Nationalization

Suppose for the sake of an argument that we were to project this noncompetitive railroad idea across the country. In the preceding article we grouped the important lines of the nation into sixteen or seventeen big competitive systems, broken into two great groups by the Mississippi River and serving the larger cities of the land. Between New York and Chicago we allowed four of these systems and worked out a similar proportion the rest of the way across the country, New England remaining the only really unsolved problem.

But now we are going to abandon almost entirely the competitive idea. We are going to begin in good faith a genuine nationalization of our railroads.

"Oh, I know," you interrupt; "a single big national railroad—running all the way from New York to San Francisco, connecting the two Portlands, linking up El Paso and the Soo and Butte and New Orleans. A single really big national road."

Not quite so fast, if you please. The very bigness of such a road might easily defeat its success. We have had an eighteen months' experiment of trying to run 2905 railroads—some 275,000 miles of trackage—and the experiment has been no overwhelming success. Suppose we tackle the big meal in easier bites; see how Standard Oil, or better still, a big privately owned and operated utility like the Bell Telephone, handles an operating problem of national magnitude. Each of these successfully operated institutions has divided the nation into twelve or fourteen great states. Indeed, it is entirely probable that if our country were receiving new political divisions to-day it would be divided quite logically and naturally into twelve to fourteen or fifteen great states—most of them as large as California or even Texas. States such as Delaware and Rhode Island are anomalies indeed. Their sole excuse for being was the absence of anything like adequate communication facilities when first they came into existence. It was necessary to have government within reasonably easy reach of the folk who were to be governed. To-day a legislator can go from Los Angeles to

(Continued on Page 118)

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(Continued from Page 116)

Sacramento nearly as easily and as quickly as his forbear went from Putnam, Connecticut, down to Hartford.

So it goes with the railroad. Let us have, say, twelve railroad states within these United States; for simplicity in nomenclature we shall call these the regional railroads. By singular coincidence we find that the banking control of the nation—the Federal Reserve Banking system—similarly falls into twelve great regions, each equipped with its own distinct and autonomous banks. So would these twelve regional railroads be distinct and autonomous.

If you persist in asking why not a single great railroad instead of twelve, I shall persist in calling your attention to the failure of the United States Railroad Administration properly to understand and meet the transportation needs of a fairly well populated nation whose breadth is more than 3000 miles and whose length is more than 1500. And I shall remind you that one of the wisest moves that the master railroader, Harriman, ever made was when he created five separate presidencies for his properties: one each at Portland, at San Francisco, at Tucson, at Houston and at Omaha—and gave sweeping powers of autonomy to each of these presidents. One of the damning counts in the indictment against the private operation of our roads has been that of absentee landlordism—the control of roads in one part of the country by men in another and far-distant part—men who were completely out of touch and sympathy with the section of the land that they were supposed to be serving. A shipper in Fresno, California, with a grievance does not wish to proceed either to Wall Street or to Washington for justice. San Francisco, however, would be reasonable, and so far more to his liking.

Grant me then, if you please, the twelve regional railroads, and lend me your ear as I give you a rough idea of their location. New England becomes the first of these regions. The Mellen plan finally comes into its own—honestly conceived and administered—and the New England lines not only take in the roads which he held or coveted—the New Haven, the Boston and Maine, the Maine Central and the Rutland—but also the Boston and Albany, the Bangor and Aroostook and the Central Vermont. The only outside roads that then would remain in the New England territory would be the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk up in Maine; and these, for international reasons, would best remain undisturbed.

Other Regional Roads

The New England lines would touch two other of the regional roads—the New York lines, at Albany, Troy and some lesser points, and the Pennsylvania at New York and perhaps one or two other places. The New York lines in such a scheme would be built up chiefly of the present New York Central and its side lines as they lie east of Buffalo and Niagara Falls; of the Erie, east of Salamanca or Jamestown; of the Lehigh Valley; of the Lackawanna; of the Delaware and Hudson; the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh and two or three smaller properties. Similarly the Pennsylvania would consist of the road of that name as it to-day exists east of Pittsburgh and Wheeling; of the Baltimore and Ohio and the Chesapeake and Ohio east of the Ohio River; the Western Maryland; the Reading and the Central Railroad of New Jersey. The Southeastern lines adjoin this system and stretch from Washington down across Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia to Birmingham and Mobile; and also from the Ohio on the north through to the white rim of the Gulf of Mexico. They do not quite reach New Orleans, for the roads in Mississippi and Louisiana together with some lines in Arkansas and the retention even of the main stem of the present Illinois Central as a feeder into the important railroad center of Chicago become the Mississippi Valley lines—a system of no small importance.

It is a fascinating business, this railroad building on paper. As if by magic the Texas lines appear, with their eastern termini at Beaumont, at Shreveport and at Texarkana. At their westernmost point, El Paso, they touch and connect with the California lines, which include the rest of the Southern Pacific system up to the Oregon state line, the Western Pacific, the Santa Fe west of Albuquerque, the San Pedro road, the El Paso and Southwestern and some smaller properties. The California lines in turn connect with those of the Puget Sound west of Fargo and Mobridge and Pocatello—by themselves an important group of roads. Now we are indeed swinging round the rim of the country. East of the Puget Sound lines are the Northwestern—another glorious name of old-time railroading perpetuated far into the future. From the Northwestern Station in Chicago this huge system moves quite logically to the north and west. It consists in the main of the present Northwestern, the Milwaukee, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific east of the Missouri River, and portions of the Burlington.

Now we have allocated nine out of our twelve regional railroads. The remaining three are not hard to find. The Colorado lines easily take the entire main stem of the Union Pacific, the Denver and Rio Grande, the Colorado and Southern and a goodly portion of the Missouri Pacific and the Rock Island systems. It might further be arranged to have its Union Pacific main line effect a direct entrance into the city of Chicago over the present east-and-west route of the Illinois Central connecting that city and Omaha. That, however, would hardly be advisable. It would seem to be far preferable to have the Colorado lines stand at the west edge of the Missouri River in the same fine and impartial way that the Union Pacific to-day stands at Council Bluffs and Omaha.

The Rest of the Dozen

The Great Midland—we will borrow the fictional name from earlier paragraphs of this yarn—might consist of the Santa Fe, with the exception of its line west of Albuquerque, which already we have lopped off and presented to the California lines; lines of the Burlington, the Milwaukee, the Chicago and Alton and the Rock Island to Kansas City and beyond, both direct and by way of St. Louis.

One system remains the great territory sometimes jocularly and sometimes tragically referred to by traffic men as "the swamp," lying north of the Ohio River and between Buffalo, Salamanca, Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Huntington, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago. Great Central lines would make a good name for these. They round out the even dozen of our regional railroads.

I have tried not to be arbitrary in laying out these systems or their boundaries, but to follow certain rather natural lines of division—either of great rivers or of older railroad companies—and as far as possible to avoid disturbance of natural currents of traffic. To a degree our regional systems still compete. For, for the reasons just given, their edges are interlaced and dovetailed rather than clean-cut, like the boundaries of a political state. But competition is brought to a minimum. And a vast simplicity immediately is attained. Traffic-solicitation expense is not only practically eliminated—really helpful information bureaus being substituted for expensive solicitation offices—but great economies are effected in actual operation. Superfluous trains cease to be. Either they are used to reduce the headway spacings between the larger communities of the present competitive district or else their equipment is used for a bettered service on noncompetitive branches. In either case the patron benefits.

Take the question of terminals. I know of one town of not more than 8000 population where to-day three separate and supposedly competing railroads still maintain three separate passenger stations—each small, dirty and undermanned. One decent station properly manned would not only serve all these three roads, and serve them well, but would also give great operating economies. There are, all the way across the land, many hundreds of towns where a similar situation exists, nearly if not equally as bad.

As for the big cities, it does not take a very vivid imagination to see in the adoption of a noncompetitive railroad plan the easy way to abandon the very expensive and awkwardly planned new Union Station in Chicago, work upon which has as yet barely begun. With the regional plan in effect lines coming into that city from the east and southeast, together with that far-reaching main stem of the Mississippi Valley lines, which we saw but a moment ago, could share the new station already planned upon the lake-front site of the present Illinois Central terminal; the lines up from the southwest would quite naturally use the La Salle Street Station and those from the northwest the fine new station of the Northwestern, which readily could be enlarged if need be for the necessities of suburban traffic. In this way three existing stations could be abandoned, without the slightest inconvenience to the traveler.

On the contrary, every move that is made toward union-station facilities is just so much greater a convenience for the traveler. Of course in a city with as vast a railroad traffic as that of Chicago a single union station is quite out of the question. The great Union Station in St. Louis and the South Station in Boston have quite reached the maximum limits of practicability; in fact, some folks who have had to handle baggage within their great reaches are quite sure that they have passed those limits.

Boston is another good illustration of what might be accomplished by unifying terminals—an economy that is hardly possible between genuinely competing railroads. A large proportion of the long-distance traffic that comes to her two great city portals, the South Station and the North Station, is through traffic—passengers bound from points south of the gilded dome of the State House to points well to the north of it or the reverse. For these the accommodations are wretchedly inadequate; a very poor taxicab service, an occasional trolley car and a shuttle upon the elevated railroad are the only connections.

Suppose, if you will, however, that a tunnel were to be dug for the mile that lies between the two great railroad terminals, and that each was transformed from being, as at present, a dead-end station into a through one, so that trains coming into the South Station from the south and west—from the lines of the present New Haven and Boston and Albany systems—and stopping there, would pass through the tunnel, and after a stop at the North Station would continue on to points north of Boston. In a similar fashion the trains in on the present Boston and Maine, instead of making their final stop at the North Station would proceed through the new tunnel, would stop again at the South Station, and then continue on to a suitable point south of the congested sections of the city.

When one comes to realize that almost half the work of a dead-end station in America is either placing empty trains in position for their outbound load or else in pulling out trains that have arrived and been emptied, he can begin to gain a faint idea of the money saving that such a tunnel connection in Boston would give. Of course, it might be neither practicable nor wise to operate all the trains that now enter either of the two big stations particularly in the rush-hour service—through to the other. Unfortunately much of our railroad service is not well balanced. This is particularly true in the case of the so-called commuter business, which flows in in a great morning tide and out each evening in a vast ebb. For this service the present head houses and their dead-end tracks might easily be retained. The through tracks at tunnel level would in almost any conceivable event lie well below these and their platforms would be reached by ramps and escalators.

Wasted Space

It goes without saying that terminal arrangements such as these would predicate the use of electricity as a railroad motive power in the Boston metropolitan district. Steam locomotives in tunnels are neither safe, pleasant nor sanitary. Yet I do not imagine that Bostonians, who have had in recent years to put up with much that was unpleasant in their suburban service, would object to such a change. And just because Boston has lagged in the electrification of her terminal districts is no reason why she should continue to do so.

She has in the very heart of her fashionable Back Bay a striking illustration of what electricity might do and as yet has not done. A great open space along Boylston Street, within a stone's throw of the ultra smartness of Copley Square, has been wasted these many years in a black-breasted, smoky storage yard of the Boston and Albany Railroad. And this despite the fact that the lessee of that very road, the New York Central, has in a very similar location, in the heart of the city of New York, brought to a successful fruition the most remarkable passenger terminal in the world—the Grand Central Terminal; remarkable not alone from the fact that the substitution of electricity for steam as a motive power has enabled the building of a two-level station, with a consequent saving of practically 50% of ground area, but that it has given back to New York eighteen or twenty city blocks in a territory where realty commands topnotch figures. Nor is this all. By wise planning and a streak of genuine vision the New York Central has not only developed this reclaimed tract over and above its new, silent, smokeless terminal yards, perhaps the best bit of city planning in all America, but has made the ground rentals for the superb great buildings that stand upon these restored city blocks pay not only the overhead charges but a goodly portion of the operating costs of its terminal. So much can railroad vision do when it really has the opportunity.

So it is that a similar reclamation of the black blot on the heart of Boston ought to pay and pay well toward the electrification of her terminal system.

"Why hasn't it been done before now?" you ask.

I cannot answer that question. I might quite as readily turn round and ask you why it is that steam-railroad trains still operate within sound of the roar of Niagara Falls—the marvelously cheap and abundant power that lights the houses and runs the trolley cars of Toronto, 90 miles away, and Syracuse, 150 miles. Once upon a time, it was a little more than twenty years ago, a cub reporter in a town not 250 miles away from those falls went to the big-hearted and big-minded general superintendent of a large railroad that ran not far distant from them and asked him why he did not begin installing electric power upon his railroad. It had several auxiliary or branch lines that ran in a generally parallel direction to its big main line and these threaded prosperous and well-populated districts, fat farms and good and growing industrial towns. These side lines seemed to offer the best of opportunities for electric installation.

The Cub Reporter's Story

"Why should we?" asked the general superintendent in return. "We are doing pretty well as it is with these branches under steam operation. And running an electric railroad isn't our sort of business."

The cub reporter argued. He had no business to, yet he enjoyed that sort of thing. Suppose, he insisted, that those same branch lines should wake some day to find themselves paralleled by electric interurbans—it was still in that day when electric interurbans were new and popular.

"It isn't likely, son," was the placid reply of that general superintendent; "and when that day comes we will meet it. You see," he repeated, "running an electric railroad isn't our sort of business."

The cub reporter had to live less than a dozen years to see every blessed one of those prosperous side lines paralleled by the trolleys and by them reduced to a condition approaching beggary, and the big steam road had to go into the open market and buy those parallel competitors at a top figure, for it still was in the day before the electric railroad's most dangerous competitor, the automobile, had come into universal use. By a comparatively light expenditure and a little use of the precious quality of vision it might have easily electrified its side lines, made them feed its big main line, and completely forestalled a competition that was all but ruinous to all parties concerned. Competition indeed!

I have reported this situation accurately. I can vouch for the details of the conversation with the fine old general superintendent, for I was the cub reporter who went to see him, and who afterward reported the appeals to a state regulatory commission of the road that employed him for rate assistance to help it bear the burden of those beggared side lines and their waterlogged paralleling electric competitors which it had been compelled to absorb.

Baltimore, under the abolition of competition, has terminal economies quite as interesting as those of Boston. It would to-day be quite as feasible to bring the trains of the Baltimore and Ohio into the station of the Pennsylvania Railroad in that city as it was in New York save for one thing. These two roads are in many respects genuine competitors. The Pennsylvania does not want the B & O. in its station in Baltimore any more than it really wanted it in New York, where that

(Concluded on Page 122)

A Quick Sure Start

JUST a step on your starting pedal and your Wagner Starter sends you on your way. No lagging—no waiting. The first touch with your foot brings instant response.

Such is the service rendered by a starter that is built to order—a starter with the requisite power for its own particular job.

Every Wagner Starter is built according to the needs of the individual engine. Its power requirements are determined beforehand. Then the starter is built to conform to these engineering measurements. The result is that every Wagner Starter possesses just the right degree of power to crank the particular engine with which it was designed to work. This is the reason for the universal satisfaction given by Wagner Starting Motors.

Send for our new booklet "The Starter That Is Built to Order," telling why your next motor car should have a built-to-order Wagner Starter.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

*Factory Branches and *Maintenance Stations:* *New York, *Chicago, *Philadelphia, *St. Louis, *Boston, *Cleveland, *Pittsburgh, *Detroit, Buffalo, *San Francisco, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, *Los Angeles, Washington, D. C., *Minneapolis, *Kansas City, *Seattle, *Indianapolis, St. Paul, *Denver, *Atlanta, Syracuse, Montreal, Toronto. *Selling Agencies:* New Orleans, Memphis, Salt Lake City, Dallas.

Wagner Quality

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION

THE STARTER THAT IS BUILT TO ORDER

After soaking your linens or clothes a few minutes in cold water, wring them through the electrically operated wringer into the Eden washer. The Eden is equipped with a safety interlocking swinging wringer that combines safety, convenience and durability.

Turn the simple lever which starts the washing cylinder and then go about your other affairs while the Eden does all the work of washing. After a few minutes you return to find your clothes spotlessly clean—no work and no rubbing—electricity does it all.

Now reverse the wringer lever and wring your Eden-washed garments out of the Eden into the rinse water. The Eden saves the hard work of turning the wringer.

A Free Trial

Try an Eden

Crafton, Pa.

We have had an Eden washer in our home for over two years and one-half and can testify as to its ability to wash thoroughly.

It is really astonishing how clean the clothes come out and without injury to the color or the fabric.

While I disclaim any knowledge as to why, yet it seems to me that your zinc cylinder, with its multiplicity of holes, secures a greater circulation of water through the clothes which are being washed, thereby giving better results.

Kansas City, Mo.

My wife is more than pleased with her machine. It is a wonderful washer; it does the work and that is what we wanted. I looked at every washer I heard of before I bought mine. I think I have the best made.

East St. Louis, Ill.

I purchased in February, 1916, one of your Eden washers and have used it regularly each week. Have a family of four, including one boy 6 years of age. You are probably aware how dirty a boy of that age gets his clothes, but the Eden brings them clean without boiling them. Find the machine easy to operate and very inexpensive to operate.

I am very much pleased with it and the results obtained, and can heartily recommend it to anyone.

Alton, Ill.

I am pleased to advise that my Eden washing machine has given splendid satisfaction and recommend it highly to anyone who is looking for relief from washday drudgery.

Not only does it save time, but does the work better and more efficiently than it could be done by hand.

Cleveland, Ohio.

I can do a large two-weeks' wash in about one-third of the time it would take to do it by hand.

No matter what the "war" takes from me, I hope it will leave my Eden washing machine.

Manistee, Mich.

After giving it a thorough trial, my wife is delighted with it and would not part with it for twice its cost if she could not get another. It is undoubtedly a money-saver and will soon pay for itself in the saving of the expense formerly paid out for this class of labor.

Sold by only the best merchants everywhere

The

Again, without moving the washer, swing your wringer to the third position and wring the things into the blueing water or second rinse water. The cost of operating an Eden is so slight that it can't be noticed on the electric bill

From this tub move the wringer to still another position and send your clothes through the rollers into the wicker baskets; while you are hanging out this batch of clothes, the Eden will be washing another—this feature of doing two things at once cuts down the time of washing.

What pride and satisfaction to see your spotless clothes and linens—fresh and wholesome—waving on the line! What joy to have an abundance of clean clothing without hard work or worry! Thousands of women are saving themselves and their money every washday by using the Eden. Why not profit yourself by using one next washday?

-in your own home -before you buy

The test that turns the scale of opinion is the actual test of operation. When we invite you to try out the Eden in your own home on your own washing before you buy, we are putting the Eden on severest trial.

Our confidence that, once having seen what the Eden washer will do for you, you will not be satisfied until you have one in your home, is justified by many thousands of women who have seized the opportunity we give of letting the Eden serve them and save them the cares of washday and the cost of labor and clothes wear.

Because the Eden is built *for* the woman *out* of the woman's need, we feel a sense of moral obligation in its manufacture which demands that we make the Eden an available tool for every housewife.

We have met this obligation by our easy-payment plan by which the Eden pays its own cost out of its own cash savings. The Eden is built to give a lifetime of satisfactory service. Every part is built as well as skill and the best of materials can make it. Every feature is planned with one idea—that of the woman's greatest service and convenience.

Years of satisfactory operation have made the Eden the standard among washing machines and have established a confidence among women as an old-time friend.

Its gentle method of dipping clothes up and down just as you do your finest things in a bowl of suds gives linens and clothing four or five times the length of wear as with the destructive rub of the washboard—whether it be a sheer bit of lace or a heavy woolen robe, all clothes come out of the Eden spotlessly clean and pure.

The speed with which the Eden does the labor of washing reduces the washday by many hours, giving the woman freedom for pleasanter and more profitable things.

The easiest and surest way of finding out what the Eden will actually do for *you* is to accept our offer of a free trial on your own washing in your own home. This test will neither cost you a cent nor will it obligate you to buy. In fairness to your own good judgment, you should by all means try the Eden at our expense and learn of this easy-payment plan by which you can pay for your Eden as you did for your Liberty Bonds, and by that same thrift earn freedom from washday drudgery.

Sold by only the best merchants everywhere

Brokaw-Eden Company **New York City**

St. Louis San Francisco Denver

Eden

Send This Coupon

to our nearest Brokaw-Eden branch and we will arrange to send an Eden Washer to your home with someone to show you the ease and efficiency with which it works, and to explain how and why it pays its own cost out of its own cash savings.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Without cost or obligation to me please arrange for a free trial of the Eden Electric Washing and Ringing Machine in my own home on my own washing

My washday is on

Name

Street

City State

(Concluded from Page 118)

noncompetitive step was accomplished not long ago, to the great comfort of travelers. And as far as the very necessary electrification of the Pennsylvania tunnels in and under Baltimore is concerned the wonder is that this was not accomplished long ago. For it is nearly a quarter of a century since the B. & O. in that very city, with its equally long tunnels, accomplished the first successful standard steam-railroad electrification and has stuck by it ever since. As to why the Pennsylvania—unusually progressive and successful in its terminal electric installations in New York and in Philadelphia—has balked in Baltimore remains another of the unanswered questions.

There is hardly room in the ramifications of a single article to tell of similar consolidations and terminal economies to be effected in New York, in Cleveland, in Cincinnati, in Buffalo, in Detroit, and in many and many another town. Nor have we even touched upon the problem of the freight terminals, quite as big as the passenger ones, if not bigger. Improvements in these have come all too slowly. Yet the opportunity is large indeed. The field of development by which freight terminals are combined with and made integral parts of huge steel-and-concrete warehouses and industrial loft buildings for the housing of a multitude of small industries has barely been touched upon—in Newark, New Jersey, and one or two other cities.

The railroad here in America has not even begun to touch the possibilities of the motor truck.

An interesting form of use of this vehicle of transportation—so tremendous in its potentialities as a feeder for the railroad—was put into effect with great success at the Big Four freight houses in Cincinnati a short time before the railroads went under government control. A very modest fleet of two motor-truck chassis and ten or eleven bodies was ordered. The bodies were distributed and filled at various branch receiving stations of the road in and about the big town. In due time and according to a fixed schedule they were loaded upon one or the other of the two truck chassis and so brought down to the main freight station, where they were unloaded and their freight transferred to through cars bound out in all directions.

Motor Possibilities

In other days this work was performed slowly and clumsily and very expensively by a steam switch engine and crew. Box cars were set out at each of the branch stations and the engine in turn brought them, rarely more than a quarter filled with their less-than-carload stuff, down to the main station. It was an extravagant business. And none realized that more than the railroaders, as soon as the motor-truck scheme had been given a fair trial.

Let me repeat: Our railroads have not even begun to touch the possibilities of the motor truck. They have seen this newest vehicle of commerce come and blindly have refused to read the lesson that it teaches; the expansion of the freight house up and down every highroad that leads to or from it, until each manufacturer's shipping room is in truth a tentacle of the railroad freight service. They have watched these motor trucks go lumbering up and down the country highways and not realized that any and every one of these might also become in truth a branch line of the railroad, without any expensive initial investment for right of way or grading or bridges or rails. Such a branch line if it refused to pay its way could quickly and easily be relinquished. It is not easy or profitable to tear up track once laid, which is the reason for the continued existence of a good many branch-line railroads to-day.

Nor has the average railroad in this country begun to see the possibilities of the motor bus, not as a competitor but as a feeder to its passenger service. Over in England the Great Western and some other railways long ago developed the *char-à-bancs* and other forms of gasoline propelled busses upon the highways as first-class adjuncts to their steam service upon their rails. This country has vastly more such opportunities than England. There seems to be no good reason why the Boston and Maine should not own and operate motor-bus routes into the White Mountains; the Delaware and Hudson into the Adirondacks, and the Burlington and the Denver and Rio Grande into the Rockies. One can easily imagine the joy with which the traveler not fortunate enough to own a motor car would find in North Station, Boston, a round-trip ticket, which would carry him by rail to Woodstock, New Hampshire, and then by a neat *char-à-bancs*, with Boston and Maine gilt-lettered upon its green sides, to Bethlehem or North Conway, where he could resume his rail journey home again.

Our ticket possibilities in this land are limited indeed. Upon the adoption of its uniform three-cent fare the United States Railroad Administration placed on sale a thousand-mile book. It made the purchase of the book no financial inducement to the traveler, and then wondered why folk did not hasten to purchase it. Compare such a rigid ruling with that of some of the lands overseas which not only make most attractive mileage strip and circular trip offers but which actually sell card tickets, not dissimilar to the complimentary card or term passes of our roads, which are good for practically unlimited travel in the period for which they are valid. The foreign roads seemingly have learned the way to make passenger travel.

An Ingenious Italian Plan

One of the most ingenious of the passenger traffic plans of the Italian state railways is that by which a passenger bound, let us say, from Paris to Rome, may for a very trifling additional fee extend his journey to Naples or some other point beyond. Or, to translate the thing in terms of the United States, a man buying a ticket from Boston or New York or Philadelphia to Chicago could by paying an additional three or five dollars extend his journey to include St. Louis, another dollar would bring in Kansas City, two or three more Denver, and perhaps ten dollars more would bring him to the Pacific Coast points. The Italians sell these tickets not only in the interest of a general stimulation of travel but for the upbuilding of all their communities. It is nationalization in a most practical sort of way. It is the railroad using its best energies toward the better binding of the land together, through wider travel circulation. And if such a policy is necessary in Italy, with her comparatively modest size, how very much more necessary is it in the vastness of these United States, whose very greatest problems lie largely in their overwhelming size?

"Oh, I know," interrupts my political friend who has come in and read these paragraphs as they are already written. "I can see what you are driving at. The old railroad crowd—they're what we call in our game 'singed cats.' They shouldn't go back into control. They have lost both the confidence of the public and the confidence and respect of their employees."

That is hardly fair or true. And assuming that it was, if the old crowd did not go back into control who would? There are none to succeed them. In my preceding article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I showed how the present generation of railroad executives had failed to rear a capable generation to succeed it. And that of itself is another evidence of its lack of vision.

In fact, I am quite sure that the most damning indictment that might rest against the operating executives of our railroads in recent years of private operation is that very lack of vision or of imagination, which lies closely akin to it. And the closer you come to Wall Street control—to the banking control, if you please—the more these qualities were lacking. Here and there in the old days you would find a railroader well removed from Wall Street influence who did a little independent thinking of his own. As a rule that ended it. Original ideas—unless they had the one saving grace of immediate and sure money saving—were not wanted. An original idea that required five or ten or fifteen years for its fulfilment was promptly quashed, while the ambitious operating man who had fathered it went out and sought a job with an industry of progress—electrical, automotive, manufacturing, or the like.

For a dozen years or more before the war the railroads were committed to this policy of retrenchment; and following it closely wondered why their credit did not grow. In my opinion no business ever stands still; it moves either forward or backward. The railroad business seeing no reason or merit in progress moved backward, more and more rapidly, and rapidly became the sick man of American business.

I am quite sure in my own mind that by this time the actual railroad operators of the land must have had their minds opened to many things. I also am reasonably sure that these very men relieved of the pressure of banker management could and would make a success of the operation of our carriers, and eventually gain those very qualities of vision and imagination that are necessary to turn a retrogressive business into a progressive one, and so in turn to attract capital, which oddly enough has a fancy for seeking out successful businesses rather than sick ones.

But I am equally sure that this operating genius of our railroads—their driving force we have called it in these very pages—will never function effectively in an artificial stimulus of so-called competition, which, as we have just seen, is not a real competition, nor is it under any conceivable circumstances apt to be a real competition. It would be equally futile to attempt again to operate the entire vast mileage of our American railroads as a single road from a single headquarters. But to group them into twelve great groups—a few more, a few less; the arrangement which I have just shown is by no means arbitrary—and through twelve operating companies begin an intensive campaign of railroad progress—presents an ultimate possibility of success.

"Government ownership. Government operation," you suggest. "Is that what you mean by your plan for regional railroads?"

By no means that. I do not believe that this country is ready for either government ownership or government operation. Its recent experiments along the line of the last policy have not made it anxious to carry forth more of the same sort. And I should hate to believe that American business—a business of proved imagination and progress and vision, a business capable of vast multiple production of everything from pins to motor cars—is either financially or mentally unable to solve and carry forward the vexing problem of its rail transportation.

But noncompetitive railroading does not mean government railroading any more than noncompetitive telephony means government telephony. We have experimented in certain sections of the United States with competitive telephone systems, to the annoyance of the public who had to use them. If you live in a corner of the land you know exactly what I mean. Now the competitive telephone, after all the hue and cry that originally was made over it, has all but completely disappeared. In its place we have the noncompetitive telephone—telephone monopoly, if you prefer so to phrase it yet not the government telephone. After another of Uncle Sam's experiments we can truly say, "Thank God for that!"

The French System

We have noncompetitive traction systems in our big cities, privately owned; noncompetitive lighting systems, privately owned; and noncompetitive water systems, many of them privately owned; and all of these also function far better, far more economically than under the difficult and ofttimes wasteful conditions of competition.

Is it unreasonable to expect that noncompetitive railroading—always of course under strict government supervision and regulation—would not be equally effective?

If you go overseas you will find two great European nations with about the same railroad mileage—France and Great Britain. Each possesses about 25,000 miles of line. But France is approximately twice the size of Great Britain. Yet in times of peace she enjoyed quite as good rail service. For competition, running unbridled in England and Scotland and Wales, had provided them not alone with enough trackage but in many parts of Great Britain superfluous lines. Any of the English rail experts will tell you this, and may add that the very competitive situation which overprovided certain sections of John Bull's tight little island with roads—and so in turn forced many of them into perplexing operating deficits—failed to supply certain outlying sections of Great Britain with a sufficiency of transportation.

On the other hand, France has the regional system of roads. With Paris as a hub the lines of the Nord, the Est, the P. L. M., the Orléans and the Etat stretch out in every direction like the spokes of a giant wheel. A great section of the south of France is given over to the noncompetitive lines of the Midi. But the rest of the French Republic is, with a few trifling exceptions, also noncompetitive. The great wheel is cut pie fashion into five great segments, and each segment is the noncompetitive, monopolistic territory of one of the first five systems that we named. State roads? Only one of them, the Etat; and that is in many respects the worst managed and certainly the least profitable of them all, whereas privately owned and operated noncompetitive roads, like the Nord and the Est, for instance, have not only been profitably managed but in times of peace have rendered an extremely efficient service. And even in times not only of war but of actual invasion by a terrible enemy, they continued to render a marvelous degree of efficient service. Bent by the fearful burdens one of them broke.

One possible criticism against regional railroads, as such, still remains. It is pertinent to inquire if the very diversity of twelve railroad systems, situate in various corners of the land, where traffic and operating conditions vary greatly, would not in themselves greatly weaken our railroad as a national institution. That question is easily answered. It is indeed most important that, no matter how our railroad be divided for the necessities of operation and of control, it be and remain an institution of national unity. Such unity is almost vital for its permanent progress.

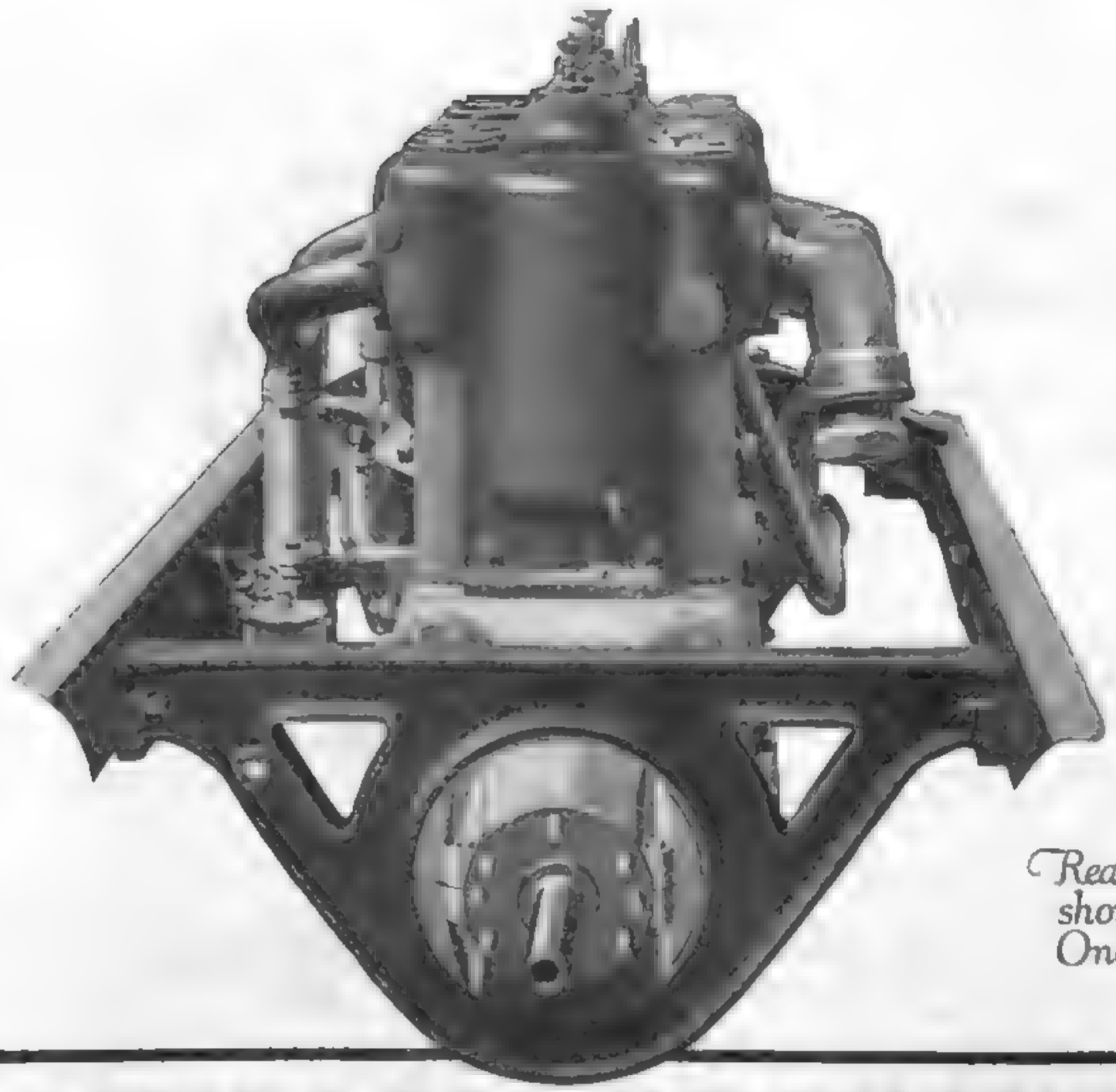
Our Lack of Vision

Such unity, however, is not difficult of accomplishment. The formation of a central organization—call it the United States Railroad, if you will, and make it as you please, a holding company, a corporation or a merely functional central organization, and you will have answered that question. Then you will have established a headquarters capable of standardizing wages and rates and practices, and of carrying forward the development of our American railroad not merely nationally but internationally. It is woeful to regard how little we have accomplished along these last lines. Alaska is upon our own continent, within a few hundred miles of our state of Washington, yet to reach this valuable American possession one must take a boat—as one takes a boat to England or to Australia.

The Pan-American Railroad has been in existence for more than half a century—on paper. If it were in existence in reality we should have vast wealth of raw materials pouring in upon its rails; our most expensive and precious toy—the Panama Canal—would not be a remote water journey. In fact, I might in truth say that if we had a dozen effective lines down into Mexico to-day—binding our country with that in close commercial unison—our political problems with our neighbor would be slight indeed.

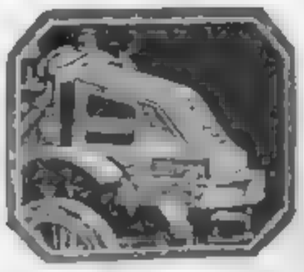
Competitive railroading has failed utterly and entirely to grasp the great vision of international railroading, such as this. With one exception—the attempt of that railroader of great vision as well as huge practical sense, the late E. H. Harriman—no American railroad has had the audacity or the far-sightedness to push its rails more than a hundred miles beyond the boundaries of the United States. The Canadian Pacific did not hesitate to obtain its own entrance into Chicago; neither did the Grand Trunk. But both the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk are to-day operating coast-to-coast de-luxe trains from the Atlantic to the Pacific; competitive railroading in the United States has never given us anything that approaches this sort of service. One cannot even find a through Pullman from New York to San Francisco or even to Denver or Kansas City. In that large sense also our competitive railroading has never been even truly national.

Beyond these questions of the organization of regional railroads, of a central company at Washington to nationalize properly their efforts, lie the even more perplexing ones of the proper representation of the owners of the existing properties, of labor, of the patron, of the Government itself in the great reorganization that is inevitable and whose postponements only make the problem still more puzzling. Yet puzzling and perplexing though it may be it is by no means incapable of solution. American ingenuity has solved and solved correctly problems quite as difficult. To say that it is incapable of this one would be a pathetic confession of weakness, to say that as a nation we had reached and passed below the highest limits of our efficiency. Which is quite unthinkable.



Rear view of a Series K Engine showing Specially Designed One Point Suspension.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TRUCKS



The Big Brother to the Railroads

The Long Life of Kelly Trucks

THE exclusive Kelly method of suspending the engine at *one* point in the rear is responsible for the outstanding characteristic of Kelly trucks—their unimpaired power after years of constant use.

Kelly three-point engine suspension is in design the reverse of the ordinary three-point method. The engine in front is bolted on both sides of the crank case, and attached to the forepart of the frame—the part which is naturally inflexible.

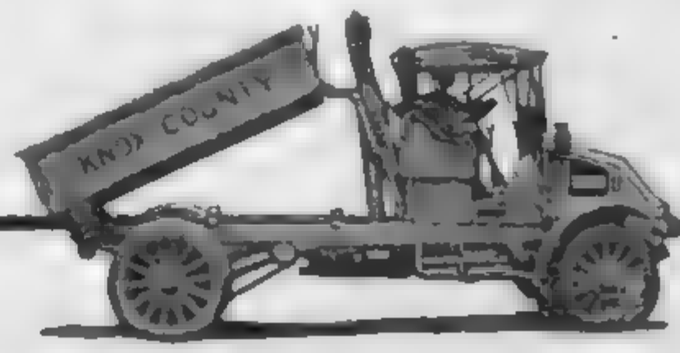
At the *third* point, *in the rear*, all twists and strains due to bad roads and heavy loads are neutralized by suspending the engine through means of a flexible yoke, as shown by the illustration above.

It is this exclusive Kelly construction which, protecting the Kelly engine, conserves and delivers maximum power in full to the driving wheels.

This is but one of the many reasons why Kelly trucks *work* while many others are being *worked upon*. Designed and built as a unit in one factory, they carry with them a responsible manufacturer's full guarantee for their performance.

Write for name of nearest Kelly user and get first hand information about actual performance.

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK CO.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO
Builders of High Grade Motor Trucks.



The authorities of Knox County, Tennessee, bought Kelly trucks, because, regardless of first cost, they could meet the test for economical per-ton-mile service.

How Four Position Adjustments

Secure Greater Accuracy in this 19 Jewel Watch

A GLANCE at the illustrations will show you just what is meant when we say that the South Bend 19 Jewel Watch is adjusted to four positions.

The timing ability of this watch is expertly tested in each of the four positions illustrated; because we have found that these are the positions in which average watches are most often placed and carried. Every South Bend 19 Jewel Watch must make a satisfactory time-keeping record in each of these positions before it can wear the purple ribbon.

We believe that this practical four-position test and adjustment with the everyday accuracy which it makes possible, has been the dominating element in building up the truly remarkable demand for these watches which now exists in every section of the United States.

Still it is but one of many features that have been incorporated in these watches to make them the foremost timekeepers in their price class.

These features include: A very high-grade Main Spring—exactly the same quality used in our $100 watches; Breguet Hair Spring; Steel Escape Wheel; Double Roller; Compensating Balance of most modern type; Improved Micrometric Regulator, and convenient Pendant Setting device. The Hole Jewels are the finest Rubies and Sapphires—ground, polished and expertly set to reduce friction to the minimum.

It is very unusual for all these features to be incorporated in a watch to sell at $39.00. In fact there is no other 19 jewel, four-position watch on the market within many dollars of its price. Fitted with our improved *Da-Nite* Luminous Dial at a slight extra cost.

The demand for these watches has been so large that it has been impossible for us to keep pace with deliveries to jewelers. But should your jeweler be unable to supply you immediately, you will find it well worth while to get your name on his waiting list.

"A Book of Beautiful Watches," illustrating and describing the complete line of South Bend Watches, will be sent you upon request.

SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
110 STUDEBAKER STREET, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA
For Years, Makers of Standard Railroad Watches

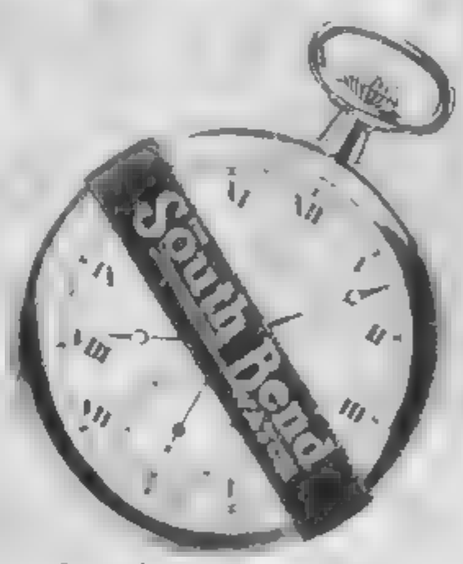
South Bend

The Watch with the Purple Ribbon

1. *Adjusted with pendant toward the left.*

2. *Adjusted with dial up.*

3. *Adjusted with dial down.*



4. *Adjusted with pendant toward the right.*

An Exclusive Feature of the South Bend 19 Jewel Watch which combines many other high grade features unusual in watches at its price of

$39.00

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 27)

realization of this gave him new self-respect. It gave him the self-respect that enabled him to humble himself to his father. A man can be servile without being self-respecting; but self-respect and true humility are synonyms. Each implies a true self-appraisal. Wint was a man, doing his work among men. He was also his father's son; and it was as a son that he went to his father at last.

He found the elder Chase at home one evening. He had made sure that his father would be at home; but he was glad, when he got there, to find that his mother had gone next door. His mother could not understand; and no one else could talk much when she was about. Wint smiled when he thought of her; then his lips steadied. There was need for talk between his father and himself.

His father came to the door; and when he saw Wint he stared at him coldly and did not invite him to come in. Wint, with a sudden twinge of sorrow, saw that his father had changed and grown older in these last months. It seemed to Wint that his hair was thinner; there were new lines in his face; and his old benevolent condescension toward the world at large was gone.

Wint said quietly: "I want to come in and talk with you if I may."

Chase hesitated, even then; but—he had been lonely as Wint had been lonely.

He stepped to one side and said: "Very well."

Wint went in, and his father shut the door and bade Wint come into the room off the hall that served him as library and office and den. He did not tell Wint to take off his coat, so Wint kept it on. Chase sat down at his desk; Wint took a chair facing him. He did not know how to begin.

Chase said: "Well, what is it you want?"

Wint hesitated, then he smiled a little wistfully; and he said: "I want to be—friends with you again."

His father abruptly turned away from him. Without looking at Wint he asked: "Why?"

Wint's right hand moved in a curious appealing way. "Isn't it natural for a son to—want to be friends with his father, sir?" he suggested.

Chase said harshly: "I told you, once, that I no longer counted you my son."

"Those things don't go by what we want, sir," Wint urged. "I—am your son. And you're my father."

"Have you acted as a son should?" Chase asked coldly.

"No," said Wint, without palliation of the finality of the word, and Chase looked—and was surprised.

"You've realized it, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

There was one thing Chase wanted to do; and it made him feel ridiculous and ashamed of himself to want to do it. What he wanted to do was to take Wint in his arms. And both of them grown men! He shook his head, as though to brush this sentimental desire away. Foolishness! The young rip had made a laughingstock out of him. Yet here he was, ready to give in at a word.

He said: "I suppose Amos sent you."

Wint bit his lips, and his face set faintly; but his voice was quiet enough when he answered.

"No, sir," he said.

"You tell Amos," Chase exclaimed, "that you can't pull his chestnuts out of the fire for him. And he'll be more anxious to get round me later on than he is now. Tell him that for me."

Wint shook his head slowly. "Amos didn't send me," he said again.

"Thought Amos told you everything to do?" his father asked. "Haven't got a mind of your own, have you?"

"Yes," Wint told him. "Yes, I think I have."

Chase considered, not looking at his son. He could not look at Wint and still hold himself together.

After a while he asked: "Well, what do you want? You haven't told me what you want?"

"I want to be friends."

Chase flung that aside with a swift gesture. "I mean, what do you want to get out of me?"

"Nothing."

His father got up, glared down at Wint angrily. "Don't think I'm a fool, Wint," he said in a rush of words. "You made me look like one. But I'm not. You linked up with Caretall to make a jackass out of me; you went out of your way to shame me by your own shamelessness. I kicked you out with your tail between your legs, as I should have done long before. Now you come whining home again. Don't try to tell me you're not after something. I know you are. If you don't want to say what it is, don't. That's your business. But don't try to make me a fool."

Wint had sworn to keep his temper; and he did. But he got to his feet with a swift silent movement that startled his father.

When Chase broke off Wint said steadily: "I've told you the truth. It's true I misbehaved—badly. You have a right to be angry with me. It's true I did not know Caretall planned to stick me in over your head. You know that's true. As far as the rest of it goes, I came here to-night just to tell you that I'm sorry for the things I did. And I want you to know I'm sorry. You're my father. I'd like to have the right to come to you for advice; and I'd like to come to you for friendship, if nothing more. That's all. I've come." He turned toward the door. "I've come, and I'll go."

When Wint turned toward the door his father's heart leaped as though it would choke him. He wanted to cry out to Wint not to go. He did cry out: "Wait!"

Wint stopped and looked at him.

"Haven't you given me a right to think—to mistrust you?" the older man challenged. "You've shamed me; and you've come near breaking your mother's heart."

Wint found it hard to speak; and when he did speak he said more than he had meant to say. "I want to make amends, sir," he told his father.

"There are some hurts that can't be mended," said Chase inexorably.

Wint nodded; his shoulders slumped a little and he would have turned again to the door.

"I've said all I can say," he explained. "So I guess I'd better go."

Chase shook his head. "See here, Wint," he said. "Listen." There was not yet friendliness in his voice; but there was a neutral quality that held Wint. "Listen," said Chase. "I've learned some things too, Wint. It's only fair to say that I can see now I was a—bumptious father. And I've not changed. I'm too old to change. In some ways I wronged you."

"No," said Wint. "You were always decent to me."

"A father can be—decent to his son, without playing fair with him," said his father. "A father can—give things to his son, and at the same time rob him of better things by the giving."

"You did your part, sir."

Chase hesitated, eyes on the floor. "I did my best for you, Wint," he said. "I think I always meant to do what was—best for you. Did you always try to do what was best for me?"

"No," said Wint.

"I don't like our being at outs any better than you do," Chase went on. "It looks bad; and it's hard on your mother—and it's hard on me. Perhaps it's hard on you too."

Wint said nothing. He was thinking that his father's thinning hair and lined face proved that the older man had found it hard to be at outs with his son. He was ready to go a long way to make it up to Winthrop Chase, Senior. His father said abruptly, as though summarizing what had gone before: "If you want to come home, Wint, I've no objection."

Wint had not thought of this possibility, and he said so.

"I did not come for that," he told the older man. "I—just came to tell you what I have told you."

"I'm willing to accept what you say at face value," said his father. "I understand you've—kept sober. I understand you're studying. I'm ready to let you prove yourself."

Wint smiled with quick satisfaction.

"That's a good deal for you to offer me, sir," he said frankly.

"If you want to come home you can."

"I hadn't thought of that till you spoke. I don't know what to ——"

"Your mother would like to have you here," said Chase huskily, "if you care to come." It was as near a plea as he could bring himself.

Wint nodded with quick decision.

"All right, sir," he said. "I'd like to come. I'll bring my stuff to-morrow."

They shook hands abruptly, with a curt word that hid their feelings.

"Good night," said Chase, and Wint said good night, and his father closed the door behind him.

Wint felt, while he walked back to Amos Caretall's house, as though he had been stripped of a load, had been cleansed, had been made whole. The world had never looked so clean and bright to him before.

A few minutes after he left his home Mrs. Chase came back from the neighbor's. She saw at once that something had happened; there was a change in her husband. He was flushed; and his eyes were shining.

She asked: "Why, what's the matter with you? Has anything happened? Is there anything wrong? You know, I said to-night, I told Mrs. Hullis, that I just had a feeling something was going to happen. I told Mrs. Hullis I just knew things were going to go wrong. Oh, it does look like we have more trouble all the time ——"

"I Want the Town Cleaned Up. I Want It Bone-Dry. Will You Take the Job? Or Quit?"

"Wint is coming home, Margaret," said her husband.

Poor, garrulous mother! For once she was shocked dumb. Her eyes widened, and she dabbed at them with her hand as though a cobweb had stuck across them. She turned white, and she seemed to shrink and grow old. And she sat down slowly in the straight uncomfortable chair she always used and put her worried old head down in her arms and cried.

Chase touched her shoulder, awkwardly comforting her.

"It's all right, mother," he said. "He's coming home."

But Mrs. Chase couldn't say anything. She just sat there, quietly crying. The tears wet through her sleeve till she felt them damp upon her arm.

XXIV

PETER GERGUE wrote to Amos that Wint had gone home; and Amos got a letter from Wint with the same news the same day. Wint's letter was straightforward, a little embarrassed.

"I want you to know," he wrote, "that my father and I have fixed things up. I am living at home again. That doesn't mean I don't appreciate your kindness. But I thought I ought to go home if they were willing to have me, and they were."

Peter wrote more at length. Gergue, uncouth to look upon and rude of speech, was nevertheless an educated man, and a well-read man. There was nothing bizarre about his letters. He wrote that Wint and his father had come together.

"From what I hear, Wint went home and told Chase he was sorry, and so on," Gergue continued. "I guess Chase took on some, at that; but he came round. He's wrapped up in Wint, you know, and always was. This has been a good thing for him. He's human now. He's not such a darned fool. Chase, I mean. If you don't look out Chase will give you a run for your money yet.

"Wint's all right too. Hasn't touched a drop, far as I can find out, since you left. He's studying law with old Hoover, and working at the job of being mayor. Not setting the world on fire either. Just the routine. Town's as wet as ever, and looks like it will go on being. I guess Wint is worried for fear folks will laugh at him if he starts a clean-up. Or maybe he doesn't want to. Or maybe he hasn't thought about it.

"He and Routt don't run round together much. Jack's been away. I wrote you about that. He's back now. Acts same as ever. Mary Dale told me he was in to see old Kite one day, and Kite went up in the air. She couldn't hear what they were saying. She thinks Jack is made and handed down. Maybe he is. I wonder what he wanted to go and see old V. R. Kite for.

"Kite was sore at you right after election. Someone told him you were going to have Wint clean up the town. He made talk that he'd hang your hide if you did. But he got over that. He's lying quiet. Doing a good business, too, I should say. There were seven drunks in court last week.

"I asked Chase if he figured to run against you next fall. He said he was out of active politics. Active, he said.

"Guess you've seen about the new city-government law. Means we'll have to vote for mayor again this fall, instead of a year from now. You figure to run Wint? I guess he'd take it. I guess he's just getting rightly interested in the job.

"See the session's likely to end along in May. You figure to come home then?"

Amos read these letters, read Wint's twice; then reread Peter Gergue's. That night he told Agnes that Wint had gone to his own home. "Guess you'd better go back and keep Maria company," he said.

He half expected her to protest. Agnes seemed to be having a good time in Washington; she was very gay and much abroad. Jack Routt had stopped off for three or four days during his absence from Hardiston, and she and Jack had been constantly

(Continued on Page 129)

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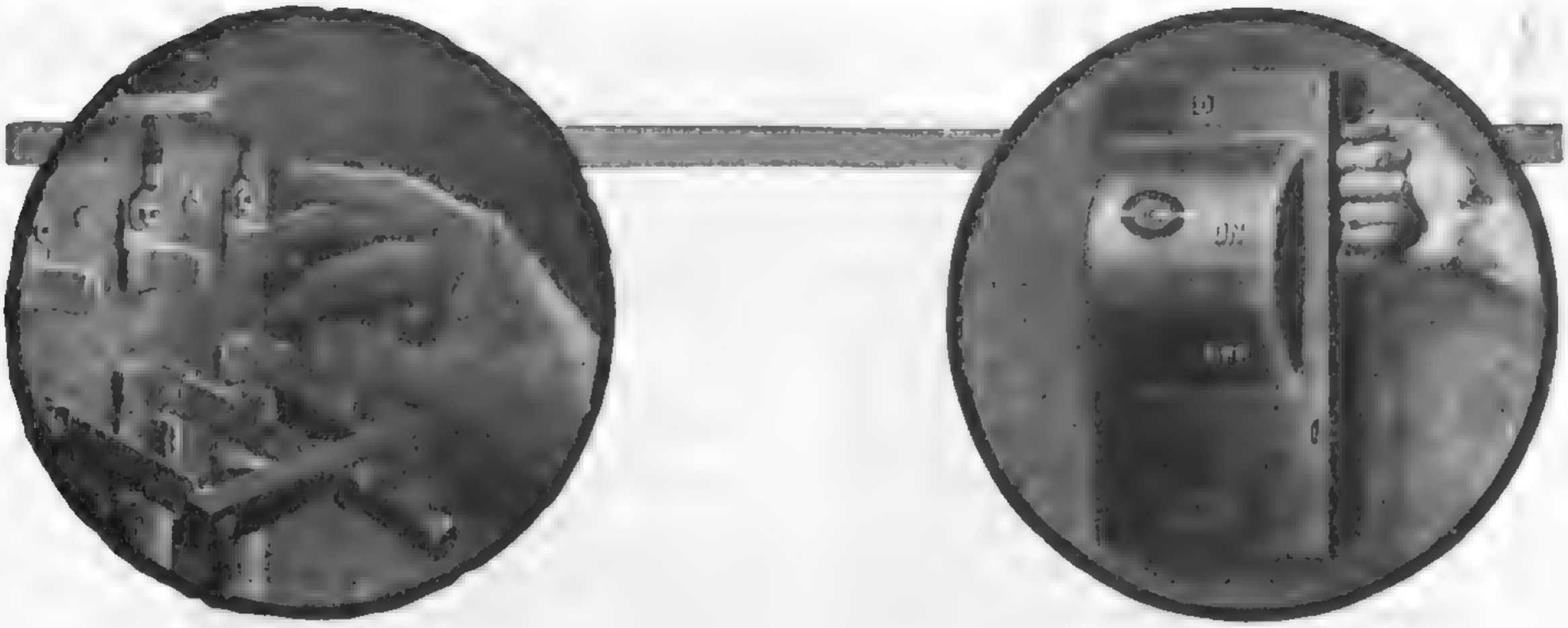

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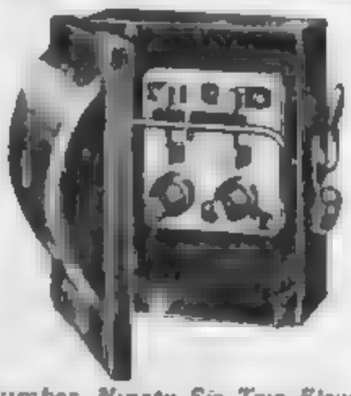

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(Continued from Page 125)

together while he was in town. Also there had been other amiable young men, before and after Jack. So Amos thought Agnes was enjoying herself, and hesitated to suggest her going home. But he made up his mind before he spoke that she should go. Amos never got into an argument unless he intended to win. This habit had established for him a certain reputation for infallibility.

But Agnes did not protest. "I'm glad," she said. "I'm sick of this stupid old place."

Amos, head on one side, squinted at her humorously. "Well, there are some stupid things done here anyways," he agreed. "When'll you put out for Hardiston?"

She planned to get some clothes.

"I'll be along in May," Amos told her. "Guess you and Maria can go it alone till then."

Agnes was sure they could.

In Hardiston Wint's home-going was a nine days' wonder. People made comments according to their own hearts. Some were glad, some were amused, some were caustic. The only one to whom Wint offered any explanation was old Maria Hale. The old negress loved him like a son; she was sorry to see him go. There were tears in her eyes when she told him so; they ran down her black cheeks, like drops of ink upon that blackness. It is easy to speak openly of simple human emotions to such folks as old Maria.

Wint said to her: "I want to go home to my father and mother. And they want me. I'm going to make it up to them for some of the things I've done."

He would not have said so much as that to any other person in the world. But there was no sense of strangeness in saying it to the old colored woman.

She bobbed her withered head, and smiled through her tears, and cried: "Da's right, Miste' Wint. Yore mammy 'nd pappy shore got to be proud o' you, boy."

"I hope so, Maria," he told her, and she patted his shoulder.

"'Deed and dey will!"

When he left the house she came to the door and told him he must come, now and then, and let her cook him a good supper; and he must come and see her. She would be lonely in that big house without no white folks round, she said. Wint promised to come; and she waved her blue gingham apron after him as he went down the street.

Muldoon was with him, scampering round him and about; and old Maria, watching Wint and the dog, said to herself as they disappeared: "Shore will miss dat boy; but ol' M'ria ain't going to pester herself about not seeing dat dog."

She objected to Muldoon because he shed hairs on the rugs. But she had tolerated him for Wint's sake. Muldoon thoroughly understood her feelings; he used to sit with his head on one side and bark at her while she brushed up those tawny hairs and scolded at him. She declared he was laughing at her. More than once Wint had been forced to make peace between them.

Muldoon did not seem surprised that they were going home; he took it quite as a matter of course. In fact, it is doubtful whether he noticed the change at all. Home, to Muldoon, was where Wint was. For that is the way of the dog.

So Wint went home, and Hardiston talked it over. V. R. Kite was glad to hear it. It meant, he decided, that Wint had shifted allegiance from Amos to his father; and though Kite had always mistrusted the elder Chase he felt they had a common bond in their mutual antagonism toward Amos. Kite in the last few months had conceived a new respect for Winthrop Chase, Senior. "Chase," he used to say, "is a man of sense. Yes, sir; a man of sense."

Joan was glad; she found occasion to tell Wint so, simply and without elaboration.

Wint said awkwardly: "Yes, I'm glad too. I guess it's better." And they never mentioned the change again.

James T. Hollow, the little man whom Caretall had put up for mayor against Chase, resented Wint's move. "It's desertion," he told Peter Gergue. "He is deserting Congressman Caretall; and after all the congressman has done for him. It's not the right thing to do, Peter."

Gergue spat and rummaged through his hair. "Can't always do what's right," he said.

"I'm afraid Amos will resent this," Hollow went on. Peter said he shouldn't wonder. "If he does object, guess he'll know how to show it," he remarked. And Hollow agreed, and added that Amos always seemed to know just the right thing to do.

The Hardiston Sun and the Journal were both friendly to Winthrop Chase, Senior; so Skinner and B. B. Beecham made no comment on Wint's change of residence. But the Herald, which was an outcast, with its hand against every man, politically speaking, said, under a headline The Prodigal Returns, that Wint, "whose break with the elder Chase dates from the election, when Senior was made a laughing-stock for the state, has returned to the parental rooftree. Please omit fatted calves."

Sam O'Brien, the fat restaurant man, told Ned Bentley it was a good thing. "Young Wint's a fine lad," he said. "And he's on the right track. Does no good, never, to break with your blood and kin."

Thus each took his own point of view; it was a poor citizen of Hardiston who had nothing to say about the matter, except for those most concerned, who had nothing to say at all.

The actual home-coming was simple and undramatic. Wint sent his trunk out during the day after his talk with his father. In the late afternoon of that day he happened to drop in at the post office for the late mail, and met his father there.

They greeted each other casually; and Wint asked: "On your way home?"

"I have to stop at the bakery."

"I'll go along," said Wint.

And he did, while people stared with all their eyes. Old Mrs. Mueller, the comfortable little woman who owned the bakery, and who was always associated in Wint's mind with the delicious fragrance of newly baked bread, lifted both hands at sight of them together, then dropped her hands abruptly and wiped them on her apron and served them without a word. Before the door closed after them they heard her, behind the screen in the rear of the shop, volubly telling someone the news.

Wint and his father walked home without speaking once upon the way. They were both acutely embarrassed and uncomfortable. It was a relief to them when they got to the house and Mrs. Chase met them in the hall.

Chase dropped his hand on his son's shoulder—the involuntary touch, like a caress, brought the tears to Wint's eyes—and he said: "Here's Wint, mother."

So Wint took his mother in his arms, and she hugged him hard.

"I knew you'd c-c-c-come home, Wint," she told him through her sobs. "I was telling Mrs. Hullis only the other day that I'd—that I was just sure you'd come home some——"

"I've come, mother," said Wint.

"I knew you'd come too. I told your father there wasn't anything in you that would hold a—— I told him you'd be sorry, that you'd come and tell him so. Your father's a good man, Wint. He's tried to——"

Chase broke in. People who wished to say anything to her always had to break in on Mrs. Chase. He said: "Is supper ready, mother? Wint's hungry, and so am I."

"Yes, yes," she said. "It's all ready. Hetty's made two big pies. Apple, with cinnamon in them. Thick, the way you like them. Some of our apples from the big Sheep's Nose tree in the back yard. They've kept wonderful this winter. We haven't lost hardly any; and they're as juicy——"

"Lead me to 'em," said Wint cheerfully. "Is Hetty a good cook?"

"She's fine," his mother assured him. "Hetty's a fine girl. I never had a harder worker. She don't seem right happy sometimes; but she does her work, and that's all a body has a right to ask. She——"

Hetty herself came to the dining-room door then and told them that supper was ready.

Wint said: "Hello, Hetty."

She said: "Hello, Wint."

The old note of reckless courage and good-nature was gone from her voice, and when he saw her more clearly in the lighted dining room he saw that his mother was right. Hetty did not look happy. Her eyes were tired; and there were shadows beneath them. Her face was thinner too. He thought she did not look well.

During supper, while she waited upon them, he told her so. "You've been working too hard, Hetty. You don't look like yourself."

She said with a twisted smile that she was all right. There was a harsh note in her voice. It disturbed Wint; but he said no more. During the succeeding days and weeks he grew accustomed to her changed appearance. He no longer thought of it.

In mid-April Jack Routt came out to the house one night to see Wint. The visit seemed casual enough. He said he had thought he would drop in for a smoke and a talk. He came early, only a few minutes after supper, and Hetty was clearing away the supper dishes. When she heard his voice in the hall she stood very still for a moment, looking that way. Wint did not see her.

Routt laid aside his hat, and then he saw Hetty, and he called to her: "Hello, Hetty."

She said evenly: "Hello, Jack."

Then Routt and Wint went up to Wint's room, and Hetty stood very still where she was, for a little time, before she went on with her work.

Upstairs Routt was saying: "I'd forgotten Hetty was working for you."

"Yes," said Wint.

Routt lighted a cigarette. "She's a beauty, isn't she?"

Wint nodded. "Not as pretty as she was in school. Remember what a picture she used to be, hair in a braid, and those cream-red cheeks of hers?"

"Guess I do!" Routt agreed warmly. He looked at Wint and grinned. "Don't know that I'd want her living in the same house with me," he said.

"Why not?" Wint asked.

"Damned bad for my peace of mind."

Wint flushed. He was a curiously clean innocent chap in some ways. He felt a little shamed by the mere existence of the thought which had prompted Routt's covert suggestion.

"I'm glad you dropped in, Jack," he said. "Good to see you here again. Like old times."

If he had been less busy with the work of his office and with his study Wint might have thought more about Hetty during the next few weeks. But—he didn't. They saw each other daily, and once or twice he realized that she was not so good-natured as she had been. There were times when she was sullen. For the most part, however, he did not think of her at all.

Now and then he had short letters from Amos. Dry, friendly letters, with some impersonal advice now and then. In the third week in May Amos wrote that he would come home, arriving the Thursday following. Wint was glad he was going to see Amos again. He had gone to Amos' house once or twice for the suppers Maria loved to cook for him, but when Agnes came home he gave that up. Agnes bored him. She was too vivacious. Joan was quieter, calmer, infinitely strengthening and strong. Jack Routt was seeing a good deal of Agnes, he knew. Routt seemed no longer bent on the wooing of Joan, though he had told Wint months ago that he meant to go in and win.

Wint joked him one day about this, and Routt said frankly: "You and she have made up. I'm not the sort of a chap that trespasses. When I see I've no chance I know how to make the best of things."

Wint thought that was straightforward and decent in Routt.

Amos was to come home on the afternoon train, Thursday. Wednesday evening Wint spent at home. Wint's father and mother went upstairs early to bed, but Wint was busy with a case book from Hoover's office, and remained downstairs, the book open on the table, the lamp beside him.

He did not realize that time was passing. Wint had a certain faculty for concentration, and the dead quiet of the sleeping house allowed him to inclose himself in the world of his thoughts. He heard nothing, saw nothing, knew nothing but the matter he was reading. He did not hear the clock strike midnight and one o'clock.

But in the end he did hear someone come up on the back porch. That would be Hetty, coming home. He knew she had gone out for the evening. Listening to her step he wondered what time it was, and looked at the clock and saw that it was within twenty minutes of two in the morning.

"Great Scott!" he said, half aloud. "As late as that?" And then curiously: "What's Hetty doing out, this time of night?"

He listened. He could hear no more footsteps, but he did catch the murmur of a man's voice, indistinguishable; then Hetty's, in a harsh mirthless laugh. He got up abruptly and went out toward the kitchen. He could not have told what impulse sent him.

When he opened the door Hetty was standing on the porch, facing him. There was no one with her.

Wint said: "Alone, Hetty? Time you were getting in." He was good-natured.

She looked at him, and he saw that she was flushed and her eyes were reddened and her mouth was open. Her hair was a little disheveled.

She looked at him and laughed and said loosely: "Oh, you Wint! Wint's caught me. Joke on me."

He saw that she had been drinking. And he was inexpressibly sorry and disturbed. Not that he was a stranger to drink; not that he frowned upon it from high moral grounds. But—Hetty had been so beautiful, and so youthful, and so gay. She was so hideously soiled now. He was not disgusted; he was infinitely sorry for her.

Hetty laughed cacklingly. "Poor ol' Wint. 'Member when you came home so. Hetty put Wint t'bed. Now Wint'll have to put Hetty to bed. Mus'n't let Chase know, Wint. He's a moral man."

Wint said gently: "Of course not, Hetty." He took her arm. "Come in."

She was unsteady on her feet; and it seemed hard for her to keep her eyes open. He was afraid she would drop in a sodden slumber before he could get her upstairs. This fear haunted him during the moments that followed; it marked them in his memory. He was never going to be able to forget this business of helping Hetty slowly up the back stairs and up to her third-floor room. It was only a matter of minutes; but they were fearfully long. And he was afraid she would go to sleep; and he was afraid she would laugh. Once he heard the laughter coming in her throat, in time to press his hand over her mouth; and he would never forget the feeling of her loose working lips beneath his hand. He was sweating and sick.

He got her to her room without turning on the lights. He got her to the bed, and she lay down and seemed instantly asleep. He started for the door; but she called him back.

"Shame, Wint," she said mournfully. "Ain't going to take off my shoes? I took off your shoes, Wint. I took off your shoes."

She wore low shoes, little more than pumps. He thanked his fates for that while his fingers fumbled for the laces. A tug loosed the knots, the slippers came off easily. Hetty was snoring before he was done, and he left her so.

He could hear her snoring after he got out into the hall. It seemed to him his father, asleep in the front of the house on the second floor, must hear. He went down from the third floor to the second on tiptoe with excruciating care; and on down the back stairs to put out the lights and put away his book, and came back up to his own bed.

He could not sleep for a long time. He was obsessed by a strange and persistent feeling of responsibility for Hetty. It was as though he felt himself to blame for this thing that had come to her.

Jack Routt would have laughed at such a state of mind; but it was very real to Wint.

XXV

WINT had a talk with his father next morning: that is to say, the morning of the day Amos was to come home. He told the elder Chase that Amos was coming.

Chase nodded. "I heard so," he agreed.

"I want you to understand my relations with him," said Wint.

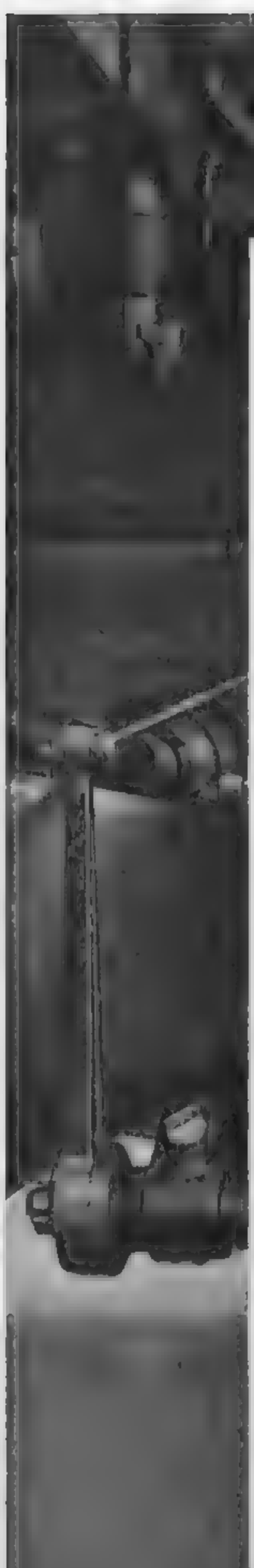
There was a time when the older man would have said that a son of his could have no relations with Amos Caretall. But Winthrop Chase, Senior, had been learning wisdom and a certain tolerance. Also he had no wish to lose Wint again. He told himself this was because Wint's mother was growing old, would miss him.

"Well," he said, "what are they?"

Wint had been dreading what his father would say; he had been afraid of anger, of abuse. He was immensely relieved at the older man's tone.

"Simply this," he said. "He put me where I am. That was tough on you; but I think it has been good for me. It's a strange thing to have the feeling that you can give men orders which they must obey; and that you have a—a sort of control over them. Dad, do you realize that

(Continued on Page 133)



All He Needs to Do

Why has Worm Drive been adopted by 55.8% of all truck builders listed as going concerns?

Because Worm Drive resists WEAR—the one enemy of any form of final drive—and lubrication has a lot to do with it.

Wear results from the following causes:

1. Too many moving parts.
2. Weakness of parts.
3. Incorrect adjustments.
4. Entrance of dust, dirt, grit and other abrasives.
5. Loosening of parts.
6. Insufficient lubrication.

Worm Drive eliminates the first five causes entirely, thus:

1. A single reduction by worm and worm wheel—only four driving members.
2. Few parts means ample strength in each.
3. No occasion for re-adjustment.
4. All parts inclosed in a dust-tight, oil-tight housing.
5. The whole driving and supporting mechanism a rigid self-contained unit.

The one thing left—lubrication—is reduced to the utmost simplicity, a single oil-inlet, and a continuous flow of oil over all working parts. All the operator needs to do is: "Pour in oil till it is level with opening and replace plug."

Write us for a complete list of all truck-builders showing form of rear-drive used by each, demonstrating the extraordinary leadership of worm drive.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

TIMKEN-DETROIT
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Armstrong's Linoleum

Why Not Make Over Your Attic Room Like This?

THIS interior is designed to meet the average purse. Yet good taste in arrangement of color and excellent judgment in the selection of materials have made possible a bedroom as comfortable and distinctively refined as it is economical.

The floor is Armstrong's Printed Linoleum of a pleasing design, with a fabric rug thrown on it. It is a *labor-saving* floor, for high-grade linoleum is easy to clean and keep clean. An occasional polishing with a good floor wax keeps it in good condition.

No matter what room in your home needs reflooring, you can obtain an Armstrong's Linoleum exactly suited to it. Simply ask your merchant to show you the Plain Colors and Jaspés (moiré effects); the Parquetry Inlaids, which look like hardwood; and the Carpet Inlaids, Matting, and Tile Designs.

Whatever kind of Armstrong's Linoleum you choose, you are sure to have a real, *permanent* floor—economical because it is so durable. For Armstrong's Linoleum is *real* linoleum, made of powdered cork, wood flour, and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Genuine linoleum always has a burlap back, is flexible, and not easy to tear. Be sure to ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name. The name, Armstrong's Linoleum, with the Circle A trade-mark, appears on the back of all genuine goods.

Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration

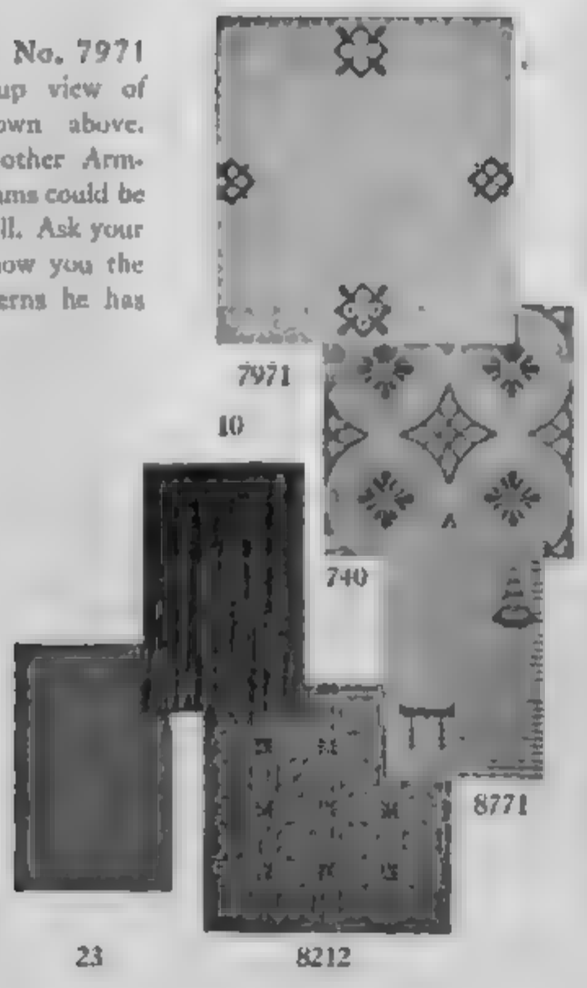
Write this Bureau for advice on floor selections to match any scheme of interior decoration. Trained decorator in charge. No fees.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors prepared under Mr. Parsons' direction, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, *Linoleum Department*, Lancaster, Pa.

PATTERN No. 7971 gives a close-up view of the floor shown above. Any of these other Armstrong's Linoleums could be used equally well. Ask your merchant to show you the attractive patterns he has in stock.



Armstrong's Linoleum

For Every Room (A) in the House

(Continued from Page 129)

I have to send men to jail, every little while? It's a pretty serious thing to send a man to jail—when you know you ought to be in jail yourself, in a way. I've done some thinking about it; so you see it's been good for me. It never hurts a man to think.

"The whole thing is, Amos has done me a good turn, sir. I can't help feeling grateful to him. Can't help feeling he's been a good friend to me. And—I want to be friends with him. And I want you to know there's no disloyalty to you in this friendship."

Chase considered for a little; then he said quietly: "You know Amos played false with me. Deceived me—deliberately. And tricked me."

"I know it," said Wint. "It was politics; and in a way it was dirty politics. But—he's been square with me."

"I'm not sure," said Chase, "that the whole business has not turned out pretty well, for you. For your sake I'm not sorry." His voice stirred and quickened. "But, by heaven, Wint, Amos is no friend of mine! And some day I mean to break him."

Wint said: "That's all right. It's a fair game between you. But I don't want you to think I'm taking sides with him."

"What are you going to do?" Chase asked

"I thought of meeting his train," Wint told him. "And—he asked me to have supper with them to-night, to talk things over. I thought I would."

"Suppose I tell you not to?"

Wint said wistfully: "I hope you won't, sir. Because—I'm going to."

Chase nodded. "I suppose so," he agreed. "Well, Wint—you're a grown man. I shall not try to treat you—like a boy. Not again. I'm leaving it to you, Wint."

Wint said quickly: "I'm glad." He got up; and without either's suggestion they shook hands and looked into each other's eyes for a moment.

"All right," said Chase. "I'll tell your mother not to expect you for supper."

"Try to make her understand, will you?"

His father smiled. "Your mother doesn't always understand," he said. "But—she loves you, Wint."

"I know."

He hesitated, wondering whether he should tell his father about Hetty. She had been sullen, avoiding his eyes, when she served breakfast. His father or his mother had a right to know.

Yet Wint could not bring himself to tell them. There would be no charity in them for the girl. And Wint had an infinite deal of tolerance for her. Give her a chance. He would not tell them; not yet, at least. It could wait for a while.

He was conscious of a need to tell someone. Not for the sake of betraying Hetty but to find some balm for his own soul. That sense of responsibility persisted; he could not analyze it but he could not shake it off. A strangely persistent feeling, this. It troubled him acutely. His thoughts dwelt on it all that day.

There was a drunk man in the mayor's court that morning, an old hand. Wint knew him. He was that man who had embraced Wint in the office of the Weaver House on the morning after the election. The incident seemed to have happened infinitely long ago; yet it was horribly vivid in Wint's memory still. The man had treated him like a boon companion, a good understanding comrade. He had assumed a fellowship between them: the fellowship of drink. The shame of it was that his assumption had been justified.

The man reminded Wint of the incident this day in court. He was miserably sober when they brought him in; miserably sober and trembling to be drunk again.

"Don't be hard on a fellow, Your Honor," he pleaded with Wint. "You know how it is. You remember. That day; day after you was elected. You're a good pal, mayor, Your Honor. Don't go to be too hard on a man."

He had been in court before; Wint had fined him, had sent him to jail. The futility of these measures came home crushingly to Wint just now. The man was not helped by them; he was as bad as ever; worse, perhaps. A revolt against this whole system of punishment boiled up in Wint.

He said, without considering: "All right. Try to let it alone. Get out."

Young Foster, the city solicitor, looked surprised and pained as though Wint had insulted him. Marshal Jim Radabaugh grinned good-naturedly.

The man himself crowded up to Wint's desk with his thanks, poured them out, and at last whispered humbly: "You haven't got a dime to give a man, have you, mayor, Your Honor? I'm shaking for a drink. You know how that is. Just a dime, Your Honor."

Wint gave him a quarter, and Foster said: "Well I'll be damned!" The man went out, calling blessings on Wint's head. Foster demanded: "What's the idea anyway, Wint? He's a common souse."

"I'm sick of sending him to jail," said Wint hotly. "I'm not going to do it any more. What good does it do?"

"Keeps him sober, anyway. You as good as told him to go and get drunk again."

"Well, let him," said Wint. "What else is there for him to do?"

"Go to work."

"He looks fit for work, doesn't he?"

"Whose fault is that?"

"Yes," said Wint. "Whose fault is it? Whose fault that he is what he is? Whose fault that he can buy drink in a dry town? Whose fault is it, Foster, anyway?"

Foster laughed. "Well, what's the answer?"

Wint leaned back in his chair, eyes down, considering. He was thinking of Hetty; he could not help it. And the end of his thinking was this: He looked at Marshal Jim Radabaugh and said evenly: "Mister Marshal, don't arrest any more men in Hardiston for being drunk unless they—commit other crimes." There was a bite in the last word.

But Jim Radabaugh only grinned and said: "All right, you're boss."

Foster started to protest.

Wint asked: "Any more cases?"

"No. But damn it all, Wint, listen."

"I don't want to listen," Wint told him. "I'm through. Court's adjourned. Don't ——"

"You're turning the town over to the bums," Foster protested.

"They can't run it any worse," said Wint, and took his hat and departed. Foster swore. Marshal Jim Radabaugh strolled up to the bazaar to tell V. R. Kite this interesting news.

Wint met Amos at the train, and Amos shook him by the hand and looked him in the eye and nodded with good-natured approval.

"Coming home for supper?" he asked.

"Surely. I wouldn't miss Maria's supper."

"You might say you wouldn't miss us too," Agnes reminded him, clinging to her father's arm. "Mightn't he, dad?"

"Say it, Wint," Amos suggested. "Only way to have peace in the family."

So they let Agnes have her way; and she made the most of it. Peter Gergue came for supper too; and Agnes sat at one end of the table, presiding over the coffee urn with a pretty assumption of the rôle of matron. She did most of the talking. The men were too busy with Maria's fried chicken. But afterward, when they were done, Amos and Peter and Wint went into the sitting room, and Agnes said she wasn't going to sit and listen to them talk politics. She was going to the moving-picture show. Amos told her to run along. He and Peter shaved their plugs of tobacco and crumbled the slices and filled their pipes; and Wint grinned at the exactness with which Peter copied Amos' procedure. He had filled his own pipe in more conventional fashion from his pouch, and was smoking while they were still rubbing the sliced tobacco between their palms.

When the pipes were all going Amos, as was his custom, sat in silence, waiting for someone else to speak first. Wint imitated him.

Gergue, who did not like silences, said at last: "Well, Amos, you're home."

"Looks that way," Amos agreed.

"Hardiston ain't changed."

"No, Hardiston don't change."

"Same old town."

"Yeah, same old town."

Silence settled down upon them again. Wint was thinking of Hetty. She had been in his mind all day: she and the miserable man who had faced him in court that morning. They were somehow linked in his thoughts; linked in a fashion that accused him; accused him, Wint Chase, of responsibility for them. He groped for understanding, trying to guess why this was so.

Amos abruptly looked at Peter Gergue. "Pete," he said, "I want to talk to Wint."

Peter got up instantly. "Why, sure, Amos," he agreed. "I got to see some men anyways."

"Be in your office in the morning?" Amos asked.

"Guess likely."

"I'll drop in."

Peter nodded, and Amos went with him to the door. When he came back Wint was still sitting, nursing his pipe.

Amos looked at him, sat down, looked at Wint again; and at last asked: "We-ell, Wint, how's tricks?"

Wint said after a little consideration that he guessed tricks were all right.

"Like being mayor?"

"It's—sobering," Wint told him. "It's a good deal of a job—for me."

"Tell you," said Amos. "Any job's a good deal of a job if a man takes it serious."

Wint laughed. "Shouldn't wonder if I took this too seriously," he said.

"Can't be done," Amos reassured him. "Any man that has to look out for other men has a serious job."

Wint said nothing to that. He was wondering if it was a part of his job to look out for Hetty and that drunken man of the court.

"That's what being mayor amounts to," Amos remarked. "Found it so, haven't you?"

Wint stirred in his chair. "Amos," he said, "a thing happened last night. I feel like telling you about it. Don't need to ask you not to pass it on."

Amos tilted his head on one side, squinting at Wint wisely. "That's all right," he said. "Tell on."

The permission relieved Wint immensely; he felt as though he had been loosed from bondage. He told in a swift rush of words the story of Hetty—how she had come home last night. He went on, told about the man in court that day. He told Amos what had happened, what he had done, the order he had given Radabaugh.

Amos looked at him curiously. "Told Jim that, did you?"

"Yes."

"What did Foster say?"

Wint grinned. "Said he'd be damned."

"I reckon not," Amos decided after a moment's thought. "He won't be. He's all right."

"He thought I was foolish. I suppose I was."

Amos said slowly, "Depends on why you did it, Wint. Depends on what was in your mind."

That set Wint thinking again, trying to decide just what had been in his mind. Amos smoked steadily, not looking at Wint at all.

At last he said again: "Yes, sir, Wint. Depends what was in your mind."

Wint assented thoughtfully. "I suppose so," he said.

Amos tried waiting in silence for him to go on; but Wint was busy thinking; he beat Amos at his own game without knowing it. He drove Caretall to ask: "What was in your mind, Wint?"

The boy groped for words; he flushed uneasily, as though afraid of being laughed at. "Well," he said, "I had a fool sort of a feeling that I was to blame."

Amos nodded slowly. "Well," he said, "that's what I meant—in a way—when I said you had a job that meant taking care of folks. Hetty and that old rip—they're folks, like anyone else, like as not."

"Yes, they are," Wint agreed.

"Taking care of them—that's your job, Wint. Maybe that just means fining them and sending them to jail."

"I tell you I won't do that again!" Wint exclaimed. "I told you the order I gave Jim Radabaugh."

"We-ell," said Amos slowly, "that's all right. Far as it goes. Might go farther."

"Farther? How?" Wint demanded. "What can I do?"

"I hadn't anything particular in mind," Amos said carelessly. "Hadn't a thing in mind." He looked at Wint sidewise. Wint's face was white with the intensity of his thought. Amos said slowly: "Looks like a shame to have drunk folks round in as pretty a town as Hardiston."

"A shame?" Wint cried. "It's damnable!"

"Guess most folks don't like it," Amos reminded him. "Town voted dry. Guess that shows most folks wanted it to be dry, don't it?"

"I suppose it does," Wint agreed. Amos looked at him; and Wint moved abruptly in his chair and his eyes began to flame. The puzzle cleared; he began to understand. He began to understand himself, his own thoughts, his feeling that he was to blame for—Hetty. He began to understand, and his lips set.

He said, half aloud: "It means a fight. A hell of a fight in Hardiston."

"Fight?" Amos asked casually, as though he were thinking of something else. "I like a fight. I'd like to see a good one." And he added after a moment: "I might take a hand if it weren't a private fight or something."

Wint sat forward in his chair, looked round the room. "Mind if I use the telephone?" he asked.

"Telephone?" said Amos. "Go right ahead."

Wint got up and went swiftly out into the hall. Amos listened; and he smiled with a twinkling anticipation in his eyes. He heard Wint ask the operator to locate Jim Radabaugh and get him on the phone. Then Wint came back and stood in the doorway, waiting while the operator signaled for the marshal with the red light that was set on a pole in the heart of the town. Amos did not turn round to look at Wint. Wint did not move.

After a while the phone rang. Wint went to answer it. Radabaugh, at the other end, said: "This is the marshal. Who's talking?"

"Wint. Mayor Chase."

"Oh! All right, Mister Mayor. What's on your mind?"

Wint said evenly: "I've instructions for you. If you are willing to carry them out, all right. If not, resign, and I'll fill your place to-morrow."

"You're the boss," said Radabaugh amiably. "I do what you say."

"Either do what I say or resign," said Wint again. "I want you to get busy and break up the liquor business in Hardiston."

There was a long silence, and Wint heard the marshal whistle softly under his breath. Then Radabaugh asked: "In earnest?"

"Absolutely! I want the town cleaned up. I want it bone-dry. Will you take the job? Or quit?"

"Why," said Radabaugh, "I'll just naturally take the job. I've been a-wishing I had something to do."

Wint spoke a word or two more, hung up and came back to Amos. He sat down without speaking. After a little Amos asked, looking at Wint sidewise: "Going through with it?"

"Yes," said Wint. There was more resolution in the simple word than there would have been in lengthier protestations.

"We-ell, all I can say," Amos drawled, "is that this here is going to make an awful difference to V. R. Kite."

It did; a difference to Kite and to Wint's father and to Jack Routt; and a difference to Wint himself. A difference to Hardiston too.

When Wint went home, at ten o'clock, the word was already humming round the town.

XXVI

JIM RADABAUGH, the city marshal—that is to say, the chief of police—was a man not without honor in Hardiston; a good fellow and a cool, brave officer. That he was a good fellow everyone who knew him could attest. He had no enemies. It was a pleasure to be arrested by him. There was an equable good nature in the man and a drawling humor in the very tones of his voice which inspired good nature and good humor in return. He was a lean man, lazily erect, as though it were too much trouble to be stoop-shouldered; black hair, black eyes; a chronic bulge in his cheek, which housed the wad of tobacco he kept there. An intimate acquaintance of the intricacies of big-league baseball as set forth in the public prints; a repository of racing lore; a good pool player and a redoubtable hand at poker. All in all, a good man to keep the peace according to his lights.

People said he was easy-going, but everyone knew he was no slacker of duty or of obligation. Three years back—that was before they elected him marshal—he had been under fire for the first time. It was on the interurban street-car line that ran from Hardiston "up the crick." Radabaugh sat in the front of the car, facing the rear; and a man in the middle of the car ran amuck with a revolver, shooting wildly. He killed one man, wounded another, in the seconds it took Radabaugh to charge down the aisle and overwhelm him. The conductor of the car at the moment, was

(Continued on Page 137)

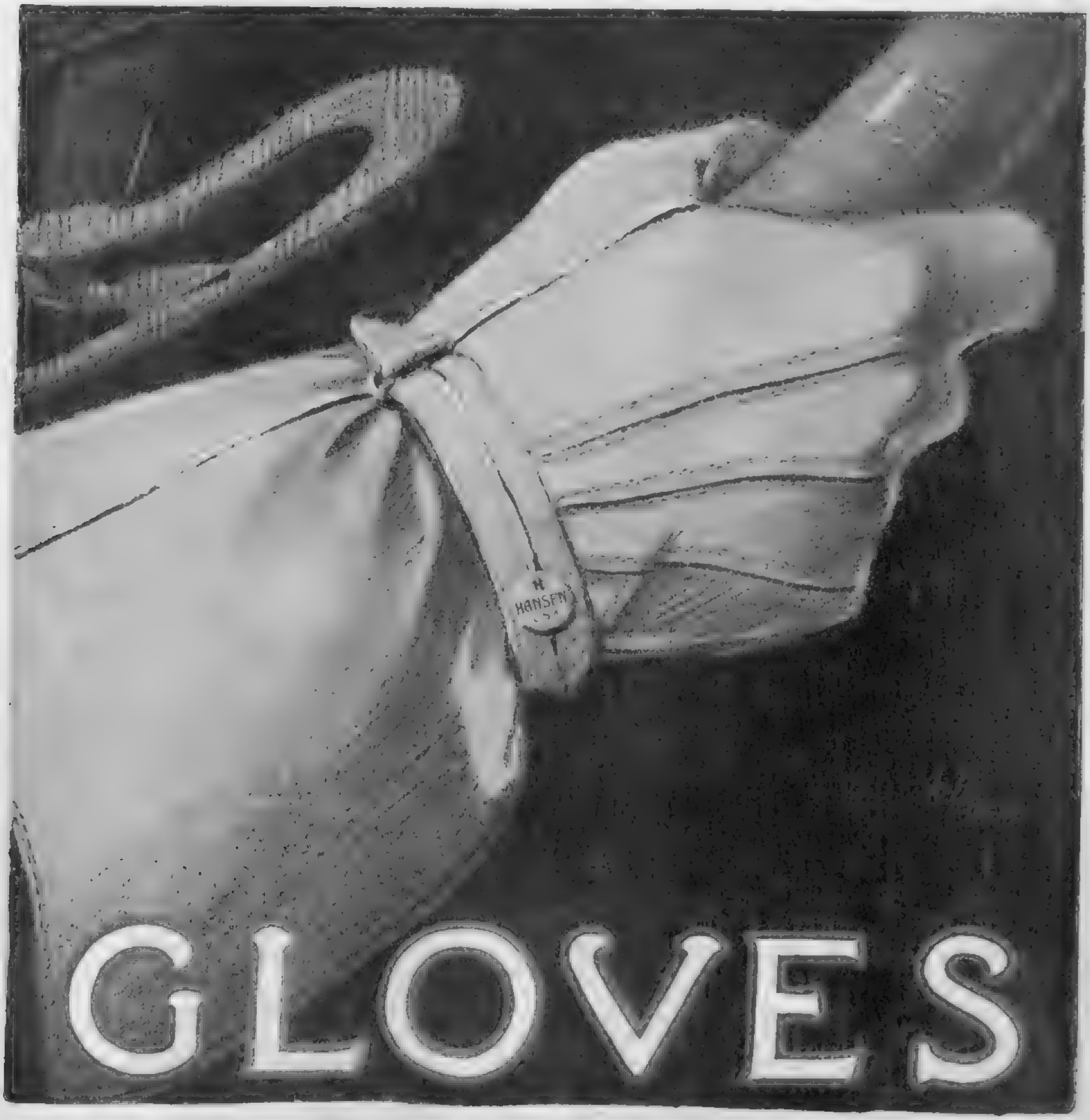
Style and the Hansen Influence

THE successful glove maker should do more than interpret the public taste; he should influence it.

Fastidious people know that whatever the style in gloves may be, Hansen builders will influence it along artistic, graceful and practical lines.

It is this interpretation of the trend of the times added to the sensible side of glove service which has made Hansen success.

Wherever prestige takes precedence over price —you will find the buyer sticking close to Hansen Gloves.



Built Like a Hand

HANSEN models for motoring are more than elegant and voguish; they are comfortable, conforming to every motion of wrist and finger. They are more than durable because they not only wear long but look well to the last.

Hansen interpretation of glove service gives Hansen models, glove, gauntlet or mitten, this double value! They adhere to every whim of fashion with close attention to all personal demands.

Write for New Glove Book

It shows many types and styles for all demands; study them, then see your dealer and order your choice.

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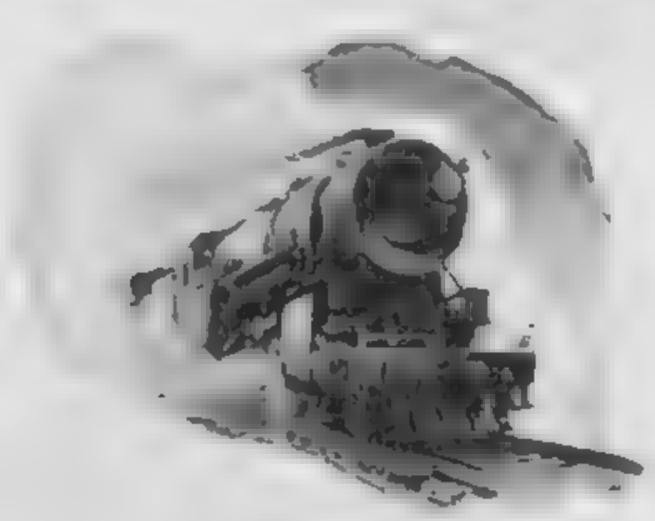
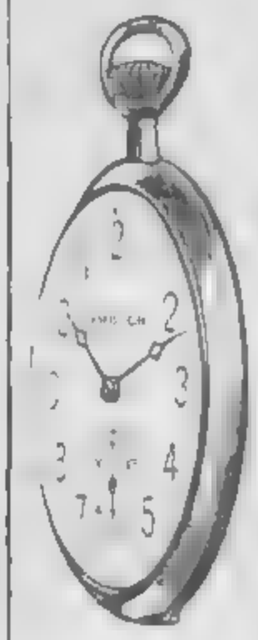
1008 Detroit Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"





With President and Engineer Hamiltons Are Equally Popular

The railroad president, with his many appointments and hurried trips 'cross country, finds an accurate watch one of his greatest aids.

And in busy terminals, in yards and roundhouses, in every engine cab, are men who must perform their duties always with an eye on their watches. On the accuracy of the timekeepers they carry depends your safety when you travel — depends the speedy, undelayed progress of the trains you take.

Because of their remarkable accuracy, Hamilton Watches are in demand in every branch of railroading — from the executive office to the lonely signal tower. Hamilton popularity as a railroad timekeeper has never been excelled.

But any executive, any man or woman who wants to be efficient in planning and carrying out the day's work, should have a Hamilton.

Are you planning to make a gift? Then consider the Hamilton Watch. There's scarcely any occasion, any season, that the Hamilton would not make an appropriate, an ideal gift.

There are Hamilton Watches for every taste — thin models for men, ladies' bracelet watches, and wristwatches for men. The prices range from $36.00 to $185.00. Movements, $19.00 (in Canada $20.50) and up. And there's accuracy, beauty, and enduring service in every Hamilton. See them at your jeweler's.

Send for "The Timekeeper." There are some interesting facts about fine watch-making in this little booklet, and the various Hamilton models are illustrated with prices.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY
Dept. J, Lancaster, Pa.

The "Lackawanna Limited," crack train into New York City on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, is piloted by a veteran engineer and run on Hamilton time. Engineer Charles Stevenson has been at the throttle for nearly three decades, and for 19 years has relied upon his Hamilton Watch for the right time.

(Continued from Page 133)

hiding under a rear seat; and the motorman had jammed off his power and jumped overboard into a ditch that had more water in it than he had counted on. Radabaugh knocked the man over with a cuff of his fist, pinned him and took his gun away.

His friends told him he ought to run for office after that. He said he didn't mind. His business was not an exacting one. He and his brother were tailors, and his brother could handle the bulk of their work anyway. So Jim ran for marshal and was elected. Thereafter when he was not occupied with his official duties he used to drop in at the tailor shop and help things along there. It was no sight for timid customers, trying on their new suits while Jim's brother chalked them in mysterious places, to see Jim come in and go to work. He always came in casually, spat in the appointed direction, then produced from one pocket and another his gun, his handcuffs and his club.

He was accustomed to lay these on one of the bolts of cloth which stocked the shelves, then seat himself cross-legged on the table, with a little cloth apron on his knees, and go casually to work.

His duties as marshal were not pressing, for Hardiston folks commit few crimes and usually commit those away from home. When he was wanted during the day the telephone operator called the shop. If she wanted to locate him after dusk she flashed a signal light which called him to the telephone. For the most part his time was his own.

And this is not to say that Jim Radabaugh had nothing to do. There was the case, for example, of the darky who was wanted for burglary in one of the cities in the southern part of the state. Jim got word that he was drinking in a hovel down by the creek, with two other men. So he went down there and strolled in and told the man he was wanted. Jim's hands at the moment were in his coat pockets. The darky pulled a revolver, jammed it against Jim's breast and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened; that is to say, nothing happened to Jim. The darky's gun did not explode, but Jim's did. It burned a hole in his pocket, and it bored a hole in the darky, neatly amidships, in such fashion that there was no further occasion to trouble with that man. His body, laid open with two slashes of the coroner's knife that intersected the bullet hole, was on view for a day or two in the undertaker's back room; and small boys went in to see it. They thought Jim Radabaugh was rather more than mortal after that.

As a matter of fact it had been a narrow squeak for Jim, as an examination of the darky's weapon proved. That unfortunate man had apparently been unable to buy revolver ammunition, so he had bought rifle cartridges of the desired caliber and whittled off the bullets to make them fit into the cylinder of the revolver. Perhaps he had hurried with this bit of preparation; at any rate he left one of the bullets too long, and when he pulled the trigger the bullet caught and prevented the cylinder from turning; which undoubtedly saved Jim Radabaugh's life.

People agreed that was a good thing; for Jim was a good fellow. Wint's orders to clean up the town interested him. They meant some measure of excitement, and he liked excitement. He had told two or three people that night, and they had spread the news. But Jim took no official step till next day. Then he set out to serve notice on those most concerned.

One of these people most concerned was a man named Lutcher. His place of business was on the second floor of a building that fronted on one of the alleys in the heart of town. You climbed an outside stair from the alley to Lutcher's door. Wint and Jack Routt went there that night of Amos Caretall's first home-coming, from their interrupted billiard game. Lutcher's place was perhaps the best in town; that is to say, the surroundings were least sordid and the wares he sold most meritorious. He was financed, of course, by Kite.

Radabaugh went there first. He had been there before in his personal capacity. He had no scruples about such visits. Lutcher was a lawbreaker of course; but the lawbreaking was tacitly accepted. There had been no orders against it. And Jim Radabaugh had no objection to a drink now and then. So he climbed the stairs from the alley to Lutcher's door and knocked, and Lutcher opened the door and admitted him. This Lutcher was not a bad fellow, say what you will of his business. A big, bald man with a husky, whispering voice, and a habit of appearing in his shirt sleeves. He wore rather attractive silk shirts, chosen with no mean taste; and his vests were often remarked. Also he smoked good cigars instead of the wellnigh universal stogy of Hardiston; and he gave these cigars freely to his regular customers.

Lutcher had not heard the news the night before. So he greeted Marshal Radabaugh good-naturedly and told him it was pretty early in the day for a drink and that he would lose his reputation if he came here by daylight in this fashion. Jim laughed at that and asked cheerfully whether Lutcher had a good stock on hand.

"Ice chest full and a sawdust bin packed with bottles," Lutcher told him. "What's yours? The same."

"Any reserve on hand?" Radabaugh asked. Lutcher said there was no reserve; that he was expecting a shipment in a day or two. Radabaugh nodded.

"Got bad news for you, Lutch," he said.

Lutcher beamed. He was always an amiable man. "Can't make me feel bad, Jim," he said. "Shoot the wad."

"Going to close you up," said Radabaugh.

Lutcher laughed. "Fat chance, I guess. What're you trying to do? Work me for a snifter? All right. Say the word."

"Straight goods," Radabaugh assured him. "Mayor's orders."

"Wint's orders? That's a hot one." Lutcher chuckled, his gay vest heaving with his mirth. "Why, Wint's one of my regular customers."

"Ain't been in lately, has he?" Radabaugh suggested.

"No, not just lately. It wouldn't look right."

Radabaugh nodded. "He's in earnest, I'd say," he told Lutcher. "Anyway I do what he says. He didn't say anything about confiscating the stuff or destroying it. Said to stop the sale. So I've got to seal you up, Lutch."

Lutcher had been losing some of his amiability. He told Radabaugh so.

"I'm a good-natured man," he said. "But this is no joke."

"No," said Jim. "It's no joke. Where's your ice box?"

"What in time do you think you're going to do?"

"Put a seal on it; and on that bin of yours; and drop in and look at the seals every day or two. And I'll take charge of shipments that come in, unless you cancel them. If you bust the seals I'll have to take you into court, and Wint will soak you."

"You've got a Chinaman's chance," Lutcher told him scornfully. "Why, I've given that pup his pap for two years. I'm not going to stand for this. Not for a minute. You tell him so."

"If you'd rather have it so," Jim said mildly, "I'll pour it all out of the window right now."

He said this mildly, but Lutcher knew Jim's mildness was apt to be deceptive. In the end he surrendered to the inevitable, because it was the inevitable. Jim placed his seals and strolled away. Lutcher boiled out after him and hurried off to see V. R. Kite.

The marshal bent his steps toward the Weaver House, that infamous hostelry where Wint had spent the night of his election and where he had been found next day. Radabaugh knew Mrs. Moody, the presiding genius of that place, as well as he knew Lutcher. He had always made it his business to know such folks. But Mrs. Moody did not receive him with the good nature Lutcher had shown. She had heard some rumors of what was to come.

The sunken office of the old hotel was little changed, when the marshal strolled in, since that night of Wint's election. The light of day, fighting its way through the dingy windows, served only to make the interior more squalid. The same old men played their interminable game of checkers on the table in the corner. The miserable dog that bore Marshal Jim Radabaugh's name sprawled beneath the table, its bony legs clattering on the floor when the creature stirred in its sleep. The boy, that boy who had been so painfully reading the literature of brewing on the night of the election, was not to be seen. It is to be hoped that he was out about some wholesome play. Radabaugh had a suspicion, founded on experience, that the boy was not in school. He never was. Mrs. Moody sat behind the high barlike counter. When Radabaugh came in she got up with a quick, deadly movement like the stir of a coiling snake; and she smiled at the marshal with those hideously beautiful false teeth gleaming in her aged and distorted countenance.

"Why, good morning, deary," she said, terribly amiable. "I don't often see you down here any more."

"'Morning, Mrs. Moody," said Jim, and stalked past the counter toward the door that led to that back room which overhung the creek. Mrs. Moody bustled after him and caught his arm at the door.

"Where you a-going, Jim Radabaugh?" she demanded. "You say what you want and say it here."

Radabaugh shook his head. He knew such measures as he had used with Lutcher would not serve with Mrs. Moody. The patrons of the Weaver House had little respect for such flimsy things as seals. He knew also that there was no possibility of relying upon the word of Mrs. Moody. Many women, especially such women as she, have the attitude toward promises that the Kaiser had toward treaties. They consider them interesting only when broken. Radabaugh meant to destroy her stock of liquor; and he told her so.

Then she began to scream at him. The old men at the checkerboard brushed at their ears as though her screaming were a swarm of flies harassing them. Jim pushed her to one side and went through to the back room. When he set about his business there she attacked him with a billet of wood; and Jim subdued the old warrior as gently as might be and told her to mind what she did. So she began to weep and wail and scream hysterically; and Jim emptied bottles through the trapdoor into the creek, knocking off the neck of each bottle so that there might be no survivors. All the while Mrs. Moody wailed behind him.

When it was done he turned to her, brushing his hands. "Orders are, no more selling, ma'am," he said gently. "If you start up again I'll have to take you in."

She was trying to placate him now. "Whose orders, deary?" she wheedled. "Who's doing this to old Mother Moody anyhow?"

"Mayor," Jim told her. And she wailed: "Wint Chase? Little Wint, that I've put to bed here a-many a time? He'd never go and do this now. Who was it? Honest?"

"Mayor," Jim repeated. "Straight goods. Hardiston's gone dry. This is serious too. Don't you go to start anything, ma'am. Because I always did hate to arrest a lady."

"You'll just have to—you might just as well take me right off to the poor farm, Jim Radabaugh. Making ends meet, even right now ——" Her withered old hands covered her face, and she rocked and wailed: "Eh, poor old Mother Moody! Poor old Mother Moody! You wouldn't take me in if I sold just a little bit, would you now?"

He said he would; and when she saw he meant it she dropped her attempts to conciliate him; and she cursed him through the corridor and through the office; and she stood in the door of her hostelry and cursed him as long as he could hear, so that even Jim Radabaugh's hardened ears turned red and burned with shame. It takes a brave man to face without inward shrinking the revilements of a thoroughly angry woman. Jim was glad to be rid of her.

He stopped on the way back uptown to warn a fly-by-nighter who ran a lunch cart near the station and served stronger drinks than coffee. This man denied any interest in Jim's warning; and the marshal could find no liquor about the cart. Nevertheless he served notice and made a mental memorandum to see to it that the notice was obeyed.

Remained only V. R. Kite. Radabaugh grinned as he thought of Kite. Kite would take this matter hard; and when V. R. Kite took a thing hard the sight was worth seeing.

But Kite was not in the bazaar when he got there; so Jim strolled back up street and dropped in on B. B. Beecham. The editor greeted him as courteously as he greeted everyone. "Good morning," he said. "Have a chair. Anything I can do for you?"

Radabaugh spat into the stove. "No," he said, readjusting the bulge in his cheek. "Just dropped in. Waiting to see Kite."

B. B. nodded. "Anything new with you?" he asked, for everybody was a source of news to B. B. Beecham. That was why the Journal was popular.

"We-ell, I have got a sort of an item for you," Jim told him. "Might be worth printing, maybe."

B. B. asked what it was and Jim told him. "Wint's give orders that the town's going dry."

B. B. said "Hm! Is that so?"

And Jim said it was so. "Guess that'll be an item folks will read," he remarked.

The editor shook his head. "We don't feel we can print such things," he said. "You see, it's bad for Hardiston. Outside. Legally the town is already dry."

"I never did have much of any use for laws," Jim drawled.

"I suppose this means some work for you."

"Can't say. Don't think so. There won't be much of it done except a little on the sly. Not after the word I've passed round."

"Well, it won't do Hardiston any harm. Even as things are they are better than they used to be. I can remember thirteen saloons here at one time. How many have there been under cover?"

"Three or four regular," Jim told him.

"Very few people will really miss them," B. B. said. "People do so many things just because they're in the habit, and the things are waiting to be done. I don't suppose you ever thought of that."

"Can't say I ever did," said Jim, and spat into the stove.

"Like the horse in the story. You've heard about the horse?"

"What horse?"

"Oh, you haven't heard it? The horse that was trained to live without eating?"

Jim looked mildly interested. "I'd say that was some horse," he remarked. "What happened to him?"

"Why, just as the man got him trained the horse died," said B. B.; and Jim chuckled, and B. B. laughed in the silently uproarious way habitual to him. Then Jim saw V. R. Kite pass by on the way to the bazaar and got up quickly.

"There's Kite," he said. "See you later."

He overtook the little man just inside the bazaar; and Kite heard his step and turned and looked at him.

Jim saw that Kite knew, but he only said: "Hello, Kite. Want to talk to you a minute."

"Come back to my desk," said Kite, and led the way, walking stiffly, head high, ever so much like a turkey. Jim marked this peculiarity to himself.

"Exactly like a man looking over a high fence," he thought. "I declare it is."

Kite sat down, tugged at his side whiskers and bade Jim speak. The marshal looked for a place to spit, saw none, swallowed hard, and said: "Guess you've heard the orders."

"What orders?" Kite asked harshly.

"Mayor calls me up last night and tells me to stop the rum selling. Hardiston's gone dry."

"What has that to do with me?" Kite demanded.

The marshal did not grin. If Kite wanted to act that way, all right. It was the little man's privilege.

"Thought you might be interested," said Jim.

"I am," said Kite. "I believe in free sale of liquor. Every man must have an opinion, one way or the other."

Jim considered that. Then he got up. "Well," he said, "I've passed the word round. Don't know anyone that's planning to keep on selling, do you?"

"No, of course not."

"Because if you do," said Jim slowly, "tell 'em not to do it. Because if there's any turns up, any selling, I'm going to come and ask you about it, Kite."

Kite boiled up out of his chair and waved his fist. "Get out of here, you rat!" he raged, holding his voice to a monotonous whisper that was more deadly than an outcry would have been. "Get out of here, before I ——"

"Before you what?" Jim asked; and Kite checked himself, and pulled at his side whiskers, and sat down abruptly, staring at the desk before him.

Jim left him there. As he emerged into the street he began to whistle. The whistle was ragged, but the tune could be identified.

Jim was whistling: There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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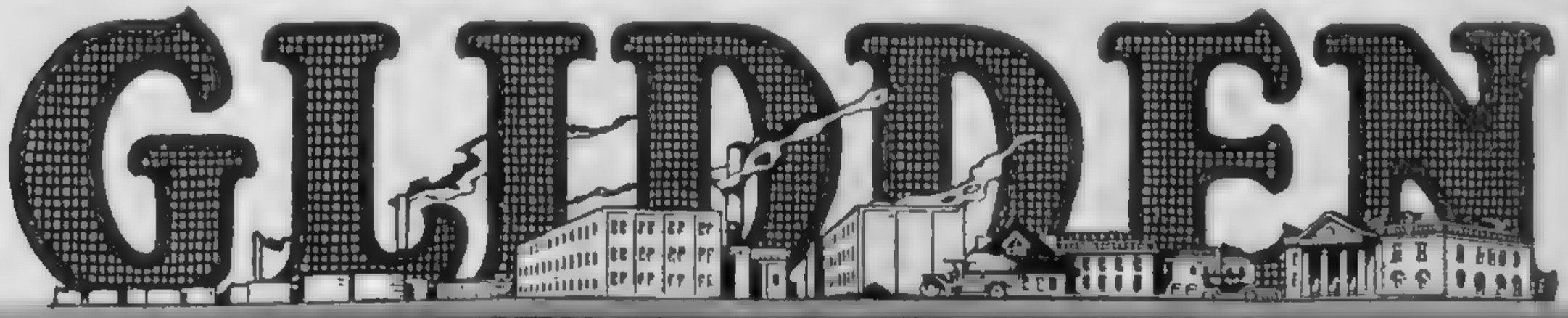

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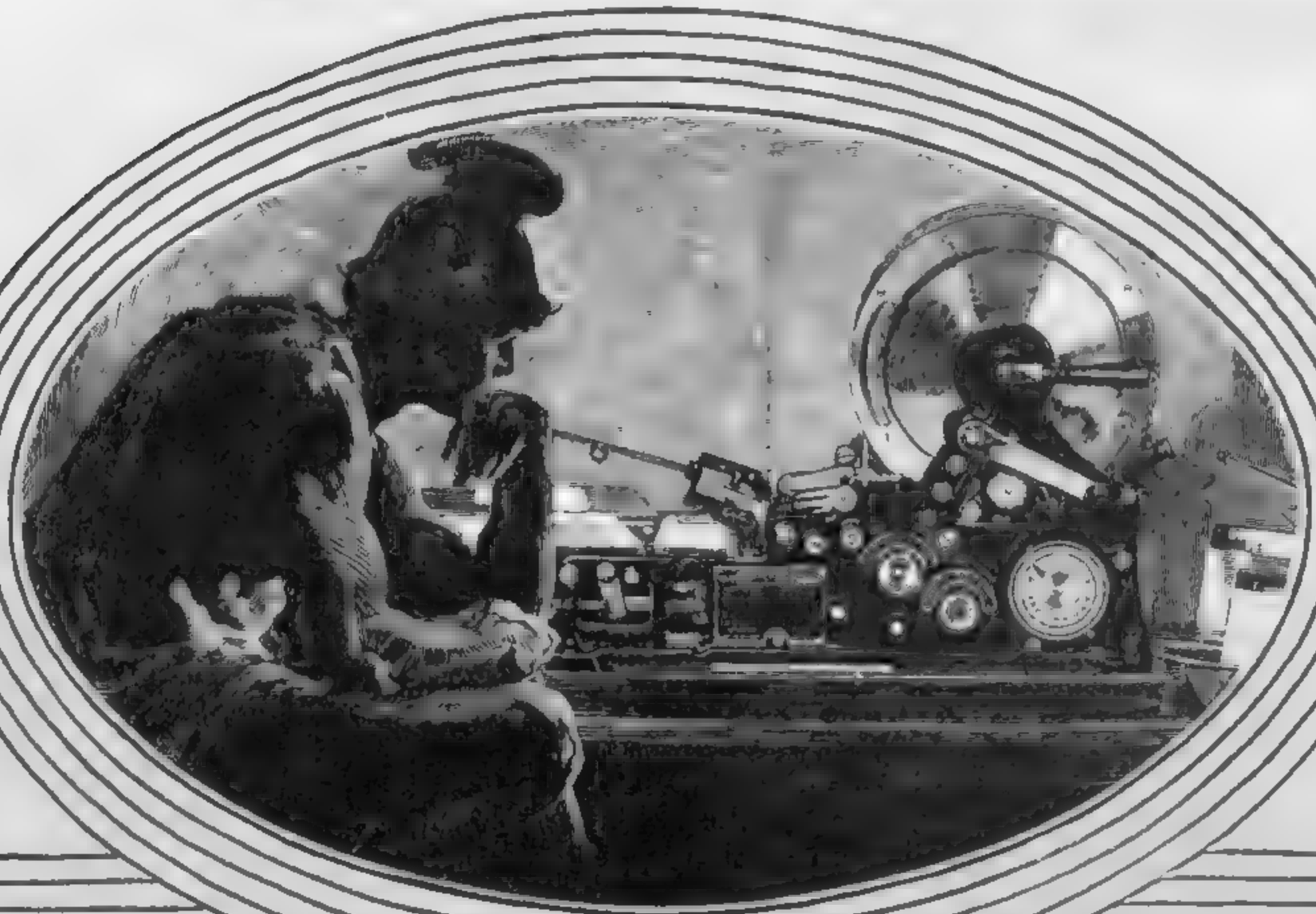

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CINDERS OF THE CINDERELLA FAMILY

(Continued from Page 14)

threshed grain and hauled away. An arid haze enveloped everything, smelling of crisp dryness, of coal smoke, of sweating horses and of dog-day sultriness.

Finally, thank God, something happened for which Cinders could not possibly be held accountable! Leather thongs in the power belt had torn loose and the joint had to be replaced. The work halted. He wiped his begrimed and muddy face upon his sleeves and lay back upon the grain bundles, his hair dripping wet as if he had ducked his head in a tub of water, and his sweat-drenched clothing sticking to his flesh.

From below him, where men sat or sprawled in the shadow of the straw stack, he could hear them talking in low tones. Bits of comment, mere rags of what was being said, occasionally drifted to his ears: "A stout sucker. Funny business? No chance—knows he's watched. Nervy all right for him to show up here."

Someone asked another how near it was to dinner time, and when the hungry fellow on the load heard that it was no later now than ten-twenty he let out a groan. Nearly two hours, then, before he would get anything to eat. Oh, good Lord!

As he balanced his pitchfork upon a finger, idly finding the center of gravity to amuse himself, he noticed that the steel ferrule had slipped down a little and that the dry wood, rather shrunken at the tapered end, no longer fitted solidly into the socket. Perhaps he ought to ask for another fork, but did not like to change, for this one had the right weight and spring.

When work was resumed he wielded it with less agility. His strength ebbed. He had grown terribly hungry. But he toiled on with teeth set and body aching. His shoulders quivered, the tendons pulled in his swollen wrists and the wearied muscles, drawing and cramping, grew steadily more painful.

"Can't quit," he told himself as he began to sniff the toothsome kitchen odors. "Got to hold out till noon."

Every whiff of breeze from the south tantalized him, for faintly wafting hitherward from the direction of the house it brought the steamy fragrance of great loaves, crisp and hot, fresh from the oven. Now and then a warm cinnamon spiciness hovered to him, the odor of pies newly baked and now set to cool on a bench of the back porch with pale mosquito netting over them. Scenting also the emanations of boiled chicken, he thought of light meat and dark meat upon his plate. He thought of potatoes, the largest ones, to be forked in and halved and sopped in the good rich gush of gravy, and with masterly generalship he even began to plan his attack upon all that food.

When the whistle should blow he would jump and run; he would beat the others to the tin washbasins; he would plunge to the table before any of the others. He saw the pale vapor breathing up from platters and capacious crockery -dishes stacked to the uttermost with all that his great hulking famished body most painfully craved.

The sun was high, his shadow had contracted. It could not be much longer, he hoped, before the engine whistle would send out its hooting hurrah. He worked faster. Ignoring the faintness, the fatigue, the aches that had been a torture to him, he flung the grain bundles with tumbling celerity, impetuously eager, as if such expenditure of energy might hasten somehow the last dragging interval of his half day's toil.

During this lashing spurt of labor he failed all at once to lift a sheaf. Why? For the moment he couldn't understand. He prodded a grain bundle, stupidly rammed the thing, unable to grasp what had happened, dismayed to be gripping a polished handle which was now but a useless naked pole. Ferrule and fork had flown off. They had been flung into the chute. They were coasting swiftly down into the machine.

Suddenly he let out a yell. He was shrilly screeching to stop the power. But—too late! A grinding and snapping resounded. A clangorous rending rasp and tearing of splintered steel growled and tore frantically from the cylinder with the delirious beat and crash of riveting hammers gone mad.

What next would happen he did not wait to see. He vaulted to the ground, the fork handle still gripped in his right hand. Heavily he struck and fell, then floundered to his feet and fled. But his knees were weak, they quivered under him. Once he halted and whirled about with the fork handle upraised as a club, ready to smash skulls with it. Not merely this threat, but the panic and maniacal desperation of his rolling eyes caused the swiftest of his pursuers to waver, quail and turn aside.

So the fugitive sped on diagonally across the field, the stubble glassily snapping underfoot. Yells followed him, a screeching clamor of filthy abuse. He saw that two pitchers had stopped their work and were running, armed with forks, to get in ahead of him.

He kept on in spite of that danger, charging straight ahead. Then as shots resounded, a brisk dry crackle of them, those fellows prudently stopped and flung themselves down, lying flat to keep out of danger.

The runner meanwhile spurted along in zigzags, a target difficult to hit, though the keening wails of rifle bullets sometimes shrilled maliciously near. To right and left they stung the ground and ricocheted with a whine of deeper tone. Dust was pecked up in front of him; bits of stubble broke into splintered jets of chaff.

Passing between the men lying supine and getting well beyond them, Cinders threw down the fork handle in order to run faster. And he called to them, fantastically jesting while bullets spat about him: "A rotten farmer, Max is! You ought to tell him that lead's no good for fertilizer."

III

GLAD to have thought of that joke, he felt very smart. It wasn't everybody, he was sure, who could think of such an insult to Krieger's marksmanship.

"A good un," he told himself. "I pulled a good un that time." But he was afraid they wouldn't get it; probably it would be wasted on "them boobs."

Very agile for one so tired and heavy—though, truth to tell, he had formerly been a sprinter who had won trophies as a foot racer—he presently rolled under a barbed-wire fence of the railroad right of way and there disappeared from view of the enemy. He had dropped into the ditch.

Panting, blowing, drenched with sweat, he kept below the bank, scurrying along on hands and knees and sometimes parting the long bluestem grass above his head for a cautious look round. Nothing appeared. With eyes and ears acutely on the strain, he assured himself that pursuit of him for the time being had been given up; and crouching low, he continuously darted along in a fashion suggesting at once a toad and a lizard. His stratagem was to get in behind a screen of wild sunflowers growing along the fence between the telegraph poles, a mile-long strip of weedy jungle with a surface all one blossom drift, vividly yellow.

Shielded from view by that dense growth, he came erect and ran again, but abruptly stopped short, cursed silently and dropped down, lying perfectly immobile. For a hatted head—on the other side of the railway, in a direction quite opposite from where danger might reasonably be expected—had risen above the track, pausing a while and then ducking out of sight.

Instantly the fugitive eased himself among the scratchy leaves of the sunflower stalks, being very cautious lest the bobbing of the blossoms betray his presence. Here, breathing in the resinous and weedy tang of gross vegetation, he was hard put to it to keep watch of contrary points of the compass. Would that someone rise again on the other side of the track? He must be equally alert to see what was happening in the field he had raced across.

Now the harvest acreage lay vacant with nothing left in it but the wheat-shock mounds. From a half-loaded rack he noticed that the team had been detached. Through the sun-drenched silence from far off he heard the faint metallic whir of a binder and nearer at hand he intently hearkened to rhythmical swishing sounds like the wash of surf on the seashore.

What this could be he did not know, but other sounds faintly apulse through the heat torpor were at once identified—horses galloping!

"So that's it," he told himself. "They've straddled their puddin'-footed stock to run me down!"

Deadened with dust, the hoof-beats had the vague accent of animals thickly shod with felt; and a dark speck that appeared on the platform at the top of the far-distant windmill tower back yonder at the Nordstrom place gave Cinders to understand that someone had been sent up there to keep a sharp lookout over all the country for miles and miles round. East of the house and barn the road appeared no wider than the parting of a woman's yellow hair, and now it had begun to fume densely with a moving blur.

For all his insecurity and the direful chances threatening, the watcher in the sunweeds could not help quaking a little with silent mirth. He regarded it as a vast joke that those field-hands and threshers, every one of them aching with hunger, should be chasing off like that. For them to abandon their big dinner merely to kill somebody—good Lord, what nonsense! And how peeved the farm women would be to have that wonderful meal all spoiled by waiting!

Anxiously jubilant over this turn of affairs, Cinders now gave his entire attention to that stretch of track above which the head had bobbed briefly into view. Nothing appeared there save the colorless heat films forever quivering over the hot rails. But by and by the peaked crown of a gray hat rose again, followed by a brim which shaded a bronzed face. The man came deliberately into view and gazed this way, to right and left, as if surveying the long reach of sunweeds, while on the other side of the track a cadenced swish and slash sibilantly continued. Presently a clinking clatter beat out a brief measure—someone whetting a scythe.

The man on the track said: "Let Dave finish that. The rest of yous come over here now and start in on this side."

Section hands came across the track, each of them with a bright blade back of his head and a curved handle upon his shoulder. The first to appear came along with the loose slouch of a negro; the others—two Japanese—walked with brisk short steps. One of these Orientals turned out to be a left-handed mower. He began cutting eastward, while his fellow, the powerful African, gashed into the weeds, working westwardly. Between the black man and the left-handed toiler lay the fugitive. On either side of him in great swaths the weeds were falling, hot sultry odors thickening, the sharp blades ever slashing nearer.

Of all times for this to happen, as if on purpose to entrap him! Cinders could hear the raspy wash of coarse leaves as the stalks subsided upon the ground. He could also hear the increasing thud of galloping horses.

The dust blur had drawn near. It was advancing along the wagon road beyond the railway track and the gray smirch was pricked through by metallic gleams—the sun upon rifle barrels.

"Hey, McKinna!" called a hoarse and raucous voice. "Seen anything of a burly blanket stiff flogging along through here anywheres?"

"Not yet," the section foreman answered; and then inquired: "You mean to-day?"

"Yes, a short while ago—thirty minutes maybe, or forty. A big husky with a bruised eye. Wears blue shirt and overalls. Escaped convict. Worst kind of a criminal. A fire bug that burns grain fields. We got to get him. Worth fifty dollars to you any information that helps us get him. Women not safe. The sort of filthy brute to take a woman by the throat."

The fugitive gasped to hear himself given such a character; and he gasped still more with the realization that but a scant forty yards now separated him right and left from the steady hack and gash of those swinging blades. Whenever one or the other of them was whetted he momentarily breathed better, thinking that another precious interval had been gained and his surrender delayed by yet a few additional moments.

"How are you knowing it, the tough nut he is?" McKinna inquired.

"You need only one look at him," Krieger asserted, "to size him up. The scaliest scoundrel ever to show up in these parts. That's what he is. Written all over him."

Chilled in that sultry place among the weeds as if lying in the ice chamber of a refrigerator car, the unhappy Cinders thought: "Nigger and Jap, devil take 'em, ought to let up and listen! All this exciting talk—and they don't stop and get any thrills out of it!"

He himself was vastly thrilled. He shivered all over. The whites of eyes in a black face could be glimpsed from time to time. How much longer would it be now before the negro would see him and let out a squeal?

Terror sickened the youth with a nauseous sickness. To leap out and race for it would be only a desperate chance and he would certainly be run down. He was resolved therefore to stick here to the very last. But his head swam. It seemed to him that he was surely going to faint.

And if he really did faint, what then? Perhaps those sooty arms, powerful and gristling, would go right on swinging the scythe like a machine, automatically and blindly, until the sabering blade should presently come slicing into human flesh! Cinders gritted his teeth, holding on to himself, fighting back his dizziness and his faintness.

Rancor helped him—a sudden flaming up of anger. He imagined that he had been seen by the Japanese laborer; and that the fellow would not stop but would keep right on sweeping his blade nearer and nearer, gloating upon the torture of suspense occasioned by the hissing edge of keen-cutting steel.

When the time came presently to be forced out he made up his mind to plunge upon the Japanese mower. Maybe it would be possible to twist that cursed yellow neck. Rage had absorbed terror. All the rage of a trapped beast was turned upon the inoffensive saddle-colored laborer.

But the time for the murderous lunge was not yet, though the weed thicket concealing the fugitive had narrowed finally to a patch no more than twenty yards in width.

He kept telling himself: "I'm a goner. Another swath or two—and then—then ——"

No, now was the time. Stealthily as a tiger his back began to rise. He dug his toes in, pressing the earth with his palms, ready to spring. Once more he watched the keen-edged pendulum swing to the left, watched it hang poised and then fall to the earth.

A steam whistle was blowing.

Faintly heard from far off to the east, a traction engine had begun to send forth its prolonged announcement of the noon hour and with the first shrilling breath of steam the cutting scythes stopped short.

The fugitive eased himself down again, panting, with mouth open to breathe and his heart knocking at painful speed. Then with the release of taut nerves after the long strain of suspense and physical exhaustion he felt a benumbing drowsiness crushing him.

"Mustn't go to sleep," he told himself. "Mustn't! Won't do!"

Presently Krieger was heard issuing orders:

"Stub, just you pile off that horse and tie up. Watch these weeds. Stay on the job till you see the last of them cut down. Better begin right now to Injun along down the ditch. If you see anything shoot first, inquire afterward."

With a derisive snort McKinna shouted: "If you don't find him there you might take a look in every gopher hole you come across, for it's afeared I am that he have crawled into one of them and pulled the hole in after him. The bunch of yous might take up the scythe now and finish the cuttin' for us—with the shirt-tearin' hurry you're in. My b'ys would like it first-rate to lay off for the afternoon and rest theirselves."

Krieger and his men held a brief council among themselves, then separated, some of the riders galloping eastward, the others west. Doubtless they meant to search under every culvert and look into every drainage tile that proposed a hiding place.

For the fugitive it was horrible to endure the fresh suspense, while a stocky fellow in overalls came along to carry out his assignment with a revolver ominously gleaming. He passed by some fifteen or twenty yards from Cinders, doubtless upon the theory that the weed thicket in its densest and tallest growth would be best adapted for purposes of concealment; and now the quarry began to experience yet another interval of relief.

After hearing the sinister footsteps die gradually away Cinders promptly resolved to try a very bold experiment. With the searcher's back toward him and steadily retreating, the youth emerged from the sultry covert of sunflower stalks; and though he could scarcely stand at first, so stiff and cramped did he feel from having lain there interminably long, he at once shouldered a

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scythe in order to appear as much as possible like a member of the section gang. Holding himself to a pace of lagging indifference, he slouched across the railroad track, going over to the willow tree in whose sun-freckled shade the five section hands had begun to eat from tin dinner buckets.

When Cinders had joined the group he said to McKinna: "Max Krieger sent me over to help cut weeds. We're after a geek that's supposed to be hidin' out. Hard-boiled egg, that's what he is. Desperate character. 'Scaped convict or something like that. Only I don't care much for the job. To sit pretty, right here in the shade, and watch you boys cut the weeds would suit me better, for I wasn't hired to cut weeds. No, I wasn't."

Saying so, he turned back the lid of the water cask, dipped in a tin cup and drank deeply, and having wiped his mouth on the back of his hand he drank again and yet again. He seemed unable to satisfy his thirst.

"What have he done," McKinna inquired, "that they do be chasin' him to hell and gone?"

"An accident got him in bad. By accident he fed something into the thresher that acted queer." Machine ripped and yelled with the toothache and seemed to have some stomach trouble and cramps and convulsions. It howled and talked indecent. I never was so ashamed of anything in my life. Max didn't like it either. None of us did. It was too immoral."

Cinders watched for the effect he had hoped to produce, for the tradition is that if you expect something to eat from a woman you tell it sad; but bounty from a man is more likely to be got if you tell it funny. A grin and a wink were his reward for this bit of gloating comedy. The section foreman even raised his thick brown hands as if he meant to whack them down solidly on his knees and laugh. But suddenly his black eyebrows came together in a scowl.

He said accusingly: "A smart lad you are, God help you! But for why are you coming here with a song of how it was Max Krieger sent you? And the fine nerve and gall and crust you have to be bringing a scythe along that you have picked up here—one of our own scythes surely, as I see it is by the railroad mark that's on it. Yourself it were, I do believe, yourself have been feeding scrap iron to the thresher—and horseshoes and spikes and a hardware pudding. Who planned it I don't know; but the job has the look about it of Shag Miller. For it's a rough joker he is and a rough man. And Max Krieger be another. Rough men, both; and bad blood betwixt them—and myself not wanting to get mixed up in it. So let you clear out of this and be gone clean away from here, you rogue and blanket stiff."

Cinders looked hurt and offended and crossed himself devoutly, though to save himself he would not have known an Ave Maria from a Paternoster.

"If you dump me," he observed in an injured tone, "I'll go to Father Kelly about it some day and tell him there's no charity in you. Here I am," he added, pulling up his blood-stiffened shirt, "a wounded man with death knocking at my slats. But what do you do? You bounce me! You threaten to knock my block off. That's the kind of a chap you are!"

"I didn't threaten and I don't threaten; but he's a stout lad, is Snowball, my colored help, and myself am not so sick abed that you can notice it—and the two of us maybe will be climbing your frame right now something rough if you don't pull out of this."

Cinders dolefully whined and lay down in the shade, sprawling out luxuriously.

"Hop to it!" he challenged. "For I'd sooner be kicked to death by the Irish than be shot to death by a hyphenated Hun."

"Bad cess to you and a black curse on you! It would be right to wax it to you till you holler for help. But," McKinna temporized, getting to his feet and taking a few strokes with the scythe, "but here you can lay and rot and take your ease in the shade and maybe cover up a little with some of this green grass over you so that Krieger will be seeing neither hair nor hide of you if he do be riding by again with the others along and a great itch on the lot of them to be giving you every bad stroke you ought to have for the devilment you've made—and destruction."

"Cover up sure—good idea!" conceded the cheeky Cinders as he began cautiously wriggling toward McKinna's open dinner bucket, a pilfering hand ready to dip and snatch therefrom a wedge of dried-apricot pie such as the others were eating.

Crumbs of crust flecked the corners of the negro's mouth. The black fellow was enjoying immensely what he ate; he gave his whole attention to it. But those accursed Japanese, as the youth believed, were watching him out of the corners of their eyes. He groaned. He dared not risk snagging anything. All he could do was to go on loathing those fellows for their sly espionage. Especially he abhorred the way their jaws kept working in zestful relish and—as it seemed to him—in mockery of his painful hunger.

"Cover up," Cinders repeated. "When you said that you said a mouthful. Yes, that's O. K.—far as it goes. But," he impudently inquired, "don't I get something to eat?"

"Get, is it? Get something? Sure and you will! Say that again and you'll get the boot right in the bosom of your breeches!"

"No, after all, I don't believe I want anything," Cinders hastened to add, broadly grinning but with a tear on either cheek coursing down through the grime. "I don't somehow feel hungry. That's what ails me—failing appetite. I ought to take something for it and get my system toned up. Awful tough to lose interest in your victuals and I didn't used to be like this. It's only lately that something has seemed to tell me that I don't want to eat."

McKinna wouldn't laugh, but Snowball did. He threw back his head, his red mouth showing and all his white teeth gleaming in a face as dark as a wet rubber boot. Yet this resonant reward of full-lunged mirthfulness accomplished nothing more substantial, for his dinner pail was now empty to the last crust and crumb.

All the consolation that remained to Cinders before falling asleep under a green coverlid of grass in the shade of the willow tree was to watch the stubby gun-belted individual on the railway track, that dinnerless sentinel observing the mowers, doggedly patrolling his beat, tediously waiting and getting himself miserably cooked in the hot sun.

IV

LATE in the afternoon when the sleeper woke he lay very still while a horse came galloping by along the dusty road. The pulsing thud of hoofs mingled presently with the snapping splutter of a gasoline engine, followed by a clicking grind of wheels along the track, for not merely the guard set by Krieger to watch the weed cutting but now the section gang also, with its railroad motor car, was taking itself off. Evidently the mowing along the right of way had been finished.

Though eager to be up and away, Cinders waited prudently for the sun to go down. He lay watching for some time how the western heavens vividly flamed with brilliant hues of the afterglow, while from grass and field began the trill of crickets and monotonous insect chorusing. Bird voices were few, as is always the case in late summer, but now and again a bobwhite called his thanks for the ripe grain which he and all the coveys round about had blithely appropriated in this good harvest time.

How very happy were those birds, while he, a hunted being, quite supperless and sick at heart, tried to draw comfort from the bright color now fading from the clouds but still brilliant with smoldering purple and saffron. In the sky meadow of translucent emerald he saw that the evening star, large and crystalline, had begun to quiver—a bright tear of joy to welcome the coolness of the swift-coming night.

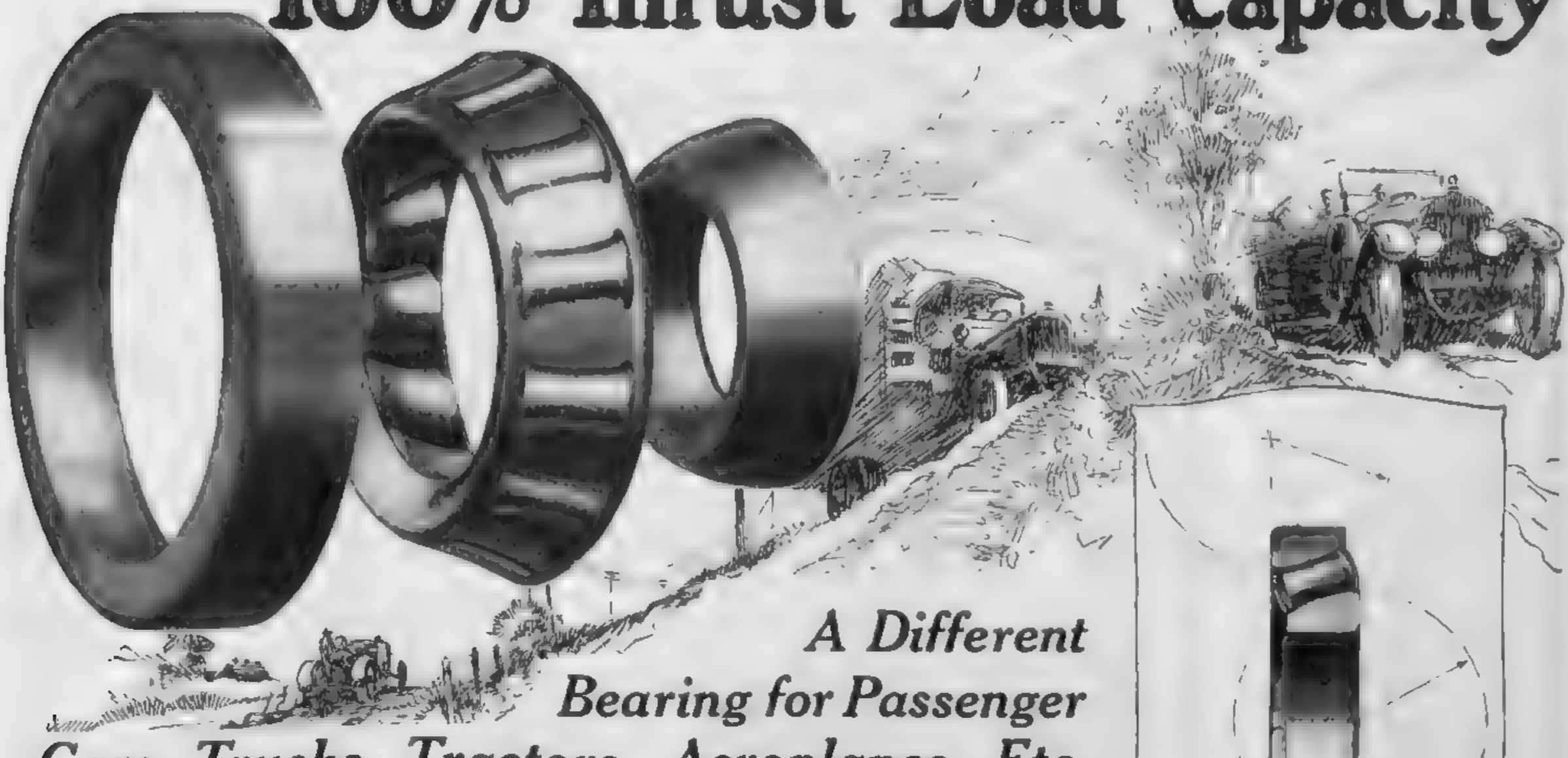
Only when darkness had completely fallen did Cinders rise and set out northward for an unknown destination, proceeding mistrustfully, always alert for the gallop of horses and ever meditating, not upon his lucky deliverance but upon how bruised, weary and baffled he was—and hungry, so very wrenched and ravened with hunger!

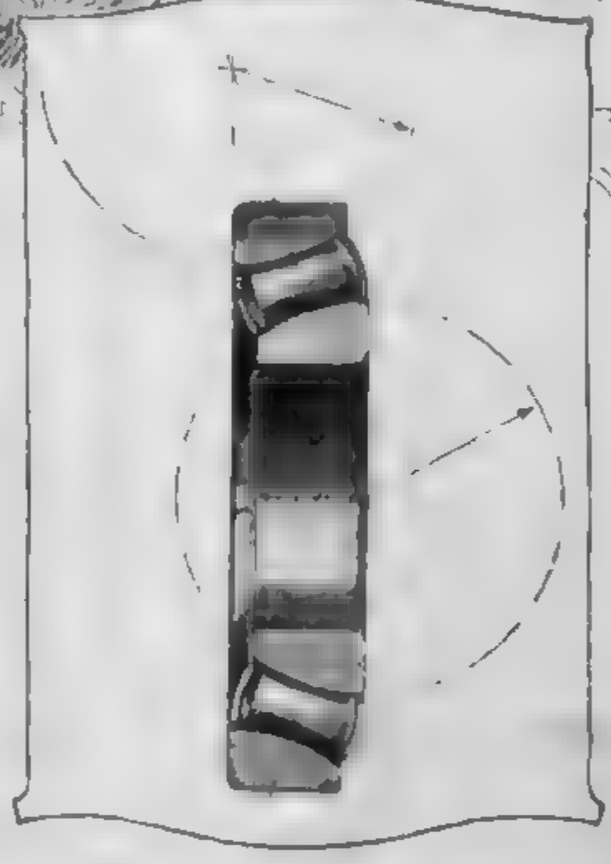
He kept going for all that, determinedly trudging the dusty country roads all night long; and finally as the east began to blanch with a faint pallor heralding the first rose flush of dawn he gazed across a great expanse of harvest field which still remained but a dusky monochrome. The paling horizon, he soon observed, was blotched by two shadow shapes—a threshing machine and traction engine seen in black profile far away and looking very small.

As the wayfarer sat down to give the situation his most thoughtful appraisal he could make out a dark mass, conical in

(Continued on Page 144)

Self-aligning 100% Thrust Load Capacity





Cross-Section of Shafer Roller Bearing

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Self-Aligning—No more burnt-out bearings, or those that jam, grip, bind, freeze. No more worked-loose, or worn-down bearings, through misalignment—bearings that rattle, cause wobbly wheels, and eat up tires.

Because—Shafer Roller Bearings are fool-proof, automatically self-aligning, a sphere-contoured cone rocking in a cradle of concaved rollers. The cone swings with every deflection and keeps full length contact with all the rollers all the time, no matter what happens. An exclusive Shafer feature.

100% thrust capacity—no chipped, nicked, cracked or crumbled balls, cups, cones or rollers to be expensively replaced, no uneven, grinding friction to lessen power and wear out your car. Do your bearings withstand this punishment—wrenching wheels out of rut or car track, rounding corners, road unevenness, constantly throw tremendous thrust loads or sideway pressures against bearings? The Shafer Roller Bearings do, because the rollers placed at a 20 degree angle against the convex surfaces of outer race and inner cone, pillow the shock (see sectional drawing above) and will stand as much side thrust as downward load. 100% thrust capacity instead of the usual 25% or 30% is an exclusive Shafer feature.

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Ravenswood Ave. at Sunnyside, Chicago, U. S. A.

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SHAFER Roller Bearing
Self-Aligning — 100% Thrust Capacity

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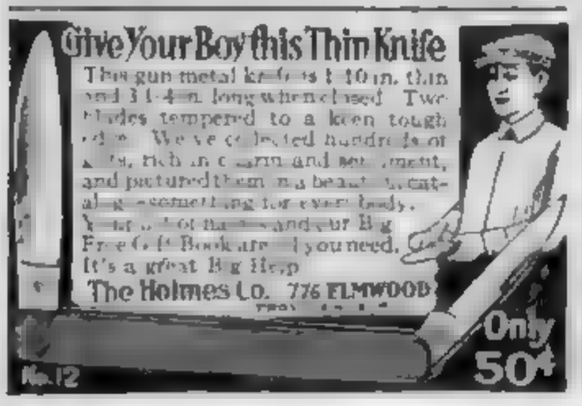
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Only 50¢
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(Continued from Page 142)

shape, which he knew to be the straw stack. Another dark shape, this one like a doll's house on stilts with a light twinkling from a window, had an aspect rather familiar, for such a cook shack, one mounted on wheels with a beamed support at each corner to hold the boxlike structure firmly in place, was part of Miller's equipment.

"But that," he told himself, "won't be Shag's outfit. Can't be."

This was not a conviction—it was a misgiving. While he waited for the russet warming of dawn to reveal whether there would be a red water wagon and a canvas shroud on the engine, together with other points of identification, he kept hoping that this threshing concern might belong to others than the truculent and rowdy crew which he wished devoutly to avoid.

Presently the yellow light disappeared from the window, the sun came up, horses whinnied to be fed and there was an increasing activity about the camp. Horizontally over the bright stubble spread the early rays, distantly lighting up two round patches of silver web. These unquestionably must be the wire-spoked wheels of a motor cycle, and when the observer caught sight of them he uttered a sound that was neither a groan nor yet a chuckle but something of both. For this must certainly be the machine upon which he had tested his unlucky talent as a repair expert.

That bungling, it is true, had been overlooked; but a subsequent and final offense was of a character not to be forgiven. He had taken no part in the hostilities of last Saturday night when the two thresher gangs had come to grips.

Combativeness being a trait wholly absent from his character, he was so ashamed of the deficiency that he used to brag in a most brazen manner of what a fighter he was. He liked to describe very showily all the fistic encounters that had gained distinction for him. He let it be known that one reason why he ate so much—and the enormous quantities of food he consumed had earned for him the nickname of Bean Booster—was that he wanted to keep in trim and show up grand when Shag's outfit should finally have a whack at Krieger's. As to training diet, Cinders was not particular. What he needed, he said, was food, every kind of food—plenty, plenty, plenty of food!

Now he wished that he had never told what a dreadful adversary he would be when the great day should arrive for proving his valor, for how was he ever to explain convincingly the cause of his clearing out before the hour of flying fists and bloody coxcombs?

Better not try to explain; better not go over there at all. But seeing that smoke had begun to rise from the stove-pipe chimney of the cook shack, he looked, yet tried not to look at it; he strove to resist the lure; he was quite resolved not to be drawn in that direction.

If only he had not been so hungry, so very very hungry, he would not have gone. But he went. He went not boldly, to be sure, but slinking along in the most abject, shamefaced humility, driven thither by the grinding ruthless urge of his tormenting emptiness.

As he approached he was hailed from afar. Slim Dorkin shouted: "See who's here! I'll eat your shirt if that ain't Bean Booster comin' back!"

Everybody looked. Those who had been washing and splashing their heads did not wait to wipe themselves on the grimy roller towel but struck the water from their eyes with their hands and gazed at the hang-dog coming of the famished Cinders.

"Hello, fellers!" he called, and tried to put gay nonchalance into his salutation.

Nobody greeted him; nobody offered to shake hands. Not a word was spoken save when the Chinese cook, whisking a dish towel at some flies, put forth his shaven poll from the screen door of the kitchen to announce: "Chow ol ledy now! Hot cakes!"

Glancing upward at that head on the back of which the long queue, dark and plaited, was bound round and round in many coils, Shag Miller said: "Never mind us! Company first!"

Of medium height but wide and thick, with a short neck set between massive shoulders, and a rugged cranium disproportionately large, the thresher imparted a strange impression; he seemed stubbily grotesque like a dwarf—a dwarf with a giant's strength. Swarthy, curly haired, ironically polite, he stiffly bobbed his uncouth heavy head at the visitor in sarcastic welcome. An arid smile lifted the corners of his mouth as he dryly observed: "An eatin' man is Bean Booster, and a fightin' man. Must go first, mustn't he, boys? Don't you all say so?"

They all said so. The shrinking visitor, who had been diffidently standing aloof ready to run off, was suddenly grabbed by long arms, brown, apelike, hairy and immensely strong. He was given a jerk and a shove. A knee rammed him from behind. Amid jeers and guffaws he was passed from one man to the next, for the threshers had formed in line, each waiting his chance to seize the victim and to help him with kicks and fisticuffs to answer the breakfast call.

Once Cinders grinned with clenched teeth and quivering face and for this impudence a knuckle blow under the jaw sent him reeling. He brought up with a jolt against the beamed support at the corner of the cook shack.

Here as he spat out blood from a cut lip he breathlessly gulped forth the comment: "Your parlor manners are all right. Show up just elegant. Only—if you was to ask me—I'd rather have 'em toned down a little and modified and not quite so stylish."

Better for him that he had not raised a laugh, seeing that this absurdity only provoked a punishment more painful—if less brutal—than that which had helped him to a plate of pancakes and a steaming tin cup full of coffee. For now he was to experience a humiliation too deep and soul-devastating to be eased by quips and the poulticing of merry nonsense.

He was set to work with the Chinaman. Let him make a joke of that if he could! But he could not. Hearing this sentence, his coffee choked him. Hot cakes, delectably browned, buttered and most enticingly a-glisten with sirup, quite lost their savor.

Be a Chink's helper—good Gawd! His eyes brimmed over. He began to cry over this ignominy. Tears ran down in tragic hopelessness.

In the days following he grew more and more dejected. He was shunned. No one talked to him. Once he tried to escape in the night, but was overtaken, captured, brought back and roughly used.

Now, being charged with rioting and inciting to riot, Shag Miller was awaiting trial in heavy bonds—and everybody knew that the county prosecutor, a relative of Nordstrom, the banker, was strongly identified with the Krieger faction. Cinders, it was believed, might prove a dangerous witness. By all means then he must be kept away from the opposition, consequently he was to be held here—a prisoner of war—until after the hoped-for acquittal should eventuate.

Meanwhile the cook's helper, greasy and unkempt, scraping pots and pans, doing scullion's work, stoking the fire in the kitchen range, sweltering, cowering in the most dispirited way each time that Miller and the others came to meals, suffered as he had never suffered before. His was the shame of a man disgraced and bereft utterly of companionship.

Such a position might have been a trifle less forlorn if he had not sometimes caught a certain look in the black eyes of Lim Fong, the cook. They were swift shy glances, unmistakably compassionate. This seemed to Cinders the worst of all. Pity from a Chink! Here finally was the thing measuring the depth of his degradation. The rest he could have borne, every insult and brutality, but this—this—this was the affront insupportable. Tears of hopeless rage went coursing down his cheeks and slowly dripped one after another into the tub of potatoes he was paring in the shadow of the cook shack.

Never before had a slant-eyed Oriental face been quite so odious to him. It seemed to him that there never had been, that there never could be another mug quite so outrageously ugly as that of Lim Fong. Oh, the broad phiz with high cheek bones, perspiring, yellow and all pock-marked as if it had been dented by a load of buckshot!

"You lak smoke, mebbe so—lak hev nice litty smoke."

On the ground beside his snuffling assistant the cook placed a small muslin bag of tobacco with a packet of cigarette papers.

"But," the Chinaman cautioned, "watch out! No care hev Shag see. Mekka him ve'y despise wif me. He getta mad, get desplate."

Miller had indeed been so worried lest Cinders escape and later testify against him at the trial that he had left a loaded rifle in the cook shack with instructions of the most particular sort for Lim not to lose that kitchen assistant.

Disdaining at first to notice the tobacco and papers, the disgruntled helper thought later of flinging the stuff at the shaven head of the Chinaman, but the craving for a cigarette got the better of resentment, exactly as Cinders' craving for food had brought upon him this distressing situation. And as he began to smoke the outcast heart of him warmed a little toward the one whom he wanted to go on holding in contempt.

"Nobody will ever know of this," he told himself as he guiltily enjoyed Lim Fong's tobacco.

In the days following, even though he tried to ignore the presence of the cook, he could not help admiring the silent and mysteriously capable Chinaman, always serene and unruffled, doing his work with no fuss or flurry, never in apparent haste and never seeming to get tired.

It became evident, moreover, that despite the self-effacing manner of Lim Fong, he was really very shrewd. When, for example, Cinders had grown a little used to his debasement and was no longer rancorously displeased with his berth, seeing that now he had plenty to eat and the best of everything, the Chinaman gave him a bit of subtle counsel:

"To-mawla morning, if Shag sheem good nature, nen you come up. Say: 'What the hell!' No, not that; that ve'y bad. Tay him in politeness; say: 'Exceeding regret. No can stand work beside dam heathen.' Tay him, it makka you bad shatisfaction. Nen he loar at you."

"Loar? What's that?"

"Yeh, he loar—loar lak wil' beas'. Fee' ve'y despise on you. Ol light; you shall worry! Faw why? Faw becos he no send you to makka pitchfork work in fiel'. No, he tek hell's delight to makka you work beside dam heathen. Sabby what is?"

By this bit of strategy, even though Cinders as a consequence was promptly kicked out of Miller's way, the cook's helper escaped the arduous toil as a pitcher in the field.

In deep commiseration for the kicking of his helper, Lim Fong quietly observed: "Too bad! Shag he mos' push your breff away."

"It wasn't," Cinders replied—"it wasn't my breath that got pushed."

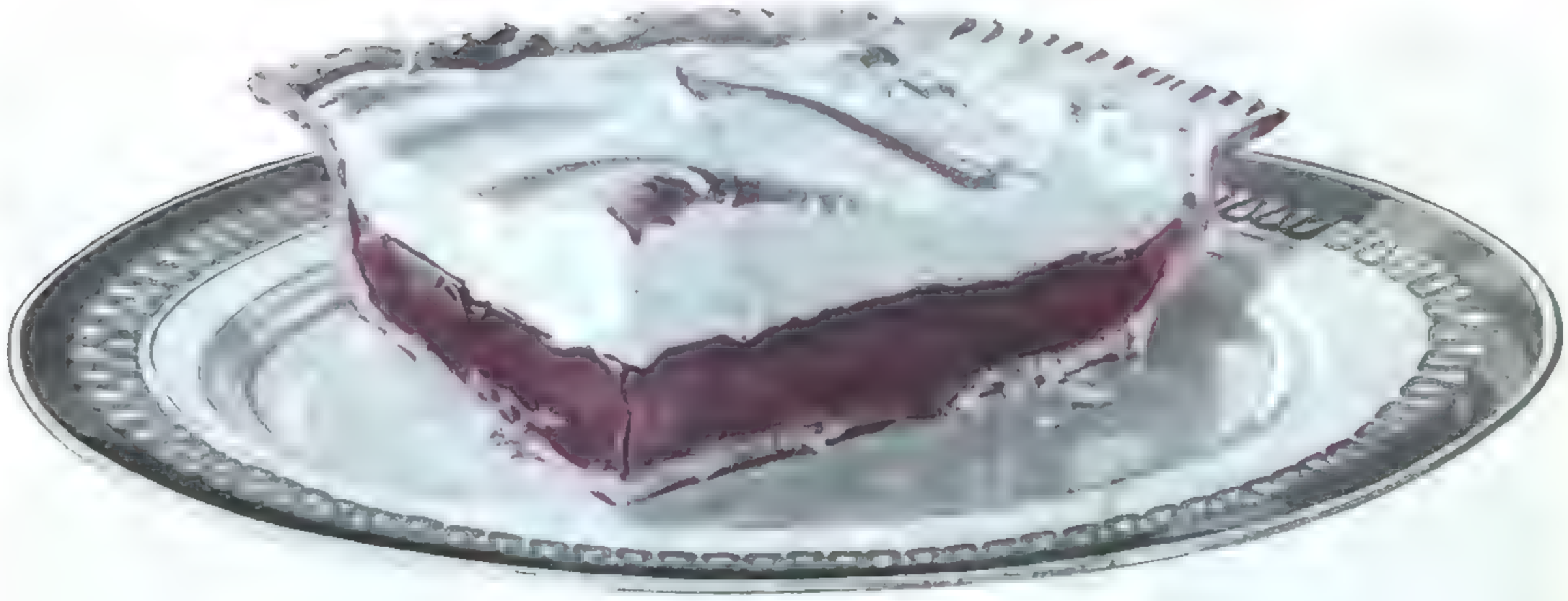
Late in the night after this last unhappy incident the captive crawled stealthily inch by inch to the motorcycle, and timing his strokes to the rasping snores of men asleep on straw under the wagons, he used a file to cut steadily into a link of the chain which fastened the machine by means of a padlock. No light helped him, for the sky was overcast, with only a few stars shining, and far too soon the horizon eastwardly began to pale with the first touch of dawn. He stole away very cautiously, not knowing whether the iron had been eaten away deep enough to be snapped by a strong jerk of the chain but convinced that the notch at the end of a link was not likely to be discovered.

In the need to talk with someone—but still despising himself for social laxness, because he did not want to grow fond of any Chinaman—Cinders had a long conference with the cook, remarking that a lawyer had been out from town yesterday to coach the men as witnesses and that this morning Shag Miller seemed better natured, for the very good reason that a change of venue had finally been granted.

"It's all in the paper I've picked up," Cinders observed. "Guess the lawyer brought the paper. The trial won't be at Spring Junction. Too many foreign-born folks living round there—Germans and such, so the case will go before a judge and jury over in Greeley. All Down-East Yanks living over there, with some Irish mixed in. This means that Shag will get justice according to Shag's idea of justice; and it means that Krieger won't be so very proud and full of enthusiasm over Shag's justice. Take it from me, Lim Fong, trouble's on its way, plenty of it—nothing but! Most likely Krieger won't bother to wait for that trial. Any day now we can look for him to come busting off the reservation—and I know what he's like. He shoots, he burns powder, he don't care how much lead he splashes round. And me—I don't like it. It's clean again' my principles to 'sociate with Max Krieger. So when he gets here you can tell him I'm not at home. Tell him I'm out. And I will be. You know I will."

Nothing indicated that the Celestial was at all impressed by this croaking forecast.

(Continued on Page 147)



Some Pie!

This Phez Loganberry Cream

And it *tastes* as delicious as it looks!

Loganberry Cream Pie
From "Ways to Serve Phez"

2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon corn starch. Mix with yolks of two eggs. Beat thoroughly. Add 1 teaspoon lemon extract, 1 2 cups milk and 1 cup Phez juice. Cook in a double boiler, stir constantly while cooking. Stir into crust previously baked. Spread beaten whites of eggs over top of pie, adding a little sugar.

Phez is the flavor of crushed raspberries and wild blackberries because the Loganberry comes from the blended growth of these two delicious fruits.

Phez has twice the consistency and strength of other fruit juices—therefore is superior as a pure fruit juice flavoring.

"Ways to Serve Phez," by Alice Bradley, is the name of our booklet containing many recipes for using Phez as a pure fruit juice flavoring. We will mail you this on request. Write for it today.

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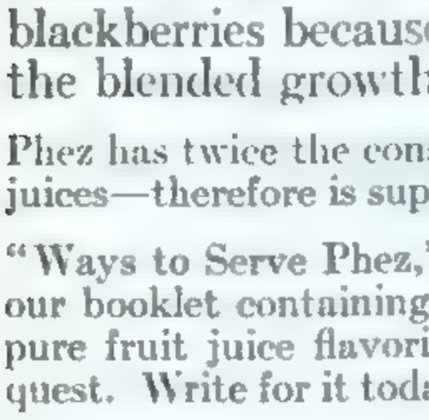
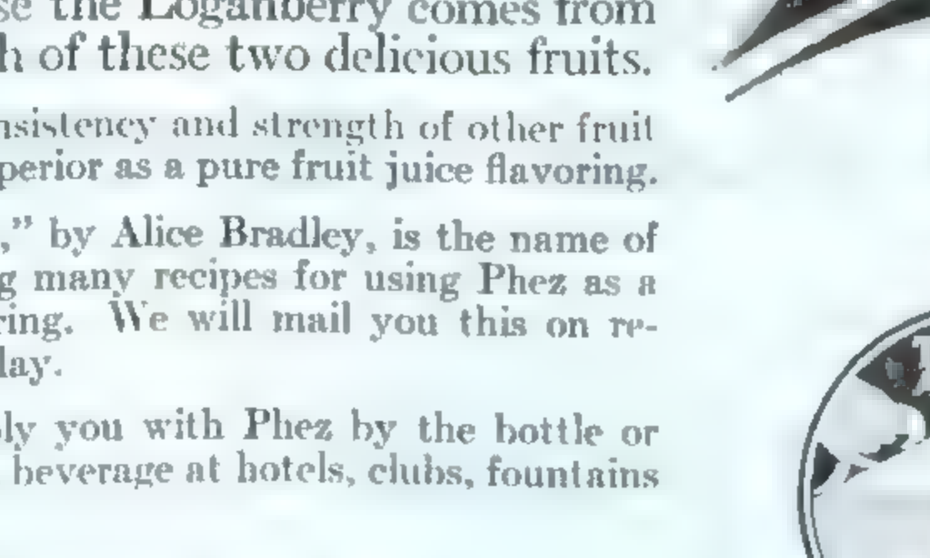
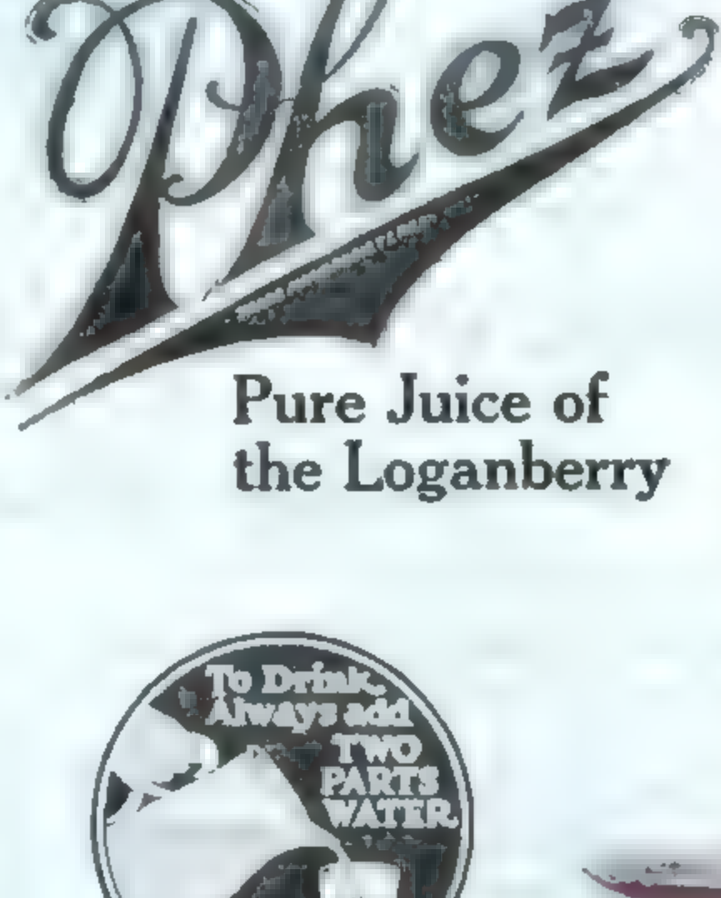


Phez Sauce—serve undiluted Phez on Blanc Mange, Tapioca, Rice and other milk puddings.



Phez Gel-Ease—use any gelatine recipe and for the liquid use one part Phez to two parts water.



Phezundae—pour undiluted Phez on ice cream.

Drink Phez—a wonderful beverage. Always add two parts plain, charged or mineral water. Serve ice cold. No sugar.

The moment you dip it in water — —fresh, living fragrance!

ITS beautiful clearness, its refreshing fragrance, make this soap a joy to wash or bathe with.

Lift it up and hold it to the light. Clear as a mountain pool! Yet hidden somewhere in its crystal depth is the delicious fragrance of sweet wild violets.

Dip it in water! Instantly all this imprisoned fragrance is released.

Jergens Violet Transparent Soap gives you, even in hard water, a rich, snowy lather that soothes, refreshes you—leaves your skin delightfully smooth and clean. And its woodsy odor of fresh violets lingers on your face and hands.

Use Jergens Violet Transparent Soap whenever you are dusty and tired. You can't imagine how refreshing the simple bathing of your face and hands can be until you use this soap.

Get a cake and try it tonight. It is sold wherever soap is sold.

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THE DAY'S WEARINESS!

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Use it whenever you are dusty and tired—whenever you want to feel refreshed

You will not know how refreshing the mere bathing of your hands and face can be until you try Jergens Violet Transparent Soap

JERGENS
VIOLET TRANSPARENT SOAP

(Continued from Page 144)

Inscrutable as always, the yellow and slant-eyed face held its look of utter inflexibility. But before the dinner dishes had been put away Lim Fong took his abacus to the table and began clicking the colored balls of the counting frame as if totaling several accounts, for he extended credit to the men for such luxuries as cigars, fruit, chewing gum, cigarettes, pipe and plug tobacco.

These calculations finished, it appeared that the money due the Chinaman as a vender was a sum inconsequential, not above twenty-two dollars in all, but as cook he was much less fortunate.

"No rush, is there?" Miller had crossly inquired when Lim Fong had called attention to the fact that his wages were in arrears.

The Celestial did not say whether there was any rush. He merely wanted his money.

"Much oblige' faw pay, ef you please, thank you," he respectfully but firmly solicited until told in a most brusque and surly fashion that he would get paid off when Shag Miller got good and ready to pay—not a minute sooner.

"Ol light! Please, I lak my pay soon quick."

But Fong did not get it soon quick, and he was so far from being satisfied with the delay that he confided to his helper after a long interval of cogitation: "Get all square up, nen quit. That's me."

"Better not wait," Cinders admonished. "Pack your wicker basket and we'll blow out of here to-night. If Shag owes us more than two hundred dollars we'll just ride his joy jouncer two hundred dollars' worth—me in front, you behind. There, how's that? Are you on?"

Lim Fong shook his solemn head. No, decidedly he was not on. The motorcycle was a terror to him. His was the conservatism of his race; he distrusted innovations; he was especially afraid of a machine that went so fast and made such a devil of a noise in going. He further explained that Melican courthouse justice was something a China boy doesn't want to get mixed up with. Maybe you could not convince justice that you had merely taken a ride to square up; maybe you would only get put in jail for a thief and robber gemman.

"Well, now," Cinders admitted, "we sure wouldn't like to be taken for robber gentlemen; you're right about that."

Raising the rifle from a corner of the kitchen as he spoke, he inquired whether the cartridges in the magazine were new or old and acknowledged that such a gun might be a handy weapon for defense, but that for his part he thought it desirable not to stay here waiting for any murdering gentlemen to arrive.

He further emphasized the point that his services as assistant chef came high. He believed in the dignity of labor. The motorcycle he would take to settle his claim and thus avoid all unpleasant argument.

The trouble was that conditions did not favor this chosen method of satisfying a debt. One night the gasoline tank was empty; another night, being challenged by the night watchman, Cinders escaped detection only by lying perfectly still in the darkness for several hours and afterward crawling back very cautiously to the cook shack. Next, the moon disarranged his thievery—the torpid harvest moon, big and round and yellow and ever growing more fearsomely bright.

V

CAME finally the day of the trial. Earlier than usual the camp quickened with activity, the men all jovial and full of jests. After breakfast a four-horse team was made ready, with sunflowers decorating the harness and the lines of the lead team extended by an extra pair of reins. Then crying "All aboard!" Shag Miller began to display his skill as a driver, snapping his long whip while the men frolicked behind him in the straw that cushioned the wide rack of the great wagon. From the road the rumble of the ponderous vehicle drifted back, mingled with the bellowing burden of the familiar play song, Weevily Wheat. Who would guess that these robust merrymakers, now driving away in a humor so lustily hilarious, were to be tried this day for rioting and inciting to riot?

Within the half mile the wagon halted, possibly for a readjustment of harness. During the delay of some ten minutes before the team went on again, Cinders let out a whistle of surprise and said: "Wow!" For the brassy gleam of the newly risen sun had begun to quiver upon the glass wind shield of a motor car advancing from the south but holding back in speed as if wary about its approach toward the threshing camp.

No sooner had the four-horse team started to leave than Cinders decided to carry out an audacious scheme. His first plan had been to go straight to the motorcycle, snap off the chain and boldly make a dash. But such daring entailed too great a risk. A watchman stood guard, gun belted, with a heavy six-shooter in a holster studded with copper rivet heads in an ornamental pattern.

Toward this picket patrolling his beat near the engine and threshing machine the kitchen assistant went shambling in pretended sulkiness and straightway began to grumble. He hadn't been hired, he said, to clean motorcycles. Enough to do as cook's helper. Everybody imposed on him. He had a mind not to go near the thing. For half a cent he wouldn't. Not his job, was it, to do work of that kind? No, it wasn't! Shag had no right to make him do it.

"You're going to clean that whizzer," the guard asserted with bullying truculence. "Right now you're going to get about it."

With surly emphasis but inwardly delighted, Cinders retorted: "If Shag wants to order me round, all right. But you can't! I won't stand for it!"

"Won't, won't you? Well, if you want to get a hammer bounced on your bean just you fool round here a little bit longer."

"Don't get sore," the young fellow remonstrated. "I'll do my work. Sure I will! But I got to have some cotton waste out of the engine tool box."

He took the shredded cleaning stuff—also a file, in case the chain should not break easily, and thus gained an uninterrupted chance to inspect the motorcycle, to fill up the gasoline tank and to pump the tires full of air.

Fast he worked, with growing excitement, and meanwhile little heeded the advancing automobile; but the purring smoothness of its approach gave him to understand that it was driven by a powerful engine. Above the sputtered crepitations of the motor he had set going he suddenly heard gruff orders, shouts and the double discharge of a six-shooter. Then as he mounted and started away he saw the guard running off at top speed, his arms elevated, his yells rending the silence, while yet another bullet was sent whizzing after him.

Glad to escape and jubilant with the idea that nothing could catch him, the fugitive joyously waved his hat and as the motorcycle skated in a slanting curve about the cook shack before driving off in a diagonal course across the field for the open road the rider shouted exultantly: "So long, Lim! Good-by! Give my love to Shag—if he happens to ask about me."

Before the cyclist had reached the wheel track the ground quaked momentarily with a decided quiver. Noise shook the morning, a tremendous blast and upheaval.

He looked back over his shoulder. The traction engine had disappeared. Dark vapor had expanded there. A burst of falling scrap iron smote the field. Rattling chunks of metal clacked down upon the cook shack and the thresher.

Temporarily delayed in his flight through the necessity of opening a gate in the barbed-wire fence, Cinders noted that the dun fumes and dust had scarcely dissolved before a man from the automobile raced forward, running in fitful starts and stops and hesitations as if mistrustful lest a burned-out fuse of the blast intended for the threshing machine might belatedly explode the shot with direful consequence. Over his face he wore the disguise of a blue handkerchief. Doubtless he meant to relight the fuse for another bombing operation. There could be no question that every major piece of Miller's threshing equipment was to be dynamited.

Cinders chuckled. He thought of the jubilant Shag driving away so hilariously. Oh, what a surprise when Miller and his men should come boisterously back to celebrate their triumphant acquittal!

But was the present situation so very funny after all? Especially the panic with which poor Lim Fong had been stricken! As Cinders muddled with the fastenings of a gate in the barbed-wire fence a backward glance let him see that the Chinaman had jumped down from the cook shack, rifle in hand. Instantly the frightened fellow dropped the weapon—dropped it and began racing about in terror. Round and round he sped, ever circling the camp kitchen.

"Beat it, Lim Fong! Come here!" shouted Cinders.

But frantic and senseless as a horse refusing to leave a burning barn, the cook continued to make that nonsensical circuit. How very grotesque he looked, that anguished Oriental, with loose blouse and baggy trousers inflating like balloons!

Two men from the motor car, their ruffian faces disguised with handkerchiefs, were rapidly approaching the cook shack.

"Come on, Lim!" Cinders anxiously yelled. "Come on! Come here!"

It was time surely that they scuttle away. But the Celestial heard nothing. He was too frightened to hear.

The cyclist gulped, choked and spat.

What matter, though, if something bad should happen to Lim Fong? Merely a Chink, wasn't he? And if the fool refused to come when he was called —— Cinders cursed.

It wouldn't do, he thought, to go back there. Surely it wouldn't! Cinders refused to go back—profanely and savagely refused.

But went.

The stubble crunched with a sound like ripping cloth as the machine sped tearing back for the cook shack. With a great bound Cinders fell upon his friend, catching the fear-crazed Chinaman, forcing him to the ground and at once caught up the rifle which Lim Fong had so deliriously dropped.

"Keep down! Keep down!" Cinders kept admonishing. "For the love of Pete, keep down!"

The two crawled under the wagon supporting the cook shack. With the rifle barrel between the spokes of a wheel and the stock pressed to his shoulder the youth took careful aim. He aimed and waited. How near should he allow those fellows to approach?

"Lay low!" he urged. "Flatten out! Down, down, keep down! Now then, all set!"

He began to shoot and he talked as he fired.

"Here we go! That's it! Hop a little! Come on, why don't you? Step right this way! Costs you nothing! Free exhibition! What? Not leaving, are you? What's your hurry? Lim, you climb up there and get me some more fodder for my fog iron. Hey, will you? There, hear that squeal? Must be somebody has got nicked a little. Some spry and limber, I'll say he is!"

One of the two incendiaries, as they scurried away, making for the automobile, had suddenly pitched headlong, rolling over and over. His comrade turned back, helped him to his feet and half carried him along.

"Quick, Lim, more cartridges! Here—see—here comes one who seems to like our party. He's sure on the prod, this baby! Holy hoptoads! I do believe it's Max Krieger himself! My old friend Max!"

Charging straight ahead, the powerful fellow emptied his revolver as he came. From his defiant face the handkerchief had come down and the blue cloth, speckled over with white dots, jounced about his throat, the limp triangle flapping like a flag.

"Here, Lim Fong, take this!" the rifleman excitedly instructed, and tossed the weapon to the cook. "Load it! Get back here quick!"

The youth leaped forward, fists doubled, to meet the attack of the burly figure rushing straight at him.

"Oh," Cinders exclaimed, "if mamma could only see me now!"

He was surprised at himself. He, the skulker, the quitter, the coward, to be like this—incredible!

"Good mornin'! How's all the folks?" he impudently saluted, and dodged the blow savagely struck at him with the heavy revolver.

The fight began. Suddenly the youth lost his shambling laxity of movement. A feline alertness and nimbleness, springs backward and to one side, kept him out of the way of the weapon and of the fist swinging powerfully like a lump of knuckly bronze. Cinders chattered while he fought, rattling forth a stream of comments, derisive and enraging.

"Right nice of you, Max, to hunt me up! Owe me for half a day's work. Pay me off, eh? Good ol' Maxie! 'Preciate it. Sure do! There, how's that? Did that jar your little tummy? Say, boy, you ought to wipe your nose. Bad nosebleed. Gettin' all juiced up with it. Wow! When you do land you sure do land! My slats hurt me. Another one like that and I won't—won't love you any more."

All at once his grin shriveled to a leer. He crouched, then lunged. His whole massive weight struck with irresistible impact against his assailant's chest and down went the larger man under that jolting collision.

But as Krieger fell his lusty arms snapped shut like the jaws of a bear trap upon the bulky weight of his adversary. Let the youth wriggle, heave, gouge his toes into the ground in the uttermost strain of his effort to get free, still could he neither rise nor strike. But into the hairy sunburned neck of the antagonist his fingers had begun to sink. Deeper they dug, yet deeper—continuously tightening, terrifying in strength, deadly in their power of slow strangulation.

And gayety returned to Cinders, a wild ferocity of glee.

"Such pretty eyes!" he panted in homicidal jubilation. "Blue, eh? I always did love blue eyes. Such big eyes too—big and wide! And how they do pop open!"

From under the cook shack, looking out between the thick spokes of a wagon wheel, Lim Fong presently announced: "Shag come! Shag come back now!"

It was true. The thresher chief must have heard the shooting. Certainly he had heard the immense discharge of dynamite in the harvest field; and now, obliquely cutting across the great acreage of stubble, his galloping horse could be heard steadily drawing nearer. His black mount was evidently one that had been detached from the lead team of the wagon.

Meanwhile, as he approached the hard arms gripped about Cinders were beginning by slow degrees to release their hold. The great hulking body heaved convulsively, frantically twisting in a futile effort to rise. But still was Krieger crushed to earth.

While squeezing the heavy neck with his left hand Cinders toilfully dragged his right arm free. Then down he drove his knob-knuckled fist. As it beat like the stroke of a sledge hammer, smiting straight for Krieger's face, the stalwart fellow gave a heave and a twist of his muscular neck, desperately swinging his head aside. Then a choked moan sobbed raspingly, a shudder quaked over him, his eyelids quivered and he lay still, very still—and amazingly limp.

"Gosh a'mighty!" Cinders gasped, realizing that his terrific blow had struck the spine, at the base of Krieger's skull. "Gosh a'mighty! Is he dead?"

Silencing awe had come to the youth—the awe and the dread and the terror lest he had killed this man.

VI

WITH staggering uncertainty the young fellow got from his knees to his feet, looked in wonder at his bruised right hand, wiped the back of it across his eyes and kept whispering in stupid repetition: "Knocked out—that's all! Just knocked out! Not dead! Can't be!"

This horror was not shared by the Chinaman; neither could it be said of Lim Fong that he rejoiced over the successful issue of the combat. But having been put back into his fatalistic calm he called to the remorseful Cinders: "Yeh, Shag come now."

Miller came galloping up, his hoarse voice excitedly gloating: "Got him, did you? Got him—got him!"

Cinders did not look up. His pale lips still moved, but now inarticulately, in horror, while he dumbly repeated: "Not dead! Can't be!"

Short necked and cubically proportioned, the powerful Shag Miller flung himself from his horse; and stumbling over a fragment of the shattered engine, wild with rage, a pallor about his mouth, he came plunging up to the prostrate Max Krieger.

What followed caused Cinders to quail and gasp with revulsion. That anyone, even a calloused brawler such as Shag Miller, should draw back a booted foot and kick an insensible man! Was such a thing possible?

Yes, it was. The thresher kicked, crowed with strident laughter, and to the victor extended his stout, thick, stubby hand.

Now for him to be offering congratulations in this way at this moment was far from being a procedure well considered. The youth's face was pale. The corners of his mouth had lifted. But that scorn and that menace and that tricky smile were

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not for the exultant thresher to understand.

Miller felt his great brown paw powerfully gripped, and next moment he crumpled up, falling to the ground, bellowing with pain. For in the pit of his stomach something had struck like a battering ram. He had been tremendously kicked. He rolled over and over, howling like a maniac and clawing at the ground.

Then up he plunged, still raving in a lunacy of groans and curses. Frenzied with pain and rage he hurled himself at his punisher. He charged with head down, bulllike—and like a bull was felled.

Not by any blow from Cinders, for no stroke of fist or foot could have stopped the blind fury of such a rush. All that could be done was to avoid a collision with the human avalanche. In nimbly leaping aside the young fellow scraped his back against the beamed support of the cook shack. At the same moment something violently jarred the whole shanty, for under it the rugged head of Shag Miller had struck a wheel. Midway between hub and tire, in the upper zone of solid spokes his heavy poll smote hard and rebounded as if he had butted an anvil. With a grunting heave he sprawled upon the ground, immobile and grotesque, as if he had been some effigy flung down from a balloon.

"Hey, Lim Fong," gasped Cinders, "fetch water! Fetch water quick!"

Far off a bobwhite called and through the still air one heard the whir of prairie chickens starting up in a covey and flying away. A wagon rumbled. The waiting automobile emitted the rhythmic beat of the anxious motor. One of the men from that conveyance came forward, no longer wearing the disguise of a handkerchief. His hands were up. He wanted water for his wounded comrade.

"All right—sure!" Cinders agreed. "And how bad is it?"

As the man hurried away with a dripping stewpan Cinders and the cook splashed water in the faces of the others; and when presently Krieger began to breathe in fitful gasps the Chinaman announced: "Dissa bird begin to whistle!"

He had described very well the panting wheeze of the unconscious Miller; and meanwhile Krieger had gazed up in winking perplexity at the deep concern of the face above him.

"Who hit me?" he demanded, thrusting aside the wet handkerchief with which Cinders had been wiping his bruised face. A baneful gleam came into his blue eyes as he belligerently insisted: "I say, who hit me?"

"I did," Cinders replied. "Care for more?"

After another interval, while the dynamiter looked about in mingled perplexity and rage, the victor added: "You better get this right: it wasn't me—it was that husky stiff over there, who booted you in the side after you'd been put out. A brave guy, he is! About as brave as the kind that jabs an unarmed man with a pitchfork. A sweet-scented pair of geraniums—both of you! . . . No, I wouldn't get up yet if I was you. Feel too groggy yet a while. Shag don't feel very well either. Got so ashamed of himself a while back that he went and butted his head against that wagon wheel. I never did see a man so full of remorse. I say, Lim Fong, how's your sick baby? Has he clean come to? Or has he still got some of the breff pushed out of him? You may have to wait a while, Max, before you mix it with him. Seems to have stomach trouble. And his head has swelled on him. You will have to control your enthusiasm until he gets over feeling so indisposed."

Lumberingly Miller began to stir. By bracing himself on an elbow he half rose with groaning toilfulness; and having glowered at Krieger for a time he gruffly inquired: "What about it, Max? Did the kid put you to sleep?"

Krieger spat out a stream of saliva and hoarsely acknowledged: "He lit on me a little."

"Same here! Only it wasn't a little. He damned near ruined me."

Miller struggled laboriously to his feet, felt of his drenched head with both hands and lurched uneasily toward his fellow sufferer.

"Look here now, Max! I've had enough—plenty—if you have. Might as well quit and call it square, mightn't we?"

With staggering uncertainty Krieger brought himself to his feet and, standing face to face with Miller, he articulated dryly with a surly voice: "Wipe the slate—all right! Suits me!"

In linking hands with the enemy, grudgingly accepting these peace terms, Krieger averted his face; and taking himself off, reeling like a drunkard, he leaned sidewise with both palms pressing his bruised and aching side. He did not look back, either while going toward the automobile or yet while being helped into it.

As for Cinders and Lim Fong, they pocketed their pay with sufficient readiness, but seemed not much impressed that the ruffianly Shag Miller astonishingly expressed his homage to the one whom he had been used to cuffing and kicking about. The youth had actually been invited to stick on the job at increased wages.

"No," the cook's helper replied; "won't stay. Spoils my sweet disposition. Too much hell and repeat."

"Yeh," the Chinaman agreed, "too much lepeat!"

Promptly Fong had packed his vender supplies, the meager store of fruit and tobacco in which he had dealt more or less profitably with the threshing crew; and now he was helped by Cinders to lug away the heavy wicker basket. And together, with that burden carried in equal balance, the two passed out upon the dusty road.

Clear spaciousness engirdled them enormously to the thin faint line of the violet horizon, so that they were like insignificant specks here drowned in the yellow silence, lost amid the vast fields bright with morning, limitless and golden.

Cinders whistled blithely for a time as he went along, and suddenly he blurted out: "Lim Fong, dog-gone your pock-marked, butter-colored, Mongolian hide, I never thought I could like a Chink! Didn't know it was in me! I'll eat your shirt if I did!" Then he added with a sigh: "I'm hungry. When do we eat?"

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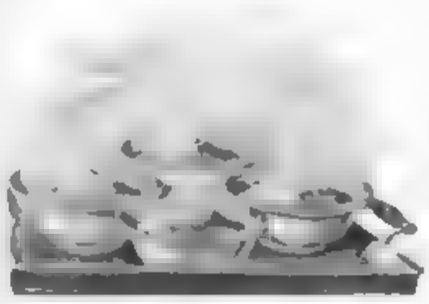

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A SHORT WAY WITH PROFITEERS

(Continued from Page 7)

to pay a higher price for those articles than would be the mean level between the competing forces of unregulated supply and normal demand. Every honest government has rightly considered it a part of its duty to protect, as far as possible, the consumer from the exactions of such predatory combinations. To-day all sorts of such combinations are undoubtedly in existence. Mineral oil and its derivatives, British coal, the British cotton-spinning products, shipping freights in various parts of the world, are all maintained at an abnormally high price as the result of a combination between producers or distributors or both in those industries.

But this is no new thing. It is not because all the world has to pay an economically excessive price for American-controlled oil products, for British-controlled coal, for British-controlled cotton goods, that all the world is now seething with grievance. All these combines existed in 1914 and before—and always they exacted the highest price the market would bear. The motorist certainly grumbled at the price of gasoline in 1914, and the housewife grumbled at the price of coal, but the masses were not permeated with that sense of hostility to those who had goods to sell which is characteristic of every country to-day.

Prior to the war, of course, the commodities which were distributed at an unjustifiable price were comparatively few; to-day the consumer, with a memory of the markets of 1914 in his mind, alleges that all present prices are unjustifiable. Certain industries profiteered in the past; to-day, therefore, all or nearly all industries are profiteering. The ordinary Londoner cannot understand why with a pound sterling to-day he can purchase only as much as nine shillings and fourpence would have bought in 1914; the frugal Parisian—there are other streets in Paris than the Rue de la Paix—resents paying four and five francs for what one franc would have purchased in the days when Alsace and Lorraine were still German; the Italian is first aghast, then furious, when perhaps seven lire are demanded of him where one would have sufficed in the days when the Tedeschi were still a menace; the American—well, the American knows how far a dollar goes.

Getting Back to First Causes

The memory of the civilized world goes back to the cheaply supplied dinners and clothes of 1914—but it does not go back far enough. We can understand the present—whatever the epoch—only by the past. The distant halcyon days of 1914 are not sufficiently distant. With that wider, collective memory of the race which we call history let us look for a parallel. Just as Stonewall Jackson indefatigably studied the campaigns of Napoleon, and Napoleon studied the campaigns of Turenne, Frederick the Great, Hannibal and Julius Cæsar, in the certainty that the study of the events of the past would train their minds to just decisions in the present, in the certainty that the ultimate forces which move masses of humanity are immutably the same, so let us, who have to take decisions in a world convulsed by passions and distracted by difficulties, ascertain whether the phenomena which confront us are unique in the world's history.

We, you and I, the plain man and woman, make the world what we will—our decisions are finally supreme. If we can find that our predecessors in the complicated dance of human society could readjust themselves to an apparent sudden madness of the band, could triumph with cool-headed patience over the first confusion of a change of rhythm—then we may reasonably hope that we too can readjust ourselves into that ordered though not immobile relationship to each other and our environment in which with some human dignity our civilization treads the measures set by the unseen dance master who knots world after world from nebula into sea and mountain and resolves them back into nebula again.

The history of the American people prior to the seventeenth century lies in England, and though maintaining that nothing less than universal history is the proper heritage of our modern internationalized communities, we—the English-speaking race, British and American alike—may look back with a special interest upon the vicissitudes of our English-speaking forbears.

Let us look back far upon the path by which we have come—back into the middle years of the fourteenth century.

Profiteers of Long Ago

Then, as now, contemporary civilization was reeling under a great disaster. Then, as now, the old proportions between money prices and commodities were suddenly and rudely upset. Just as now the vastly increased mortality of the normally productive population during the years 1914–18, the withdrawal on an immense scale of the working classes of the world from the usefully productive arts of peace into the wasteful occupations of war and preparations for war, have on the one hand diminished the amount of the world's store of commodities and on the other diminished the numbers of free workers in proportion to those required, with the result that both goods and labor have been able to ask more in exchange for themselves—so it was in the years immediately following 1350.

Then it was not war but plague that was the disturbing factor. The Black Death had ravaged England. In the great towns the living were not able to bury the dead. For years there is a gap in the manorial records—there were none left who could write down the decisions. The cattle strayed through the fields and the corn and there were none left who could drive them. When the pestilence ceased the population of England did not exceed two millions—and before it commenced that population certainly numbered not less than four millions.

The immediate results were, as to-day, a startling rise in the wages of labor and in the prices of commodities. All classes suffered undoubtedly, even the laboring man, who suddenly found his services bid for at money prices which must have astounded him and who, encouraged by those bids, demanded what were in those days unheard-of wages. But then only one class was articulate, the class of the lords of the soil, who alone had adequate political representation and an education, meager as it was, which was sufficient to state a case. They stated it. For the first time in English history the cry of profiteering rang through the land and stirred its communities to passion.

But the profiteers who excited the indignation of the fourteenth century were not so much the producers of commercial commodities—the lords of the manors lived in a simplicity which we should call barbaric; or the producers of the vastly more expensive corn—the lords of the manors benefited by the enhanced price of that product of their lands. The profiteers, then denounced with every epithet of opprobrium, were the free laborers—of whose services the lords of the manors had urgent need. The lords of the manors were, directly or indirectly, the only articulate class, and it is only their side of the story that has come down to us in any detail. It would fill a volume to recapitulate their bitter complaints, reiterated all over the country, of the rapacity of the workingman of their time.

But they did not confine themselves to vituperation. Possessing, alone, organized political power, they proceeded to deal faithfully with these profiteers. Their measures were summed up in the famous Statute of Laborers. That statute laid down that "every man or woman of whatsoever condition, free or bond, able in body, and within the age of threescore years . . . not having of his own whereof he may live . . . and not serving any other, shall be bound to serve the employer who shall require him to do so, and shall take only the wages which were accustomed to be taken in the neighborhood where he is bound to serve two years before the plague began."

The employers must have rubbed their hands when this act was placed upon the statute book. That was, evidently, the

(Continued on Page 153)

What Happened on the Night of May Thirteenth?

Did the Film Advance in Power Beyond the Stage?

Was the Eighth Art Born?

"ON that night the screen jumped five years," says **The Literary Digest,** and "With the showing of 'Broken Blossoms' a **new art indeed arrived, an art as important as music or poetry;** and David Wark Griffith immortalized himself," adds Charles Hanson Towne, editor of McClure's Magazine. "Broken Blossoms," according to Amy Leslie of the Chicago News, "is an **eloquent and decisive flight beyond the speaking stage.**"

"It is the most beautiful motion picture we have ever seen, or ever expect to see; and if we were a director, we should give up all idea of ever trying to be original and spend all our time trying to do something as nearly as possible like this wonderful, fragile thing. **Don't miss it, oh, please don't miss it!**" urges Harriet Underhill of the New York Tribune.

Percy Hammond, writing in the Chicago Tribune, notes that "**never in the annals of theatrical doxology** have such hosannas been raised," and Ashton Stevens of the Chicago Examiner refers to it "As quick as a nerve and as close as a sonnet, it may not be everybody's picture, but we should be sorry to be one for whom it is not."

"I am a seasoned theater goer, a man of the theater myself, grown ripe in the profession, and my eyes have witnessed the dramas of many countries; but **in many a year, I have not been so moved, so stirred as by this lyric masterpiece,**" declares Herman Devries in the Chicago Examiner. The New York Sun acknowledges it to be "the most artistic photoplay yet produced," and the New York Telegram goes further and says "**it is as if Dickens had spoken** by means of the camera. Moreover there is a glamour as if Pierre Loti or Victor Hugo had joined forces with Mr. Griffith. Is it any wonder it is the masterpiece of the films?"

"Such art, so real one can think only of the classics and of the **masterly paintings** remembered through the ages, so exquisite, so fragile, so beautifully and poetically fragrant is 'Broken Blossoms,'" is the tribute paid by Louella Parsons of the New York Telegraph.

New York Paid $2.50 to See It, Says Current Opinion

"Mr. Griffith has brought out another film to intrigue the public and amaze his rivals; and sophisticated New Yorkers are only too willing to pay $2.50 a seat and war tax for the privilege of judging it," according to Current Opinion. The best seats sold for $3.00. "It is a **motion picture that converts dramatic critics,** to whom the film is an anathema, into film fanatics," admits Charles Collins of the Chicago Post.

"It would be impossible for the greatest master of languages to picture the emotions as Mr. Griffith has perpetuated them. **He has far exceeded the power of the written word** in 'Broken Blossoms,'" writes Louis Gardy in the New York Call. "Mr. Griffith should think of a new name other than photoplay, for his productions are so different from other directors' that they require a separate classification," says the New York Herald.

The Creator is David Wark Griffith

"Mr. Griffith," states the Chicago News, "is the most **imaginative** and **sane American who ever revolutionized the theater** when it needed an emancipator." And Virginia Tracy, writing in the New York Tribune, adds "The maker of 'The Birth of a Nation,' 'Intolerance,' 'Hearts of the World,' and now 'Broken Blossoms'—**this man could make a world.**"

Virginia Dale of the Chicago Journal advances the opinion that "Griffith stands alone," and Mae Tinee, in the Chicago Tribune, says "Again he has shown them all how to do it." And "with a vision even bigger than his tools," thinks Herman Devries in the Chicago Examiner. "Yet here is an amazing thing for us to ponder—that Griffith is the only living American to conquer his art," states the Los Angeles Times, and referring to the art of motion picture productions, the New Republic says "Mr. Griffith is the great creator and inventor of its youth, and still remains the dominant leader."

What Griffith Has Achieved With His Players

"Lillian Gish arrived in 'Broken Blossoms' as **a great tragedienne,**" is the statement of Herman Devries, the well-known critic, writing in the Chicago Examiner. Percy Hammond of the Chicago Tribune was so impressed with her that he wrote "In case you have good taste in acting, you will enjoy her. **When upon the stage, was there ever a better picture of absolutely untheatrical terror,** which is a difficult emotion of the drama, than when Miss Gish hides in the closet?" "She ranks as one of the rare great screen actresses," thinks Louis Gardy of the New York Call, and the New York Times adds that "with a rôle so difficult as to be beyond the reach of almost any actress one can call to mind, it is well within her grasp."

The New York Sun notes that "as the mystic Chinese lover of gentle spirit, Richard Barthelmess played with a delicacy of feeling and sense of the Oriental character that distinguishes him." "He throws **a haunting spell of poetry over the whole play;** his long, deep eyes weep without tears as his poetry drips honey without words," is the tribute paid him by the Chicago News. "He conveys the part better than any other screen player one can call to mind," writes Thomas Oliphant of the New York Mail.

"No actor, not even Lynn Harding, could so impudently materialize the father as Donald Crisp," according to the Chicago News. "And he does notable work," adds the New York American.

D. W. Griffith, Originator and Leader

Since the days when Mr. Griffith originated the technique that marked the first advance in the higher development of motion pictures, his creations have been and are the best. His vision foresaw the screen as it is today, and his efforts have been largely responsible for changing what was a novelty in the early days, into a great art.

The supremacy of Griffith films is expressed in the fact that they are the only films shown around the world as special productions. In emphasizing this, the Washington Herald states, **"Again and again Mr. Griffith has proved he is the only producer who can make $2.00 pictures for the large theatres and KEEP THEM THERE."** During the past six years, he has made "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World," "Broken Blossoms," and five of a short-story series.

All Griffith Films are signed with the trademark "D. G." and the name "Griffith," and **none are genuine without them.**

Whatever your personal opinion may be, to be abreast of the times you must see "the eighth art," of which "Broken Blossoms" is the only expression.

"Broken Blossoms" will be distributed by the United Artists' Corporation and may be seen in many of the largest motion picture theaters during the week of October 20th.

To the left—an ordinary window shade of coarse muslin cloth coated with chalk and clay to give it weight and smoothness. The brittle filling cracks and falls out and pinholes appear—the shade wrinkles and sags

To the right a Brenlin window shade of heavy, tightly woven cloth. No chalk or clay is needed to give it weight and smoothness. That is why Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It wears and wears

"Filling" made this shade crack and sag

This is a Brenlin—it has no "filling"

That is why a Brenlin window shade will outwear two or three of the ordinary kind

What is "filling"—and why does it make your window shades so unsightly with cracks and pinholes, so baggy and wrinkled?

Filling is a hard, brittle substance—usually chalk or clay—that is coated onto the ordinary window shade cloth to give it body, weight and smoothness.

What happens to the shade when it is put to the strains and jerks of everyday usage—when the wind sucks and snaps it—is not hard to imagine.

The brittle chalk and clay loosens and falls out—cracks and pinholes appear—the shade wrinkles and sags.

Now read how Brenlin is made!

An entirely different kind of cloth is used for Brenlin—a fine, heavy, tightly-woven material, perfectly made.

No chalk, no clay, no filling of any kind is needed to give this cloth weight and smoothness. Instead of being brittle like the ordinary shade, it is soft and supple—and yet it always hangs straight and smooth.

Strains and jerks that quickly mar the ordinary shade do not affect Brenlin.

That is why Brenlin hangs smooth and flawless long after cracks and pinholes would have ruined the ordinary filled material—that is why it is the cheapest window shade you can buy.

"Brenlin window shades," writes Mrs. W. N. Wise, Penn Yan, N. Y., "are the most wonderful things I ever saw in that line. About ten years ago I bought a large number of you and they are still perfectly good."

See Brenlin at your dealer's

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town—see the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this long-wearing material. He can also show you Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

Make sure you are getting genuine Brenlin—try the famous Brenlin test in the store. Look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy and when your shades are hung. If you do not know where to find Brenlin, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

For windows of little importance Camargo or Empire shades will give you the best value obtainable in shades made the ordinary way.

Free book on how to shade your windows beautifully

Send for this attractive book today. It tells how you can make your windows and your whole home more beautiful. It suggests delightful ways to use the many charming Brenlin colors. With it we will send you actual samples of Brenlin window shade material in several different colors.

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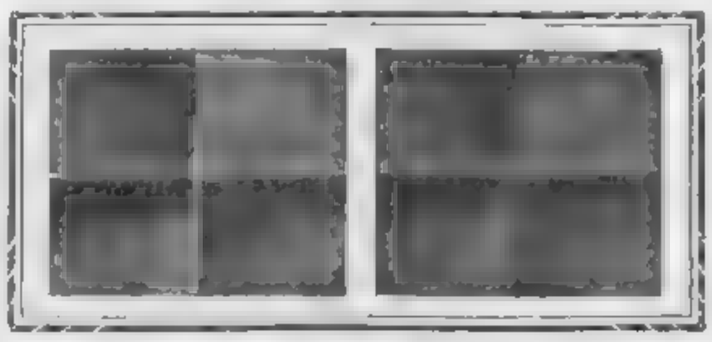
Colorado Museum of Natural History, City Park, Denver, Colo. Shaded with Brenlin by The Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver, Colo.



Make two tight folds in a piece of ordinary window shade material. Hold it to the light. See the cracks and countless pinholes

Fold Brenlin, the long-wearing window shade material. It remains unbroken, no cracks, no pinholes

Brenlin

the long-wearing window shade material

(Continued from Page 150)

way to deal with unconscionable profiteers—listen to no arguments, but just fix the price and maintain it for the good—as those legislators undoubtedly thought—of the community at large.

Unfortunately it did not work. The instant result of such arbitrary interference with the law of supply and demand was, as a skeptical philosopher of those days—had he existed—might have anticipated, an upheaval. Fierce revolts all over the country plunged it into anarchy. For years the struggle went on. The politically dominant class were goaded into ever sterner measures of repression, in which those of their own class proved to have paid exorbitant wages were included.

The agricultural population was thrust back into villenage.

Still it would not work. Then the new generation of landowners, now growing up, turned to other measures. Instead of combating a state of things they were powerless to alter, instead of trying to push back the hands of the clock and place the world where it was before the disastrous event which had upset its economics, they began to readjust themselves to these new conditions. Possessing vast areas of land which, for lack of labor, they could not themselves cultivate, they began to let out this land on short leases, themselves supplying the capital to their erstwhile laborers. The statutes for the enforcement of wages which could not have provided the working population with sufficient bread to sustain life became a dead letter. The result was the upgrowth of that class of yeoman farmers which for centuries was described as the backbone of England. And, adds the historian, "A hundred years after the Black Death the wages of an English laborer could purchase twice the amount of the necessaries of life which could have been obtained for the wages paid under Edward the Third."

So ended the first attempt on a great scale to deal by the legislative action for which our communities are now clamoring with what was then a bitter grievance of profiteering.

Elizabeth's Industrial Woes

It was, of course, by no means the only attempt either before or after the Black Death. The governments of the Middle Ages, state and municipal, shared with the governments of those more enlightened centuries from the revival of learning to the beginning of the age of steam an implicit faith in the possibility of legislative regulation of prices which persisted stubbornly despite the automatic and perennial demonstration of its futility. During the whole of the five centuries, from the fourteenth to the nineteenth, prices rose rapidly by leap after leap—and with every jump, of course, came the bitter cry of those whose incomes did not rise in proportion. The reason was, chiefly, the progressive increase in the amount of token wealth as the precious metals flowed ever more quickly into the European market.

The next most oppressively swift rise in prices, as far as the British race is concerned, occurred in the first half of the sixteenth century. Just as now one great factor in the world rise of prices is the multiplication of currency by all or nearly all the belligerent governments at a rate proportionately far greater than any increase in the production of the useful articles which normally balance the currency, so from 1500 to 1550 the disturbing factor was the enormous increase in the amount of gold and silver which the opening of Spanish South American mines made available as money, accentuated by a deliberate governmental debasement of the currency which has a family resemblance to the large war issues of unsecured paper money which have inflated the deposit accounts of the bankers of our modern world.

The effect, then as now, was a sudden increase in the price of commodities. Wheat, then as now, was the index price of all other articles—if it costs the bootmaker more to live he must charge more for his shoes—and the price of a quarter of wheat jumped from four shillings three farthings—a fraction under a dollar—in 1495 to seven shillings eight pence—or nearly two dollars—in 1533. In the same period the weekly wage of the artisan increased only from three shillings to three shillings sixpence—a rise out of all proportion too small. *Hinc multæ lachrymæ*, and much gnashing of teeth. The entire economic situation was for more than half a century one of chaos.

It was stabilized during the reign of Queen Elizabeth by a gradual increase in the volume of commodities which came to market under her régime of commercial expansion.

Wages have always a tendency to lag behind a sudden jump in the price of corn, and they have an equal tendency slowly but surely to overtake it. High money prices in the long run have a double effect: They filter down into the pockets of the workers who produce, and so increase their wages; and by offering a high apparent premium they stimulate production to a point where supply overtakes demand and so produces a partial fall in the money value of commodities to a point below the proportionate increase in wages which they have brought about. It is of course extremely inconvenient for the individual of fixed income living in the period before complete readjustment—but the life of the race callously ignores in its progress the suffering of the individual left behind.

Mere Laws Grow No Wheat

All sorts of legislative expedients to arrest the march of prices were tried in the centuries that followed. Then, as now, the rapacity of individual speculators was blamed. Law after law was aimed against forestallers—merchants who bought, say, six months ahead—and regraters—what we should now describe as jobbers, men who bought and sold in the same market on the same day. Then, as now, there was a great outcry against the middleman, and successive governments did their best to meet the clamorously expressed wishes of their subjects and eliminate him. But in vain. These legislative efforts automatically—as the modern student of political economy well knows—defeated their own object. Their failure was confessed in the preamble of the Statute of 1772, repealing certain restrictions and penalties, which begins: "Whereas, it has been found by experience that the restraints laid by several statutes upon the dealing in corn, meal, flour, cattle, and other sundry sort of victuals, by preventing a free trade in the said commodities, have a tendency to discourage the growth, and enhance the price of the same," and so on. Nevertheless, in 1800, the price of corn having again risen, there was again a popular clamor for legal action against profiteers, and various merchants were indicted for buying and selling on the same day.

But the great economic experiment of that age was the maximum of the French Revolution. Great as the national distress had been in 1789, it was infinitely worse four years later. The same causes which have been at work during these past four years produced the same effects then. The decline in agriculture consequent upon the withdrawal of a large proportion of laborers for war, both foreign and domestic, the enforced suspension of overseas trade, and above all the flooding of the currency with issue after issue of assignats, had produced a rise in prices that threatened by its concomitant discontent the existence of the revolutionary government. The whole of France was firmly convinced that this rise was due to the crafty machinations of unpatriotic speculators, and they could not execrate them sufficiently. In the roar of the turbulent mobs which surged round the doors of the convention the cry of "*A mort les accapareurs!*" was at least as insistent as "*A bas les aristos!*" The government, like all governments, did not argue the point, but did its best to act in the sense demanded of it by its citizens.

In September, 1792, the Girondists had already arranged a bread subsidy for Paris. The price was to be kept at three sous a pound. During the next eight months that subsidy cost the Commune of Paris approximately $2400 a day—equal at present values to something like $10,000—and yet the comparatively small Paris of that day was starving. But, undeterred, the Jacobins in May, 1793, applied a maximum price of corn to the whole of France, with a tariff which varied according to the conditions of each department. In June they established a committee to enforce cheapness of provisions—a measure significant of the immediate results of their establishment of the maximum, for that committee emphasized its desires by a liberal use of the guillotine. The nominal maximum price of corn was reduced by successive stages—with the result that

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may be the root of all evil, but money is a pretty handy thing to have these days when shoes cost $12 a pair, eggs 80c a dozen, men's suits $75, women's wraps $100 and—and—

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though a certain amount was sold surreptitiously at a price proportionate to the risk no corn came to market except under the quasi-military compulsion of national guards. As in Russia to-day the farmers began to arm themselves, the villagers to combine for physical resistance to the revolutionary emissaries who came to take their grain.

Automatic Readjustments

On July 28, 1794, the Terror fell with the head of Robespierre, and instantly a reaction set in which lasted throughout the following winter. Every Terrorist measure was now attacked with the hatred produced by their effects.

"The maximum in particular," says the historian, "often evaded even in the height of the Terror, now became more oppressive than ever. In spite of an excellent harvest prices rose to famine height, and the dearness of fuel in a winter remarkable for low temperatures brought misery little short of that caused by scarcity of provisions. Throughout the bitter winter nights great queues of shivering citizens huddled in front of the bakers', grocers' and butchers' shops and the barges where fuel was sold, in the hope of securing in the morning a miserable pittance of bad bread, a scrap of meat or a log of wood. . . . The vast body of public opinion, as revealed to us by the reports of the secret police, cried out for the complete repeal of the maximum."

It was repealed, and though its abolition did not produce that immediate plenty which the exasperated populace expected, yet its disappearance made improvement possible. The farmer was no longer afraid to sow and reap, the merchant no longer afraid to buy and distribute. Despite the long years of warfare under Napoleon, the emperor's wise management of his finances—his abstention as far as possible from debt, and his successful efforts to keep the currency on a sound basis—produced a condition of economic comfort throughout France which was heaven after the false millennium of the maximum.

We have glanced back upon sundry salient instances of the past, cognate to our present troubles. They might be multiplied almost indefinitely. We have seen that there is an automatic tendency inherent in the economic scheme of things for a violent disturbance of the purchasing power of the community to right itself. High prices pull wages up after them, and eventually for a period wages overtake prices—and then the operation starts over again. Ever prices rise as measured in money. There was a time when a sheep cost threepence in England; it was the threepences that were scarce. But on balance, comparing the average of any one epoch with another, it will be found that the proportion of the luxuries which the mass of the citizens can buy after supplying their necessities is constantly rising also. This is as it should be, for, broadly speaking, it is the enjoyment of luxuries which differentiates the civilized man from the savage.

We need not, therefore, despair of a reasonably quick solution to the distresses that are racking our civilized world of to-day. Automatically they will right themselves. Wages will rest upon a permanently higher basis, and prices will be steadied. But this is not to say that the process should not be controlled. A government should govern, and if it detects any combination among a section of its citizens to plunder society at large, whether at the muzzle of a revolver or by artificially creating a scarcity in the article they propose to sell, that combination should be suppressed. But it should equally abstain from inflaming public passions by dealing with such combinations in such a manner as to suggest that the existence of a widespread conspiracy to plunder the community is a matter of common notoriety. Mob passion is more easily roused than allayed—and it is, always and everywhere, blindly destructive.

Such a radical disturbance of the relations between currency of prewar denominations and the selling price of commodities offers, of course, much facility to those who control stocks to make an exaggerated profit. Within limits this is permissible. To buy with the object of selling at an enhanced price is the basis of commerce—and our highly complicated societies exist by virtue of the commercial system of to-day. A better system is, no doubt, theoretically conceivable—but our societies will perish of starvation in the process of arbitrarily establishing one that does not rest upon the basis of wages, rent and commercial profits. Individuals here and there no doubt take advantage of the rapidly rising markets to acquire wealth more quickly than would normally be the case—and other individuals withhold stocks with the deliberate intent of assisting prices to mount. When they do this, when it is evident that they are using a kind of *force majeure* to compel the community to pay a higher price than would be warranted by a free market, then it is time for the state to step in and using its still greater *force majeure* to compel them to cease their operations—and to punish them as a deterrent.

When Paper Is Good

But it cannot be too strongly emphasized that it is not the action of such brigands of trade which has brought about the general and world-wide rise in prices. They are merely profiting by a situation that would exist without them. That is a point of exaction at which no monopoly can maintain itself; the high prices it has fixed bring new rivals into the field who undersell it. It is not possible for any combination or combinations of traders to affect the prices of all commodities in every part of the world.

The rise in prices is the automatic and inevitable result of the war. It is the result of the destruction of stocks and of the means of production in vast areas of what used to be busy Europe; it is the result of the check on production caused by the withdrawal of millions from useful occupations; it is the result of the flooding of the world's currency by the belligerent governments with money tokens that have no relation to the stocks of commodities for which they are supposed to be exchanged.

Prior to the war London was the world's market for gold—and to bring a golden pound sterling to that market cost, in the value of the loaves of bread consumed by those who extracted the ore, refined it, transported it, provided the machinery and put it on the market, and by those who supplied the clothing and other necessaries of the gold producers, very nearly one pound sterling. The piece of cotton goods on the market which was valued at a pound sterling cost, also, from first to last, very nearly one pound to get it there, in the same way. The piece of cotton goods is a symbol for any other commodity. It costs to print a currency note of one pound sterling but a minute fraction of one pound sterling's worth of bread consumed, directly or indirectly, by the paper makers and the printers.

All is well—paper money is very convenient—so long as there is an adequately proportioned amount of gold or any other genuinely costly and readily exchanged commodity brought to the market and held as a backing for those notes. So long as the piece of paper is merely a symbol for the real thing, there and forthcoming whenever required, its value is maintained. The moment there are two notes of a dollar each in the market against the commodity which costs practically a dollar to get there, the value of those notes falls by one-half. As the price is still measured in terms of the currency the price is automatically called two dollars.

The Remedy

That is the process with more or less of severity, accordingly as the currency has been more or less inflated, which has happened all over the world.

There is only one remedy—increased production. With one dollar in the market—and two commodities there, each of which was valued at a dollar—the price of those commodities falls to half a dollar. There is only one dollar to go round, and the merchant is ultimately forced to sell. He does not want to keep his goods as souvenirs. He must realize them at some price or other—even at a loss, for he has financial commitments which he can meet only by realizing his article into money. This process, of course—the swing back of the pendulum—may become as disastrous as its opposite, but that disaster is still remote.

The remedy, then, is increased production all over the world, coupled with abstention from a further inflation of the world's currency. The amount of commodities must overtake the amount of currency.

As a temporary measure state control of certain prices is salutary or even necessary, so long as those prices are fixed in concert not only with the consumer but with the producer and distributor of the articles affected. It was upon that basis of consulting all concerned that the belligerent governments fixed controlled prices during the war. But it must be remembered that it is precisely those deliberately agreed-upon prices which are now the object of attack. The world is craving for a return to 1914 prices with 1919 incomes retained. Admitted that many 1919 incomes are insufficient to meet 1919 prices—the average is sufficient or the prices would not be what they are; someone must purchase—those incomes can only be increased, not by the magic pen of a clever bill drafter but by increased production by all classes.

The person who does a full day's work must, of course, be paid a wage sufficient to maintain himself and a potential family. On all grounds he is economically inefficient if he is not paid that wage. But any arbitrary interference with trade in reaponse to an ill-informed clamor, by rendering trade difficult or impossible, will automatically defeat the restoration of that normal proportion between commodities and currency which is the urgent need of the world to-day.

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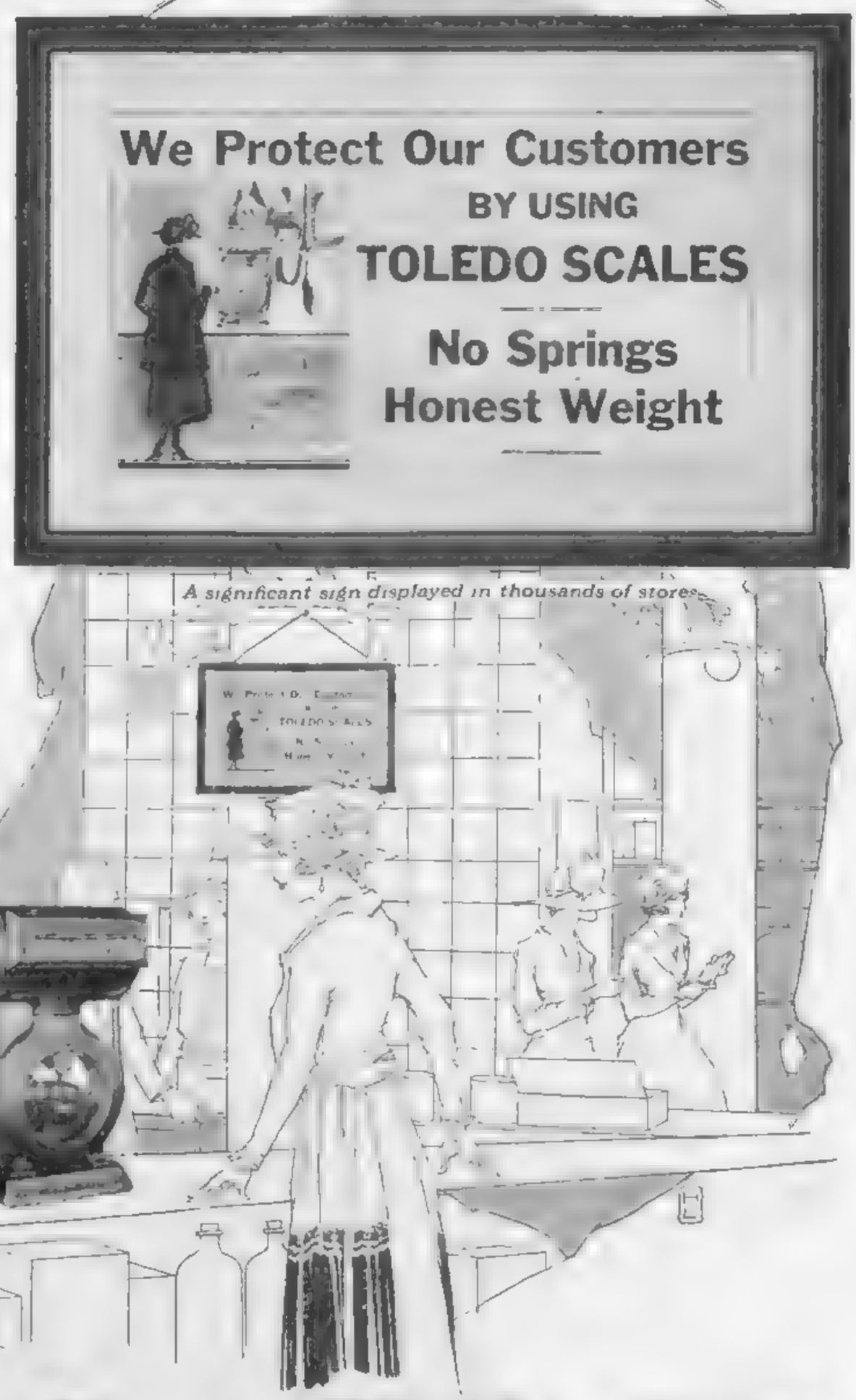

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SCALES

NO SPRINGS HONEST WEIGHT

BLACK SHEEP

(Continued from Page 38)

Outwardly there was just that one fierce quarrel and then they went on as before, speaking pleasantly to one another, resuming the superficial habits of amicable relations. But underneath the wounds stung and there was the deep sense of alienation. They were not good friends any more.

Six months passed and Louise accepted a proposal of marriage from Lowell Winthrop—deliberately, with open eyes. With Lowell Winthrop there could be no question about a reserved seat in the front row; it was his by prescriptive right. He was honorable, capable, personally agreeable. She said she was fond of Lowell. And after all, she did very much want the front row. She said her affairs were fully settled. Naturally, her father and mother were much gratified. As to her father, she silently took her little coals-of-fire vengeance by accepting eligible Lowell Winthrop. But still, in spite of the surface actions, the alienation persisted. In a way he had taken a whip to her. It seemed she could never make her heart forget that.

So her affairs were fully settled—except for a perverse imp deep down in her mind or heart. Her way through life was irrevocably marked out. If there was another path that she had once inclined to, it was now forever closed. But there was poor old Ned moiling away in that little bank—dropped out of his clubs, out of everything, grieving for his father. She couldn't help thinking of him. Good, foolish old Ned!

So one Saturday she had called him up and taken him to lunch with her. This Saturday was the fourth time that had happened—and she could find no satisfaction in her engagement to Lowell Winthrop.

Driving northward this Saturday and only mechanically aware of the road, she saw herself in a situation as absurd, intolerable and disgraceful as ever fell to the lot of a respectable young woman—and all absolutely of her own making. She had deliberately engaged herself to an honorable man whom she meant to marry and she was carrying on what might with no great uncharitableness be called a reckless flirtation with another man whom she did not mean to marry and who—she rather thought—was or had been more or less in love with her. That was hardly decent to Lowell; it was not decent to Ned; there was no dignity or decency about it. But it was all her own handiwork. One of the furnishings of that small, luxurious electric consisted of a little mirror. Her blank eyes chanced to catch the reflection of part of her face in it—half of a finely modeled chin, curved red lips, a bit of straight nose, one full deep-blue eye with a dark arched eyebrow, a forehead and a wave of abundant hair under the brim of a smart hat. Most observers would have admired it; but she viewed it without favor and addressed it aloud: "You great big fool!"

But calling herself names did not ease the burning of her heart or the bitter commotion in her brain.

Nearing the house, she turned off the road and drove on aimlessly, wishing to be alone. So it was five o'clock when she got home and she meant to go upstairs at once. But, as it happened, when she entered the house her mother was just going from the hall into the living room and turned to look.

Her mother was still a handsome woman, though time had considerably amplified her graceful figure and a critical observer might detect a good many white threads in her yellow hair. She was always as immaculately groomed as a prize horse on parade and she gave one the same pleasant impression of a speckless, glossy, beautifully kept being in perfect condition. For many years now—easily since grammar-school days at least—Louise had been under no illusions about the range and strength of her mother's intellect; but she knew another strength in her which lay in her gracious tact and her sweet, warm affections. Only the merest brute could ever on any account have quarreled with her mother—and the brute would have had to do all the quarreling. Louise knew that her mother had given her able father a happiness that he might have missed with many a woman whose brains more nearly matched his.

When Mrs. Dinsmore looked round at her tall, darker daughter a certain fact was gently implicit in the look. This fact was that when an unmarried daughter left the house at half past twelve without an engagement that her mother knew of and returned at five an explanation might properly be given. Louise knew that if she chose to ignore that, her mother would say nothing. But she didn't choose to ignore it; her aimless rebellion and her perverse imp wouldn't let her. So, drawing off her gloves, she remarked coolly:

"I've been having Ned Proctor to lunch with me."

Her mother looked pained and murmured simply, "I'm sorry."

Louise knew it was mean and cowardly—this hitting her mother behind her father's back. All the same she flung out hotly, "I think it's rotten—the way we've all turned our backs on them!"

"I should say we were just where we were before, but they have moved," her mother suggested—beating over the old ground. "You know how your father feels." But they had been over all that before. She spoke more gravely, even with some reproach. "Do you think it's quite fair to Lowell—or to yourself, Lou? I don't know Ned Proctor very well; but if he is worth going to lunch with do you think it's quite fair to him?"

"Oh, I suppose not," said Louise desperately and helplessly, and went stormily upstairs. "I'm wrong with everybody," she thought—with her mother in mind, too—as she walked down the upper hall.

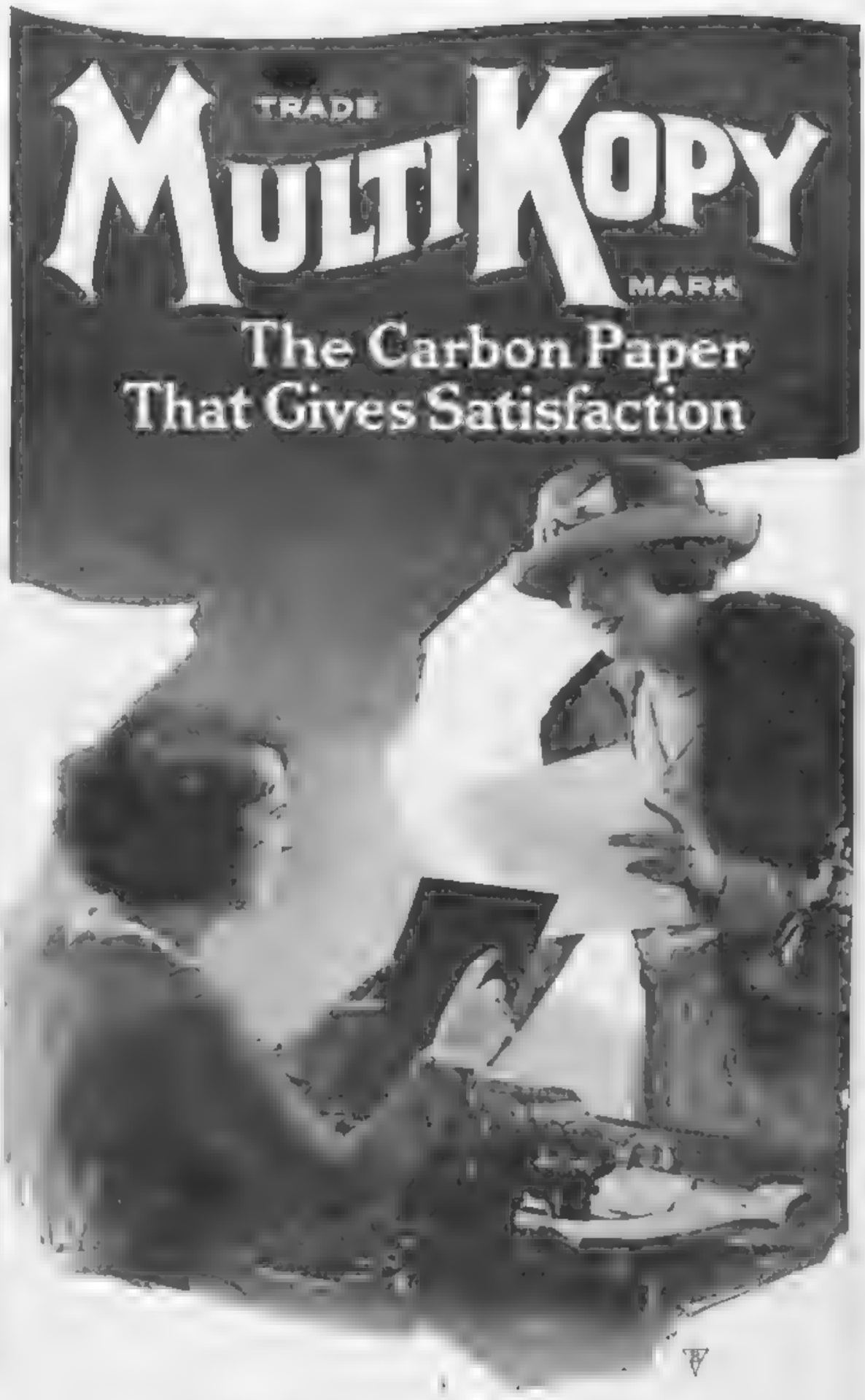
At twenty minutes past seven she came downstairs dressed for dinner, which was to be at half past; merely a family dinner and yet not merely, for Lowell Winthrop was there, having walked down from the Winthrop place a half mile up the road. That was why she had neither come down very much before dinnertime nor waited until the exact time. Ten minutes before the hour was what she had compromised on. Of course he sat beside her at table.

He was then thirty-three—nine years her senior. Fortune had absolved him from the necessity of earning a way through the world, but those who knew spoke of his legal attainments with respect. In the big law office of Melford, Farson & Winthrop few worked more regularly or to better purpose. He was a man to whom men of affairs looked for leadership—conservative to a notable degree, yet capable. In his own right he had fairly won recognition and position among men of affairs, when he could just as well have ridden through on the front seat with his legs crossed if he had chosen.

He was nearly six feet tall, ruddy with health, carrying considerably more flesh than his athletic director of ten years ago would have approved, yet in excellent condition. His short and sandy hair was neatly parted and his close-cropped mustache showed his full red lips. He spoke with sure-footed, compact deliberation and with a pronunciation very reminiscent of Oxford, where, in fact, he had spent two years. Sitting beside him Louise felt again that he was front row for life, agreeably incarnated in a well-kept, well-clothed body and with the best of manners. In whatever he did there was somehow the calm assumption that front row belonged to him by right.

His taste was exceedingly fastidious. It had kept him a bachelor up to now in spite of many opportunities to change that state. Coolly smiling and looking over at the young woman beside him, he was content. She shone like a jewel and he felt he had been right in waiting until she came along. A man in his position ought to marry; but he had been in no hurry to give up his comfortable bachelorhood. And as his cool, honorably calculating eye surveyed the company he was satisfied. It was an eligible family. True, there was one defect which had caused him some little deliberation. It sat across the table from him between Mrs. Dinsmore, Senior, and the master of the house. The only name he knew for it was Cousin Elliot.

Five minutes before dinnertime Cousin Elliot had come downstairs in the wordless satisfaction of an infant with a new toy over his smart dinner coat, figured silk vest and expanse of snowy shirt bosom. His fat, pink head was uncovered. Not for anything would he have worn a skullcap with evening dress, for his afflicted mind somehow retained those points as it retained the points in a game of cards. His deportment was as gravely correct as that of the butler himself and he made several observations on the weather and the forwardness of the foliage that any sane vacuous person might



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5A MOTOR ROBES

have made. Having made his few observations, he lapsed into silence, his mind occupied with his deportment like that of a new ambassador at his first court function. At table he sat beside Mrs. Dinsmore, Senior, and only those who were in the secret would have known that he petitioned for a second portion of the meat course and the dessert, which the old lady denied.

Lowell Winthrop had sat at table with Cousin Elliot before. Nevertheless, he watched furtively and with a sort of nervousness to see whether the afflicted relative would spill any food or drink on his snowy beard or his snowier shirt front or the tablecloth; and he was very grateful that Cousin Elliot didn't, for if Cousin Elliot had, Lowell Winthrop would have winced.

Certainly Cousin Elliot was a defect—something that subtly grated on Lowell Winthrop's nerves, as a smear on the wall paper would have done. Yet the best of families might be afflicted with a feeble-minded relative. He wasn't clear as to the nature of the injury which had reduced Cousin Elliot to this state. It had been merely hinted at to him and he approved the good taste which left it at a mere hint. He approved also their honorable candor in not trying to conceal the defect from him—as, for example, in their having Cousin Elliot down to dinner to-night just as they did when they dined alone. Having taken him into the family, they simply put the skeleton where he could see it for himself. His nice sense of what was fitting in such circumstances approved that. And after all, Cousin Elliot belonged to the passing generation.

Another member of the family was absent to-night—Louise's brother, then abroad on a wedding tour. But Lowell had no reservations about him. Nobody had. Good old Alf bore his father's name, but his mother's disposition and character.

Mrs. Dinsmore, Senior, mother of the master of the house, was very acceptable also—as a member of the passing generation. She looked even older than her years—so frail and white that she seemed hardly a ponderable embodiment of the spirit which gazed out of her clear eyes. She walked with some difficulty and with the help of an ebony stick. It seemed amazing that that feeble body had withstood seventy-four years of living; yet there was vitality and will in the spirit that looked out of her eyes. Her scanty hair was perfectly white and the thin face beneath it contrasted with it in color only as ivory contrasts with marble. She spoke with intelligence, using words like an educated person of taste, though her voice was cracked.

And there was Dinsmore, his thick and slightly wavy hair—now streaked with gray—lifting off his forehead with that sort of couchant air; composed as usual in a way that suggested conscious restraint, but with humor peeping out. His speech, like his motions, was quick and precisely to the point, as though mind and body were made of keen, easily acting springs, full of compact energy.

Before the dinner was over, Tillson, the butler, stooped beside his master's chair and murmured. At once Dinsmore asked to be excused, rose and left the room briskly.

While this cozy family dinner was proceeding, Jenny Dupee had slipped warily downstairs to the lower hall. A parlor lay at the right. Jenny opened the door and found the room dark, as she had expected. Closing the door behind her, she aped across the dark room, listened an instant at another door, then opened it, found the electric switch on the wall and turned on the lights. That room was the library. Bookcases lined the walls with some busts and pictures above them. A long, handsome table stood in the middle of the floor on a costly rug. There were some big easy chairs upholstered in russet leather and over in the corner a large lounge, also upholstered in leather and covered with a spread of curiously woven bright-hued cloth. Jenny was perfectly familiar with the room and gave only a swift glance about it, then ran over to the couch where she crouched, and lifting the fringe of the cover, looked underneath.

That morning Martha Woods had telephoned to her and that afternoon she had gone over to the suburban village street and met Martha Woods at the appointed place. Martha Woods had told her that a man was going to make a brief call on Mr. Dinsmore at half past eight in the evening. Mr. Dinsmore would receive him in the library. If Jenny could manage to see and hear what took place between them she would receive two thousand dollars at the end of the enterprise instead of the one thousand theretofore mentioned. Martha Woods had said that the end of the enterprise was near at hand and the call would be brief—only five minutes or so. In the nature of things a thousand dollars for five minutes wouldn't often come Jenny's way.

The undertaking presented no great difficulties. At half past eight the family would still be at the dinner table; the servants would be at dinner or otherwise engaged. Five minutes was not long. So Jenny had turned it over in her mind, trembling, her nervous eyes shining with hope and fear. And she was now to take the plunge. Satisfied by a look that there was nobody else under the couch, Jenny sped back and turned off the lights; then found her way to the couch in the dark, lay down on the floor and rolled under—her thin breast laboring for breath, and clenching her hands to still the shivering of her body.

Briskly leaving the dinner table after Tillson murmured to him, Dinsmore followed the butler to the library. When Tillson turned on the lights Dinsmore gave a mechanical glance about and nodded to the servant, who withdrew. Then Jenny, breathlessly peering through the fringe of the couch cover, saw Mr. Dinsmore walk up to the big polished table in the center of the room and stand coolly beside it.

A moment later the butler opened the other door in the end of the room and admitted an old negro who carried his hat politely in one hand and in the other a small brown bag that had seen much wear.

"Good evening, William," said Dinsmore good-naturedly.

"Good evening, sir," the negro replied, smiling and so disclosing a few discolored teeth.

Even as he spoke, Dinsmore was opening a drawer in the big table. Jenny saw that he took from it a bundle of bank notes. The negro opened his bag and put it on a corner of the table. Dinsmore dropped the bank notes into it and snapped it shut.

"How is Collingwood these days?" Dinsmore asked pleasantly enough as he put the money in the bag.

"Same as usual, sir," the negro replied, smiling. He gave a guttural chuckle and added, "Able to attend to business every evening over at that Christopher Columbus Social Club, I reckon."

Dinsmore smiled and the negro, hat in hand, went to the door. Jenny saw as he opened it that Tillson was waiting for him on the other side and at once took him in tow. The door was left open and after waiting only a moment—plucking once at his beard—Dinsmore left the room.

When he returned briskly to the dinner table his mother had ceased eating and he saw that her frail figure was trembling slightly. He smiled at her with warm reassuring affection; took her fleshless hand under the table and pressed it, still smiling reassurance.

That detail of course Jenny missed. All the rest she reported in the usual manner to Martha Woods, Room 641, Rosser Building, Adams Street, Chicago.

v

THERE were obvious faults in Jenny Dupee's report. She described Mr. Dinsmore's caller as an old "collared" man, spelled eight without an "h," said she was "laying" under the couch. But it was written with exemplary care for every detail—on her mistress' fine note paper.

To McMurtry and Purcell, as they eagerly bent over the thin pearl-gray sheets in the lawyer's office, the virtues of the report—in that matter of putting down all the details—infinitely outweighed its defects.

"That woman's a corker!" said the lawyer in hearty encomium.

With a kind of subdued zest, like that of a well-trained dog on a warm trail, he rubbed his overdeveloped chin, twinkling. "You see," he said with glee, "it tallies exactly!" Then he asked a sharp question: "You're sure there was nothing in the bag when he went to the house?"

"Absolutely," said Purcell. "I went with him right up to the entrance to Dinsmore's grounds. I know the bag was empty when he went in and when he came out there was six hundred dollars in it. The time too tallies exactly with what she says." He nodded toward the pearl-gray sheets.

McMurtry rubbed his chin and let a hot little note of triumph out of him—not explosively, but in a kind of thrust like a knife blow.

"It's a cinch! It's a cinch, old man! I said from the first that if Dinsmore was paying this man blackmail the man's story was true. And Dinsmore is paying him blackmail."

He was hot and avid about it, the smell of fat prey in his nostrils—yet all subdued, tightly in hand.

The gaunt, colorless managing editor, with too-big hands and feet, smelled the prey also, yet was disturbed, and swallowed.

"She says they seemed friendly," he observed suspiciously.

"It's got to be an old story with them by this time," McMurtry replied.

Still Purcell's uneasiness nagged him.

"If Dinsmore murdered this other man—John Colby—and if the coon is afraid of him as he says—seems sort of odd that he'd be going up there alone every month," he suggested half apologetically.

"Why, as to that murdering business, I don't pay any attention to it," McMurtry explained patiently. "Probably the man died suddenly of peritonitis or something else and Pomeroy just imagined Dinsmore poisoned him. I wouldn't be surprised if the man died by inches of tuberculosis or Bright's disease. A fellow like Pomeroy, you know, is pretty sure to lie at some point or other—just for dramatic effect, or to save his own face, or for no particular reason at all. I've had plenty of experience with them as witnesses and so on. They're pretty apt to embroider more or less as they go along.

"As to that murdering, I don't pay any attention to it. It's got nothing in particular to do with our case anyhow. Dinsmore is paying the man money. It's a hundred to one the money is blackmail and if it's blackmail it's a hundred to one the story is true. We know the thing did happen out there in Nebraska just as Pomeroy said."

He opened a drawer in his desk, took out a sheet of yellow telegraph paper and contemplated it with affection, much as a collector of prints or books gloats over a rare find. It was dated at Billingtown, Nebraska, and read:

"Crops out here look fine. Never better.
"P. J. TELLER."

It was, of course, from Morden—the first report the lawyer had received from him. They had agreed that if the detective's inquiries on the spot substantiated the negro's account of the robbery and murder in every respect he should wire that crops were fine. He had added, "Never better," which showed how well pleased he was.

There was another wire, four days later which ran: "Don't believe I'll buy here now. Want to look further."

It meant that Morden judged it best not to approach Peter Sykes at that time, or until he had looked up Doctor Dill.

"That was a point that stuck in my mind," Purcell observed apologetically, shaving his lips with bent forefinger. "Of course if the coon thought Dinsmore was likely to kill him it seemed odd he'd be going up there. But, as you say, Colby may have died of peritonitis."

The managing editor, in fact, was both fascinated and frightened by the enterprise in which he found himself engaged. McMurtry had brushed aside one fear, but another bobbed helplessly into its place.

"Seems odd," said Purcell between apprehension and shame of it, "that Dinsmore would be having the coon come up there to his house instead of having him come to the office or just mailing him a check."

"He wouldn't be mailing him any check," the lawyer replied decisively—and out of considerable personal experience with such affairs. "Nine times out of ten blackmail is paid in cash. Neither side wants a record of it and a check leaves a record. Dinsmore wouldn't want this old coon cashing his check somewhere every month. He wouldn't want him coming to the office, either—where a dozen people would see him to every one that saw him at the house, and Dinsmore would be surer of controlling the people at the house too. Dinsmore has managed that well enough. Jenny Dupee had been in the house three years, you know, and she had never heard of the coon until she got it from us. He's managed it well enough." And that such good management simply confirmed his opinion, he repeated, "He's paying blackmail."

"Yes, it looks so," Purcell admitted—and then swallowed, his deepset luminous eyes flickering at the lawyer's steady gray eyes. "Of course," he suggested in that hesitant manner which apologized for his apprehensions, "Alfred Dinsmore is a man

(Continued on Page 161)

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(Continued from Page 158)

that can put up a big fight—no end of money and pull and friends and all that. He can put up a big fight. The point is to be sure we've got him cinched. Probably we'll be hearing something more from Morden in a day or two."

"Probably," McMurtry replied with a certain dryness, his twinkling eyes studying his friend's cadaverous face. In fact, for some time a certain reaction had been taking place in the lawyer's mind—a reaction against the managing editor's fears and doubts and suspicions. As their affair unfolded he had discovered—with surprise—that at bottom his friend's nerves were exceedingly unstable. That was rather annoying and disgusting. And the reaction in the lawyer's mind was tending in a highly practical direction. He was thinking that if a man is afflicted with weak nerves you needn't give him much consideration; he's got to take what you hand him.

"If he gets one of those men out there and the man can identify Dinsmore," the managing editor said—beating over the ground again to brace up his hope. He did not finish the sentence, for the conclusion was self-evident.

The plan was that Morden should go out to Nebraska and first verify the negro's story of the bank robbery and murder in the early autumn of 1881. That Morden had already done, as his wire testified. By the negro's account, two witnesses were presumably still alive—Peter Sykes, a participant in the robbery and eye-witness of the shooting, and Doctor Dill, who had treated the murderer for a gunshot wound on the night of the crime.

As an accomplice in the robbery Sykes was legally answerable for the murder; but he hadn't fired the shot or intended to spill blood. The crime happened thirty-one years ago. If Sykes should now come forward, make a confession and turn state's evidence against the shooter there was no doubt at all—in McMurtry's judgment—that he would go scot-free.

Of course they didn't mean that Sykes should turn state's evidence. They meant that for a very handsome consideration he should confront Alfred Dinsmore and affirm his willingness to turn state's evidence and identify Dinsmore on the witness stand. If Dinsmore then raised the point that thereby Sykes would put his own neck in a noose they could reply that Sykes would have nothing to fear.

Doctor Dill was not a witness of the shooting, but if he could identify Dinsmore as the young man he had treated for a gunshot wound that night, it would be almost equally convincing. With either of those witnesses in hand they were prepared to charge Dinsmore with the crime. When Purcell said, "If he gets one of those men out there and the man can identify Dinsmore," there was no need to say more.

McMurtry, twinkling over it, said with a slow relish: "If he gets one of those men out there and the man identifies Dinsmore—Dinsmore will come across. Not for a hundred thousand, or half a million, or a million—but for half he's worth, half he's worth—he's got to." And the way he said it was somehow suggestive of a man driving a knife in—not hastily, but with sure steady pressure—right up to the hilt.

Purcell's cavernous eyes glowed and he took a deep breath as he repeated: "He's got to!"

Two days later they received another telegram from Morden. It said: "Have bought the farm. Start back to-night."

It meant that he had made a satisfactory arrangement with Doctor Dill. The affair seemed to be going badly for Dinsmore.

In another vital respect affairs were going badly for Alfred Dinsmore—to wit:

It was the first Sunday in June, with summer unfolding opulently under a genial sky. All the leafage still had its spring freshness and showed manifold delicate shades of green. The flowers were coming out with virginal gorgeousness. The lake shone blue and murmured at the beach—a day to be glad that one is alive.

Dinsmore, smoking his after-breakfast cigar—a late breakfast on Sundays—and strolling in his grounds, felt all that, but couldn't respond to it. There was a painful disturbance in his mind and a sore pull at his heart. His wife the night before had finally felt she ought to tell him something.

He strolled along the crown of the bluff at the lake shore, his feet pressing grass like velvet and at his back a dwelling rich enough for a prince. It was his; much goodly gear was his; in some tenderer possessions he was fortunate. But his heart ached and he asked the bland prospect with bitterness and a smother of useless anger: "Why does it have to be this way?"

Then his eye lighted upon another sight, as gracious as the day and lovely as the lake—his tall, handsome daughter, bareheaded, slippered, in a morning gown, strolling toward him from the house. One couldn't reasonably ask a fairer object to look upon, but at sight of her, Dinsmore's heartache strengthened. She was his whole trouble.

Strolling nearer, Louise smiled at her father. In fact, there was something ulterior in her strolling. He was on her mind as she was on his and her heart ached too. She wanted very much that morning to be reconciled to him, to draw close to him again—for she wanted his support and help in a big trouble. So she smiled as she came near and spoke genially:

"Splendid, isn't it?"

"Immense!" he said.

She joined him and they strolled together. She mentioned the flowers and shrubs and various things that were only at the farthest edge of her mind—smiling or with a low ripple of laughter, being the sweetest she knew; exerting herself, so to speak, to cuddle up to him.

That teased his sore heart. He had to love her immensely, which made his trouble the more intolerable. She was chattering brightly on, cuddling up. But since his wife had told him, he couldn't let it pass; he had to have it out with her. So, with a slight frown and a tug at his beard, he blurted abruptly:

"You're still running round with young Proctor."

Immediately he knew he had said it wrong and felt a kind of despair. It had been more or less that way from the time she cooed in his arms, the distance from her curly head to her pink toes hardly greater than from one of his shoulders to the other, and wouldn't stop pulling his beard. The defiant will in that adorable little length of flesh was trying to him in just the measure of his adoration. More or less they had always been clashing. He seemed as helpless as she to prevent it. But all their other clashes had been mere distant shimmerings of heat lightning compared to the storm over Ned Proctor. That had been the kind that uproots and devastates. The moment he spoke he knew he had begun wrong.

Louise had come out to woo him and be reconciled, yearning for his fatherly support in her tribulation. At his assault a big wave of anger ran through her and she thought "So mother's been tattling!" But she fought at first with a woman's weapons. That is, she looked down, the lids demurely veiling her eyes, and said with a kind of docile protest:

"I should hardly call it running round, father. I've seen Ned four or five times this spring. You know how it is with him—in that bank all day. He's out of all his clubs and doesn't go anywhere. The only place he has even to play tennis is on that vacant lot by the blacksmith shop. I've taken him to lunch with me." She spoke docilely, but knew well enough that in commiserating young Proctor she was throwing darts at her father.

"Plenty of young men have no place at all to play tennis," he retorted in high impatience.

"They're not my friends, and Ned is," she replied. "I suppose there is nothing scandalous in a young woman's lunching in a tea room with a young man who's an old friend. What's wrong with poor Ned now? He works like a dog and supports his mother. I think it's detestable the way everybody has dropped him."

She wouldn't stop pulling his beard and his exasperation egged him on.

"You know that's nonsense, Lou. As you said yourself, he simply can't afford clubs and the way he used to live. Would you like him to come in as a charity patient? Millions of young men make their way in the world without as many advantages as he has. If you're his friend why don't you let him alone? You and he showed a preference for each other—enough that people noticed it. He was counted out. You became engaged to another man—a man who wouldn't like your going round with Proctor. You know that as well as I do. Then you pick Proctor up again—take him to lunch with you and so on. You say there's nothing scandalous about it. I don't agree with you. What good does it do Proctor? It puts you in a position to be talked about disagreeably. A woman has no business to put herself in that position. It doesn't make any

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Concrete for Permanence

difference how good her intentions are. Putting herself in a position to be talked about isn't holding herself high; it's holding herself cheap and bedraggled. I want you to shine clear—not spattered up with mud. You can be sure Lowell Winthrop does too."

He wasn't saying what he really wanted to say or in the way he wanted to say it. He couldn't, because his mind was hot and bubbling with that helpless exasperation against her lovely rebelliousness.

"No, I suppose you and Lowell don't want me spattered up," she replied. "I suppose a man wants his womenfolk like his automobiles—so shiny he can see his own satisfied face in them. Why shouldn't your women want you shiny too, father, and not talking like a Turk over a little lunch with poor old Ned Proctor?"

Piqued by her thrusts he flung back, "Son of poor old Thomas Proctor, who was only a thief and a liar."

She had grown a bit pale in the encounter, her eyes growing darker. Something flashed up in her rebellious mind and she asked, "Haven't plenty of other families made mistakes? Black sheep happen everywhere."

She had no more expected to say that than to bite out her tongue. It said itself like most else that was said in this clash of two high-tempered roiled persons. What flashed up in her mind was this: More than a year before, carelessly opening a drawer in the library table, she had found a bundle of bank notes in it. That evening an old negro had called at the house to see her father. She had known about the negro's calls before and not been particularly curious—it was some affair of her father's. After she stumbled on the money she wasn't particularly curious and kept no particular watch. The fact had lain in her mind—no business of hers in any event, but not forgotten. She didn't see any connection, but the little speech just made itself.

The little speech might have meant anything or nothing, but somehow it struck Dinsmore with a peculiar and arresting implication. For an instant he looked at her with a challenging question, then raised his hand to his beard, and said, "Well, you know how I feel about Proctor," and turned away.

A miserable ending and a miserable situation. They both felt that acutely; both their hearts ached and life tasted bitter in both their mouths. Dinsmore felt, moreover, a great humiliation. He was a man of some ability. Every other situation he could meet with skill and address; but this situation, which meant more to him than all the others, he just bungled and bungled. He felt that with deep humiliation.

However restrained their tones and looks had been, their aspect was still the aspect of people in a quarrel. They instinctively realized that and smoothed their brows, when as Dinsmore turned away they perceived there was a witness.

True, this witness was only Cousin Elliot, dutifully taking a morning constitutional stroll round the lawn, which stroll had now brought him so near to them that he might have overheard the final words. He was wearing a span-new fawn-colored summer suit and a new straw hat—the trousers the creasiest and his shoes the shiniest. Yet he seemed not to be taking his usual infantile satisfaction in a very smart correct costume. His broad ruddy face with overhanging pink chops wore a perplexed look, and—what was most unusual—he was plucking at his snowy beard with plump thumb and finger. Apparently he had something on his mind.

With the instinctive deceit which the most candid persons resort to in such a situation, Louise and her father smoothed out the signs of their quarrel and Louise spoke up cheerfully:

"Isn't this a lovely day, Cousin Elliot?"

Cousin Elliot looked abroad at it as though he hadn't noticed before and replied judicially, "A fine day. I noticed yesterday the jonquils are out. They're fine this year."

"And the peonies, too," said Louise.

"Yes," Cousin Elliot replied gravely. "You haven't read the newspaper yet?" he asked, looking at her anxiously.

"Why, I glanced over the headlines at breakfast," she answered, mildly surprised—for she didn't remember that Cousin Elliot had ever before displayed interest in the day's news.

"It's Sunday, you know," he observed with gravity. "Jenny hasn't read the paper yet."

"Something you wanted to know about, Cousin Elliot?" she asked with a bit of wonder and a kindly intention. "I can get the paper for you." She recalled that he could read after a fashion and with much labor, though she believed he almost never did.

"You looked at the headlines?" he inquired hopefully. "You didn't notice that they'd hung anybody?"

"Oh, no!" she replied, a little shocked at the oddity of the question. "I'm sure they haven't hung anybody."

"They did, you know," he answered very gravely. "It was in the newspaper. Jenny read it to me. They hung a man downtown. Someway, I was thinking of that last night."

She remembered then that the newspaper of Saturday morning had contained an account of an execution. Evidently it had disturbed Cousin Elliot. She hastened to reassure him:

"That was a legal execution, you know. They hung the man because he killed another man. It won't happen again."

Cousin Elliot pondered that statement a moment, removing his straw hat.

"It might, you know," he replied cautiously. "They might do it again. You can't tell." His usual placid brow wrinkled and he looked anxiously at Dinsmore. "I wouldn't go downtown for a few days if I were in your place, Alf. You can't tell. They might do it again."

Louise had never heard Cousin Elliot call her father Alf before. Her father replied cheerfully:

"No danger. See, there goes Slocum's new power boat. See the spray it makes!"

Cousin Elliot looked lakeward where Dinsmore was pointing, but for once his afflicted mind was not to be diverted from its unusual perplexity.

"Hanging a man, now," he observed very gravely, fingering his white beard. "I think we all better stay right at home till this sort of blows over. I wouldn't go downtown if I were you—not for a week or so. Better all of us stay right here at home. It's taking a risk."

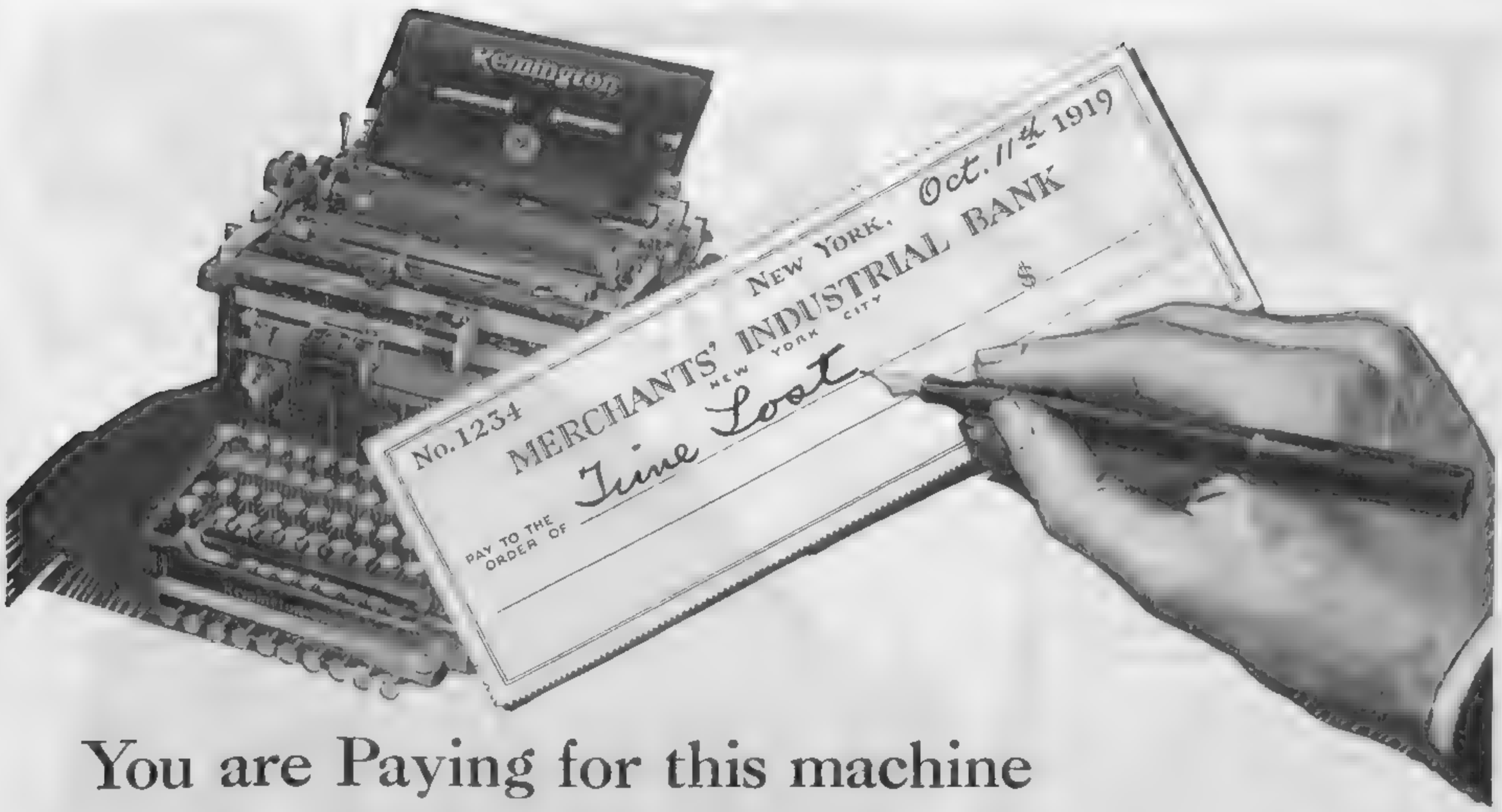
But Dinsmore broke in with a laugh:

"Don't bother! No danger at all." By that time he had slipped a hand under Cousin Elliot's arm. "Come on! Let's you and I go in and have a game of cribbage. We haven't had a game of cribbage in a coon's age."

Smiling, with a compulsive hand under Cousin Elliot's arm, he led the afflicted man toward the house, talking cheerfully to him on the way as Louise could see.

She was astonished, for she would as soon have expected to see her father turn handsprings on the lawn as play cribbage with Cousin Elliot.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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TAKING THE WATER OUT OF THE COST OF LIVING

(Continued from Page 19)

or buffalo, when hung up became cured and imperishable, but still flavory and digestible.

And who of the older people of rural breeding fails to remember that line of beef cuts hung alongside the chimney, which grew solider and solider with the lapse of time, until it resembled mahogany on cutting, and was the most delicious morsel ever tasted, far superior to the smoked beef of commerce? Civilization grew on dehydration. And yet, even in the light of the memory of the old-fashioned dried beef, it must be admitted that the dehydrated products were not so good in quality as the canned things which have mainly taken their places. Dried grapes still hold their own as raisins and currants, dried prunes persist successfully, and dried apples and peaches and some other fruits, through improved methods, keep company with dates and figs; but the revolt of the popular taste was registered forty years ago in a jingle which ran:

And on a dirty string they're strung,
And from a filthy pole they're hung,
And there they form a roost for flies,
Until they're ready to make pies!
Tread on my toes and tell me lies;
But don't pass me dried-apple pies!

The trouble with all simple and primitive arts like the drying of foods, the hurling of missiles, the grinding of grain or the forming of edge tools lies in the fact that after the first century or so the art is likely to halt so far as improvements are concerned. So it has been to a large extent with drying of foods. I suppose that the Nasamonians dried dates as well as they are dried now, and that their dried locusts were as savory as those of the Digger Indians of to-day. But the dried apple never was anything but a poor substitute for food, and the improvement made in the so-called evaporated apple, though considerable, does not reach perfection. In the past all systems of drying have changed the texture of the food. The water taken out was in the cells of the plant; but the desiccating process destroyed many of these cells and changed them all. The process was too sudden or too severe. Chemical changes took place. The fruit, whether potato, apple, peach or what not, darkened, and its flavor changed. If there had been research departments in existence the perfect dehydrating system might have been developed, but as it was, our ancestors simply found a way to dry food so that it would keep, and let it go at that.

Cells Not Broken

During this war period, however, the whole matter of taking the water out of fruits, vegetables, fish, shellfish and meats has been gone into scientifically. It is now possible to dehydrate these articles of food in such a way that the cells do not break down or close up; the amount of water taken out is so controlled that though the food product is dehydrated it is never totally dried. It is brought so low in moisture that dehydrated green peas, for instance—or potatoes, or apples, or sweet potatoes, or green corn, or spinach, or peaches—will keep as long and as well as wheat, and yet when soaked, after no matter how long a time, they will take back into the same cells almost the same amount of water originally contained in them; they will become fresh vegetables again, and when cooked will be just as good as before they were dehydrated. Such things as lettuce, cress and radishes, which are eaten uncooked, cannot be brought back to their original crispness, and dehydrated tomatoes will not be very satisfactory if served raw. They come back to a wilted state, but are quite as good when cooked as before the dehydration process took place. Green corn on the cob is dehydrated by boring out the pith of the cob, and then drying; and when soaked back it is quite as good as it was when prepared. It is better than most of the green corn bought in the cities, because it may be dehydrated when it is fresher than it is likely to be in city markets.

Most people seldom get good potatoes; they begin to go down in quality as soon as dug. Dehydrated, they will be stabilized in both quality and price, and will not decay. Sweet potatoes are improved by dehydration, for they are drier when soaked back from the proper kind of dehydration, and some of their starch has turned to sugar, so that they are sweeter. Sugar beets, it is possible to suggest, may be dehydrated at a cost that would not be equal to the expense of the long period of idleness of the great factories, so that these establishments may run the year round instead of for 90 to 100 days. The beets will add to their sugar content, I am informed, in the dehydration process.

Besides the potatoes and sweet potatoes, a long list of vegetables and fruits that may be handled better, it is believed, by the new systems of dehydration than by canning or drying makes the statement formidable and seems to promise lower cost of living. Such a list comprises carrots, string beans and Lima beans, parsnips, all kinds of turnips and rutabagas, cauliflower, cabbage, kale, spinach, okra, chard, dandelion, leeks, parsley, corn, both on and off the cob, peppers, tomatoes, Brussels sprouts, endive, celery, rhubarb, horseradish, pumpkin, squash, apples, pears, peaches, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, dewberries, blueberries, loganberries, cranberries, gooseberries, currants, grapes, apricots, plums, cherries, and many other more or less important vegetables and fruits, to say nothing of probable operations in meats, fish and shellfish.

Different Drying Systems

Many fruits that are most commonly served raw, a few of which are included in the above list, may be dehydrated and used for sauces and jellies and preserves. One can easily understand that a radical change in the handling of the above list of edibles would make a different world of it, so far as food is concerned. Take a single item of sweet potatoes—they begin to deteriorate the moment they are dug. The slightest bruise opens the way for the invasion of destructive bacteria, which find in the moist sweetness of the sweet potato the finest sort of culture medium for development. With dehydration this process is arrested, and arrested forever. The sweet potato will be shipped to the ends of the earth in perfect condition, and sold like crackers with no loss from natural deterioration. Dehydration establishes a dead line for decay, saying: "Thus far and no farther." It may easily add a quarter or a third to our food supply, and permit of its distribution to the ends of the earth at a tenth of the present expense.

"Since only replaceable water is taken away," say Major Prescott and L. D. Sweet, his coadjutor in the dehydration work of the Government, "it follows that the nutritional value of the food has not been depreciated. Moreover, if the process is applied while the vegetables are in a state of absolute freshness the special flavor-giving compounds are apparently conserved intact; hence the fresh flavor that is characteristic of the best products made by this method. For the finest grades of dried products the rate of evaporation should be such as to bring about the dehydration of the cell contents without rupture of the cell walls."

There are several systems, among which are the tunnel systems, which are criticized because vegetables, especially potatoes, are likely in part to be overheated and scorched and the cells broken down; the kiln system, in which the product is not always uniform; the vacuum process, in which it seems impossible to preserve the cellular structure of many foods; and special machines, a few of which give the "practically perfect control of temperature, humidity and rate of air flow"—in the language of the government men—which is necessary to produce products "which will retain their color, appearance and flavor, and when soaked in water will return to approximately their normal appearance."

Canning is a modern system for the preservation of food. It came into the United States about a hundred years ago from England, where it had been practiced for several years. Like many other inventions it was originated by two men at about the same time—an Englishman named Saddington and a Frenchman named Appert inventing it independently. A man named

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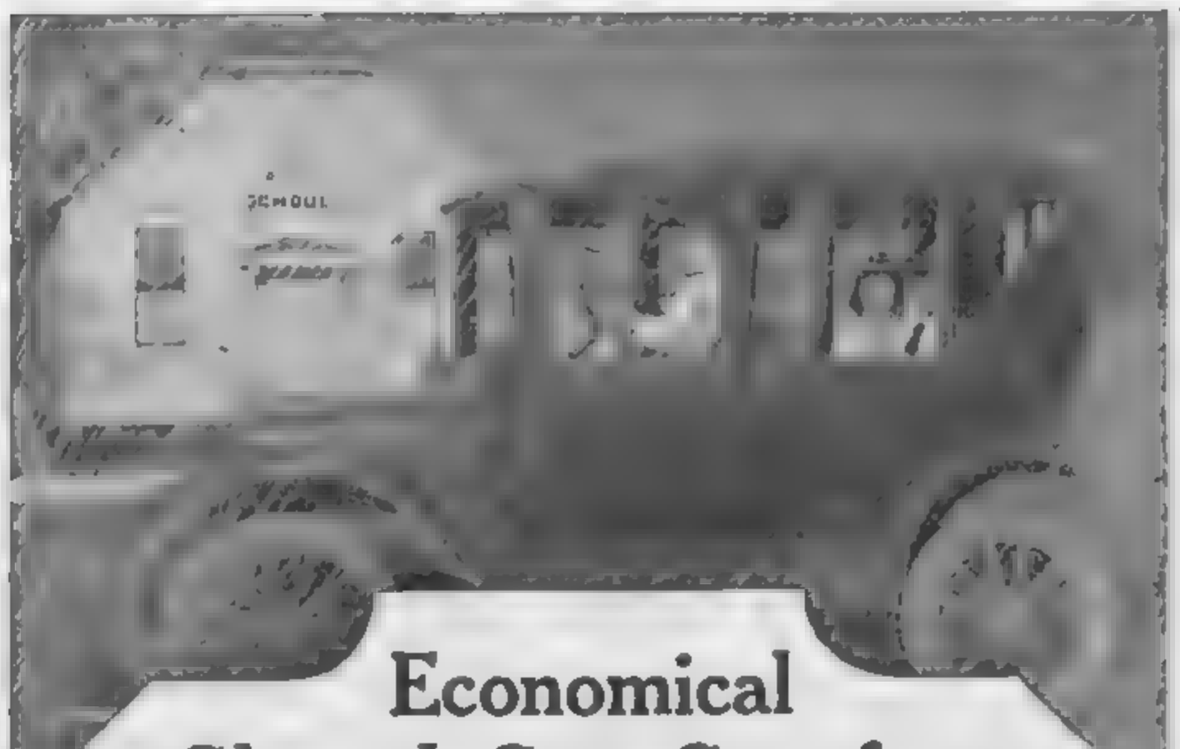

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Underwood brought the process to this country, and after various vicissitudes of fortune established himself in Boston in the canning business. There are now people with innovations in dehydration who no doubt are passing through the same experiences. One fine new process for the dehydration of fruits came east from the Pacific Northwest during the war, with a product that not only makes fresh apple sauce, apple butter and pie stuffing, a thing which ought to be common all the time everywhere, but seems to promise better materials not only in apples but many other fruits than we have ever had. This product comes in bars about the size of a large chocolate bar, and can be shipped in light cartons in what seems to be an imperishable form. The fruits treated by this method are separated from their cores, skins and other offal by mechanical means so that all that choicest and richest part of the fruit usually peeled off is retained; and one may imagine a blend of apples, for instance, in which the little tart crab apple would be mingled with other standard varieties in an article quite superior to any ordinary apple preparation.

This product makes sauce, pies, jam and butter. It is mentioned as an instance of the manner in which ingenuity is now applied to the improvement of methods of keeping these perishables. The principles have been discovered and laid down, and we may trust ingenuity not only to extend the use of present successful methods but to find new ways of doing this new thing—"to control the temperature, humidity and rate of air flow" so that foods may be robbed of their replaceable water and rendered lighter, smaller in bulk and safe from decay. The new processes not only offer something to put the canners on their mettle but there are new systems that will compete with each other to the benefit of the eating world.

Savings in Freight

Canning has been the greatest improvement in food preservation ever devised, more important even than refrigeration, but it has not been able to give us anything like a complete line of foods as good as fresh. Take canned green peas, for instance. There are certain brands that are excellent, but none that are quite so good as those fresh from the garden. Corn is another article of a similarly refractory nature for the canner. The choicest canned tomatoes approach closely to the fresh in quality; but not 10% of the canned tomatoes satisfy the taste of the tomato fancier. But efficient as it is, our present system labors under enormous burdens in the mere matters of weight handled and bulk to be accommodated. Any system that may grow up that will relieve the world of these burdens will greatly reduce the expense between the farmer and the consumer, and should set free a great amount of rolling stock on railways and ships on the sea. Stated in terms of the satisfaction of human wants it should make for prosperity on the farms, and plenty at the ends of the earth as well as in the cities.

A ton each of green corn, peas, string beans, tomatoes, pumpkin, sweet potatoes and cabbage, when dehydrated for shipment, weighs only 2068 pounds, or only a little more than a ton. The same amount of the same articles, canned and ready for shipment, weighs 23,608 pounds, which is at the rate of eleven carloads or eleven shiploads for one, to say nothing of the saving in containers. Perhaps this comparison, to the consumer and the producer, the railway man and the ship owner, may be better appreciated if stated in terms of actual experience and money.

"The saving to be effected by use of dried products," said Prescott and Sweet, of the Division of Dehydration, "is indicated by the estimated cost of canned and dried tomatoes shipped from California to France. It is stated that a case of canned tomatoes costing $2.60 in California costs $7 laid down in Havre. The equivalent amount of dried tomatoes selling at 26 cents in California costs 40½ cents in France, a saving of 94%." This is a most favorable comparison for the dried product, because of the great shrinkage in weight of tomatoes in drying, but though the facts in other cases are not so striking they seem to promise revolutionary results in a few years. It means that four freight cars will one day carry as much food of the most important sorts as a whole train will take now, that a ship will carry as much as a fleet, that a dog sledge will take into the polar regions or a canoe into the tropics as much food as a yoke of oxen will now haul, and that these provisions will be held as good as fresh quite independently of heat or cold, with little breakage, with no refrigeration and no deterioration through lapse of time.

Past failures and the necessity of soaking the dried product before using are the handicaps of the new industry. Germany has been dehydrating potatoes successfully for years, but her processes are not such as to make the dried product as good as the fresh as are the new American methods. Yet Germany sold dried potatoes in the Klondike just after the discovery of gold there, and though they were none too good the Klondike miner was not critical and ate the mashed, hashed or fried potatoes from Germany with relish and appreciation.

Americans then tried to get this business, but they made mistakes, and among these errors was the use of sulphur to keep the potatoes from turning dark—which it did; but when the amount became a little excessive the potatoes gave forth a smell which, in the words of an Alaska miner, "was enough to drive a Dutch dog away from a garbage wagon." Correcting this error did little good. Food is judged as Bob Ingersoll judged butter. When the landlord of a little country hotel insisted that the butter was fairly good Ingersoll is said to have protested: "You might as well say that your wife is fairly virtuous! Butter is either good or it isn't worth hell room."

Soup of the Vintage of 1899

Dehydrated foods got a bad name with the Navy when the White Fleet went round the world. Nobody then knew how to take out the replaceable water without blackening or scorching, leaving the cells intact. The dehydrated foods went bad, and the fleet threw them overboard, saying: "Never again for us!" But during the Boer War a great deal of an excellent soup mixture of dehydrated vegetables was furnished to the British Armies in South Africa, where, even though dried according to the old methods, it was greatly relished by the Tommies. When the Boer War ended a Canadian manufacturer had left on his hands a large quantity of this product, which he put away in carefully paraffined barrels—waiting for another war perhaps, or a mining rush. After fifteen years this soup mixture was sold in 1914 to the British Armies in France, and was as good as ever. This experience is significant as to the uses of the new dehydration in stabilizing the food supply. When Joseph saved foods for the Egyptians he did so in the form of that naturally dehydrated product, corn; but by the new methods he might have saved every article of the daily diet of Egypt—not seven years only but many times seven. One can foresee great doings in the future in hoarding such things as cabbage and tomatoes from year to year, and the excitement of exposing the forestallers.

Now how will this thing work? Will there be a home dehydration plant in every farm home, a foolproof equipment wherewith the ordinary man or woman may make up his apples, potatoes—all his fruits and vegetables—box them up, and sell them as he now sells wheat or oats? We shall never get all out of the new methods until such a state of affairs is reached—never save that 50% of perishable food wasted by rotting and spoilage until such a state of affairs is arrived at; but there is much for invention to do, much for development to accomplish before we get to that ultimate of accomplishment. We may confidently look for such improvement, since the principles of dehydration are now mastered, but it will take time. Under present conditions dehydration must be done in factories, where everything is under scientific control—where we can have "that practically perfect control of temperature, humidity and rate of air flow" which the Division of Dehydration says is essential if we are to get "products which will retain their color, appearance and flavor, and when soaked in water will return to approximately their normal appearance." The first development will be in the direction of the establishment of factories of considerable size in centers of production, in which may be concentrated the deliveries of crops coming in for as long a season as possible. The neighborhood in which this is written is a favorable center. There are large quantities of

(Concluded on Page 169)

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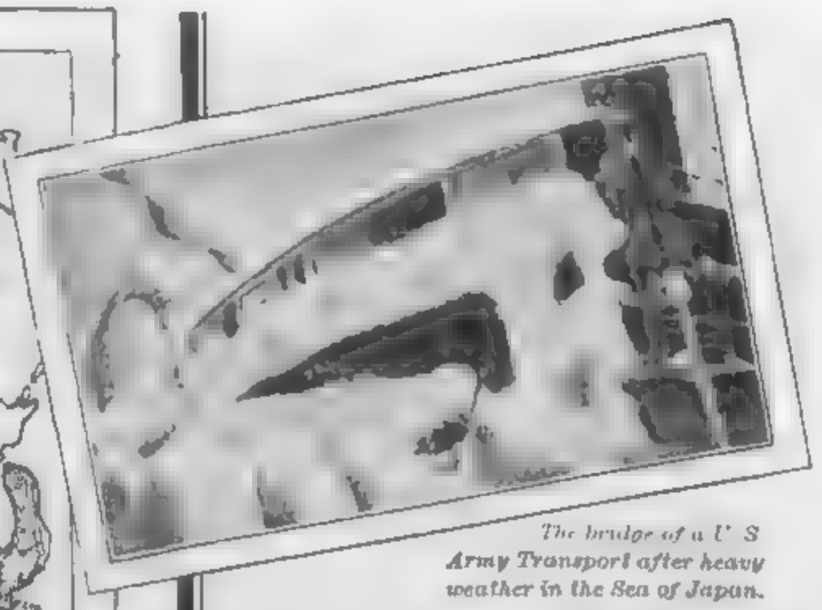
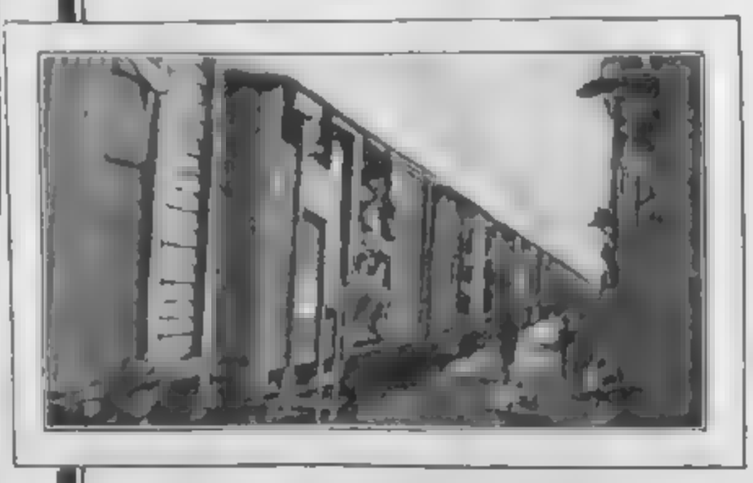
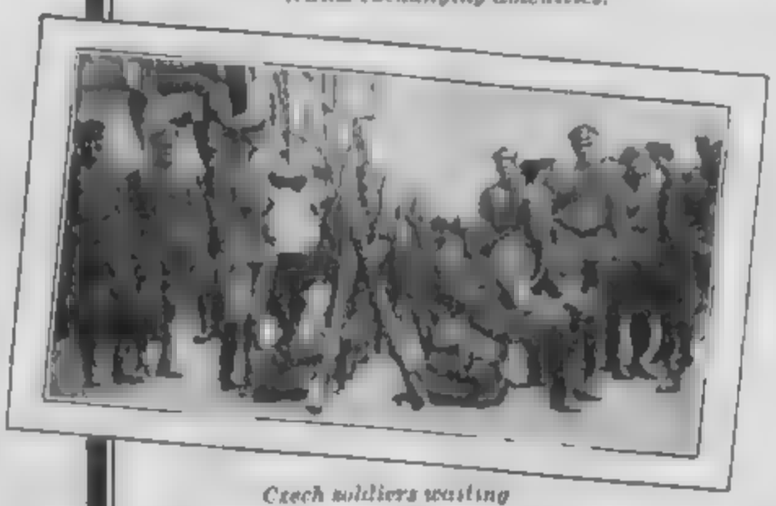


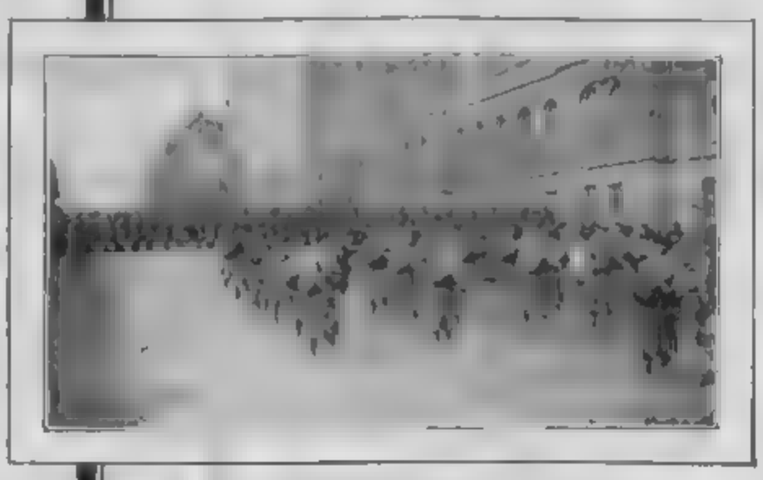
The bridge of a U. S. Army Transport after heavy weather in the Sea of Japan.



The occupants of Czech and American troop trains exchanging amenities.



Czech soldiers waiting to entrain at the Vladivostok station.



An American regiment marching down the main street of Vladivostok.

Around the World with Kenneth L. Roberts

MAGAZINE readers are familiar with Captain Roberts' splendid work and will be interested to know he is a staunch Coronatypist. Here are some of the things he says about Corona:

" . . . . I bought a Corona and dropped it into my kit bag and went where I was going. That . . . was a year and a half ago . . . I hammered it and hammered it and hammered it, but not once did it weaken under the strain. I dropped it into my kit bag and went back home . . . When I was ordered to Siberia with the Military Intelligence Section of our Expeditionary Force, I packed my Corona in my bag and took it along. I hammered it day after day on the train. I hammered it day after day on the transport crossing the Pacific. It stood up nobly under the rigors of a Siberian winter . . . It went to Japan with me, to the Philippines, to Guam, to Hawaii and back home again—busy every day. In the year and a half I have had it I have written well over SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND WORDS on it—Intelligence reports, correspondence, diary, verse, fiction and magazine articles . . . ."

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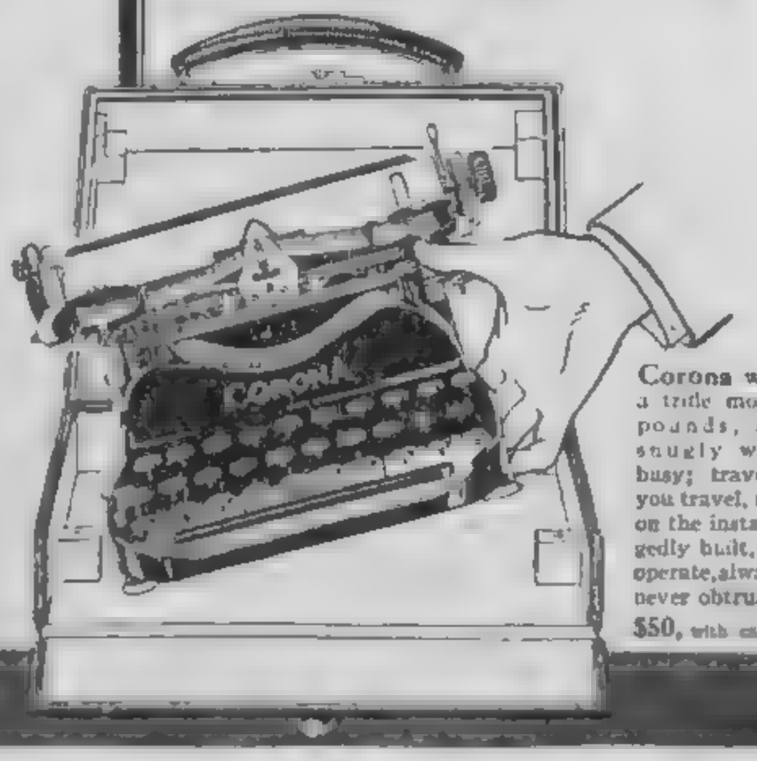

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(Concluded from Page 166)

tomatoes, apples, peaches and other fruits grown. Potatoes, corn and garden truck could be added. These would begin to come in as early as the month of June, and would keep coming in until the last of the stored apples were used up. Tomatoes, which cannot be stored, would come in between corn, beans, peas and the like. Potatoes and apples would furnish the late run.

Fruits and apples that are inferior in size and outer color can be dehydrated and made into a first-class product, and the manufacture of potato flour is suggested by the Division of Dehydration as "an industry which has not yet received the attention in this country which it deserves," and which with dehydration should absorb very soon most of those potatoes that are now wasted. Nothing so radical in the way of change in foods takes place all at once, and the new methods must, it would seem, come in slowly, making their way against present agencies by competition. The facts that in Germany there were 1900 plants devoted to the dehydration of potatoes and that in 1917 some 2000 breweries were utilizing portions of their plants for the same work indicate first the importance of the matter from a food viewpoint, and second that plants erected for other purposes may be converted to the work of drying foodstuffs. The machinery for the best processes is not expensive, probably no more so than canning outfits, and with the development of the business, considering its immense advantages, it may be expected that the machinery will become more varied in type and cheaper.

The world is hungry. It will be years before famine will cease. Its hunger is as much a matter of transportation as of production, for while wasting their energies on destruction and slaughter, and corrupting men's natures so that they are many of them unfitted for work, while driving whole populations from their farms and homes and making rubble piles of their fields, war has also turned their energies from the making of roads, cars and ships to the creation of agencies of destruction. If, as seems to be the case, modern ingenuity has found ways by which that which was lost may be saved and that which is saved may be kept from deterioration and decay by means that will enable five to ten times as much to be carried in the same cars or vessels, it justifies the hope that the tree is not withered the leaves of which were for the healing of the nations. One could preach a sermon on the text: "He giveth the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry."

All over the world men cry for food, and women and little children; even in this country, where for the first time in our history the high cost of living strikes public men with apprehension, and things always plenteous in supply now are not to be had or are beyond the purses of the poor. If the food question were solved the wage issue would be settled with it. The Government is attacking the high cost of living vigorously, promising the discontented some relief, and asking them to wait before bringing on us the universal calamity of a cessation of labor on such things as our transportation lines and our great basic industries; but even those who have most hopes of these efforts must be depressed by the consciousness that they are fighting against scarcity as well as profiteering; and that scarcity cannot be cured except by increased production or the saving of more of what we produce.

Scarcity means high prices, and high prices mean unreasoning and destructive emotions. "Who provideth for the raven his food? when his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat." They wander into idleness and communism and Bolshevism, and make ruin of what was privation. Civilization now must live or die as it is fed and clothed and sheltered. In such a situation one might be excused for suggesting that the conservation of food is no longer a private question, and that the wasting of it is a crime against the world, and that such a matter as is here discussed is a thing for real statesmen to act upon. If those who have studied this matter are not mistaken—and the writer is one of them—the change will come gradually; but can the world wait for that?

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 46)

Floyd W. Parsons

The rescue party was organized. We crawled in and worked forward slowly. But somebody had gotten too far ahead of the fresh air or something went wrong—often only God knows what it is—and a second explosion occurred. Only three of us came out alive. Twenty-seven were dead. For eight days we kept at it, and finally the last body was recovered. And the pitiful positions in which we found them: One man still stood holding on to the saw he was using when the second blast ended his career. Another corpse was still bending over the map he had been studying. Often the mine explosion is merciful; the blast transfixes the victim and the gases do the rest.

After it was all over the big boss gave me a leave of absence and I went up to the Michigan School of Mines and helped Professor Sperr teach the boys mining. I liked the work and resigned from the West Virginia Coal Company to continue teaching. At the end of the term I started for a vacation on the Pacific Coast, but got no farther than Denver, where I undertook the task of reorganizing the engineering department of a large coal concern. The work interested me and the call of the mines was still in my blood, so I remained in Denver as chief engineer of a small railroad and a coal company with ten collieries.

My principal job was to carry forward new construction work. I began to write in technical papers about what I was doing. The Engineering and Mining Journal liked my stuff and the editor offered me the position of associate editor on his staff. For five years I plugged away at this task, in the meantime visiting mines in many parts of the world. The big publishing concern owning the Mining Journal asked me to start a new paper to serve the coal-mining industry, and as a result of this request Coal Age was created. The paper succeeded and has become one of the most important mining papers in the world.

While serving as the editor of Coal Age I wrote frequent articles on business topics for the large dailies and some of the magazines. But THE SATURDAY EVENING POST was my goal. I suggested an article to THE POST, and the editors declined with thanks. This riled me considerable and I prepared an elaborate skeleton of an article covering the world's fuel situation. After looking over this synopsis Mr. Lorimer suggested that I let him see the finished article. This I did, and the manuscript was accepted, giving me my start with THE POST.

There you have it—the all-absorbing story of my life. Like most folks who mind Everybody's Business, I have no minutes left to mind my own. Consequently I never play golf, and just now I consider I'm having a great vacation if I can find enough time to run round the block I live in three times in the same day. About once a month I go down to my farm on the Rumson Road in New Jersey and watch my new police dog kill my chickens. They told me when I bought the dog that he was specially trained, but sad to relate, I didn't think to ask what his specialty was. And eggs eighty cents a dozen!

But that just reminds me I must stop right now and answer some of my mail. One man in Texas wants to know where to sell fifty thousand tin cans; he read my article on conservation. The manager of a big manufacturing concern in Cleveland also must be answered. He read what I said about fires and is anxious to know what he can use as a substitute for sawdust to absorb the oil thrown out by the automatic screw machines. Another man, in Idaho, has a solution for the gold question; and a fellow in Brooklyn expects a reply to his letter explaining how to live to be a hundred and fifty. So if you'll excuse me I'll stop now and tell my friends what to do so the business of the country can go on.

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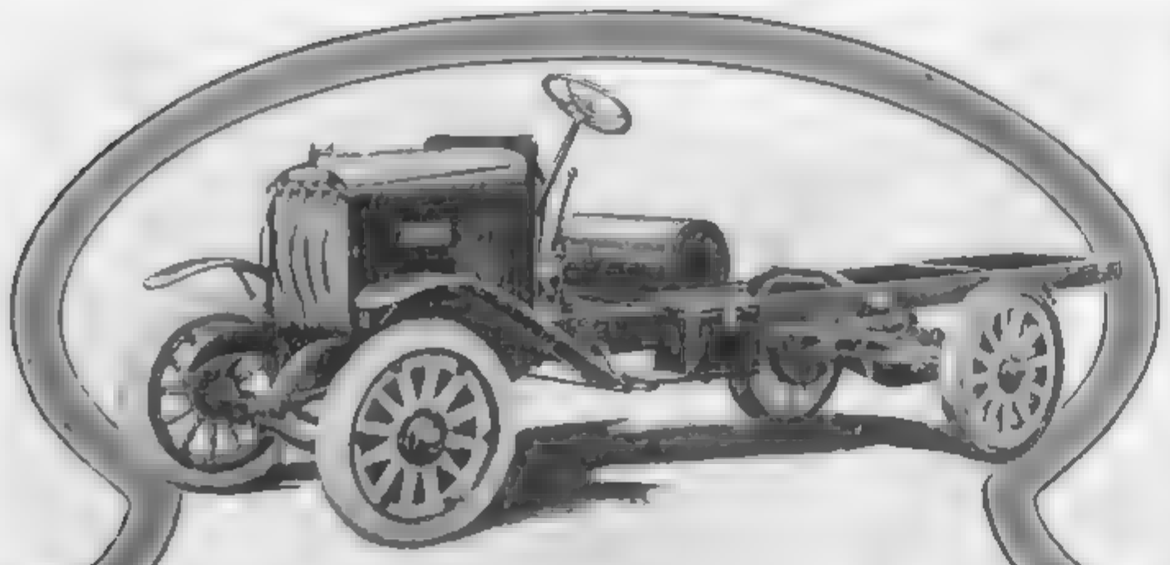

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CONCERNING CAUTIOUS CLYDE

(Continued from Page 10)

"'I wonder how Clarence feels about it,' I says. I'd seen Clarence, and he didn't seem to me no wellspring of bubbling joyousness. It got me to thinking.

"'Of course he's happy,' says Margarita. 'If he wasn't Evangeline couldn't be. In married life the happiness of one means the happiness of both—don't you think?'

"'And the scrappiness of one means the scrappiness of both,' I says; and she says: 'Yes, but with love and forbearance there wasn't no need of scrapping. You put that real well,' she says. 'What made you think of it?'

"I said that it just sort of come to me, and I moved my chair up a little closer to the sofa—so's I could hear better what she said.

"'It shows so much thought,' she says.

"Well, right there I thought I'd act. 'I've been a-thinking quite a heap,' I says, and I leaned forward; but right then here come her little brother Jimmy into the room.

"'Why, Jimmy, dear!' says Margarita, 'why ain't you at the lecture?'

"'It wasn't no good,' says Jimmy. 'A passle of pictures like what we get at Sunday-school, and the same talk. I ducked out.'

"'I don't think you ought to have done that, darling,' says Margarita. 'I think you'd better go back again. Pa and ma ——'

"'Not on your life!' says Jimmy. 'I think I see myself going back!'

"'I'm afraid you will be punished, sweetheart,' says Margarita. 'Well, if you won't go back you can go round to Mr. Peters' and play with Wilson for a while—unless you'd sooner go to bed.'

"'I'll stay here,' says Jimmy.

"'Darling,' says Margarita, 'you know you ain't allowed to come in here when there's company—unless you have your face and neck washed and your hair combed, anyway. Do you want sister to wash your face? Well, run along and play with Wilson, then.'

"'Why can't I stay here?'

"Margarita got up. 'I guess I'd better put you to bed,' she says; and at that Jimmy scooted, and she shut the door.

"'He knows he can always take advantage of me,' she says, laughing, as she come back and sat down again.

"'Maybe he's got it figured out that I ain't company,' I says, sort of meaning, and she laughed again a little.

"'Are you sure you're quite comfortable in that chair?' she asks.

"Before I thought, I said that I sure was, and then I felt like kicking myself; and then for a minute or two we didn't either of us say nothing, and then she says: 'You was saying ——

"'Before Jimmy came in,' she goes on. 'You said you thought—and then you stopped.'

"'Why, yes,' I says, remembering. Then I studied just how it was I'd been going to put it.

"'It's just a girl's curiosity, I s'pose,' she says; and her eyewinkers sort of fluttered.

"I made out to swallow the lump that was blocking up my gangway of speech when I heard somebody breathing hard outside the door. I jerked my thumb, and Margarita got up. Simultaneous, we heard Jimmy's bootsoles hit the floor to the back of the house, and the outside door banged. Margarita come back, still smiling.

"'He ain't often as naughty as this,' she says. 'I guess he thought we was talking secrets. Is it a secret—what you thought?'

"'Maybe it isn't,' I says. 'Maybe you know it already.'

"'I'm sure I don't,' she says. 'Tell me.'

"'And maybe you wouldn't want to hear it,' I says.

"'Tell me what it is and I'll tell you,' she says.

"'That's a pretty ring you're wearing,' I says; and she held out her hand.

"I hitched a little closer and took a-holt of her fingers, so I could look at the ring better, and —— You know them electric batteries where you take a-holt of the handles and they turn a crank? Well, it was something like that, and mighty soft and warm.

"'It's a m-moonstone,' she says in a low, trembly voice.

"I was just sliding over onto the sofa when the boards creaked in the passage outside, and I dropped her hand and settled back in my chair. Margarita didn't lose no time getting to the door, and she shut it behind her; and then I heard the kitchen door slam and something else go smack, smack, and the darnedest yell you ever did hear, cut short like murder had been done with a sandbag. I tippy-toed up to the door and held it ajar and listened. Gurgle, gurgle, bump, bump, yowl and then the cut-off; scuffle, smack, smack and cut-off.

"And then a muffled voice, real vicious, that I didn't hardly reco'nize and only caught a word or two of here and there: 'I hope I have, you . . . be skinned alive . . . do it, too . . . march right straight upstairs . . . a sound out of you. Hear me?' Then a clumping up the back stairs and a sniveling that was subdued real surprising. I shut the door again and got back to my chair, and the next minute Margarita come in, rather red in the face, but as sweet and smiling as ever I seen her.

"'Poor Jimmy!' she says. 'He's sleepy and tired and doesn't know it. I coaxed him to go to bed, and that will be the last of him until morning.'

"I looked her straight in the eye. 'You coaxed him, did you?' I says. 'Miss Biglow,' I says, 'will you allow me to ask you another question, while I'm asking, if you'd just as soon. Did you make them muffins that we had for supper last Sunday, and did you cook the chicken and fix the gravy without no assistance, like your mother said—or didn't you?' I just naturally bored into her soul with a gimlet eye when I put that to her, but she didn't show no signs of shame, except she'd quit smiling. She looked at me as straight as I looked at her, for about twenty seconds.

"'You seem to be real interested in muffins and chicken and gravy, Mr. Britten,' she says.

"'I'm interested in the truth,' I told her. 'Dupliciousness is a thing I despise,' I says.

"'Well,' says she, as cool as you please, 'cooking ain't my long suit. I've got as far as boiling water so's you wouldn't hardly notice the scorch taste—when I've good luck—but I ain't real confident about that even. Ma lets on to brag on me just to give me encouragement; she don't mean to be duplicent.

"'You're looking at them pansies,' she continues after a minute. 'My cousin Ella done the pansies and I gilted the fry-pan and tied the ribbon on it.'

"'How did you get your certificate to teach school?' I asked her, trying to speak as ca'm as she done.

"'The superintendent was a friend of mine—Bill Waters,' she answers. 'He liked me real well. I reckon he'd have given me his whiskers if I'd wanted them. Anything else you'd like to know?'

"'That's a right pretty dress you've got on,' I says, a little sarcastical. 'You made that yourself, didn't you?'

"'All but the cutting and fitting and sewing,' she replies. 'I pulled out every basting thread there was in it with my own hands.'

"'I wonder how come you ever learned to play the organ?' I says.

"'I didn't have to learn; it come natural,' she answers. 'I liked to do it, and I'll do most anything I enjoy doing. If I enjoyed entertaining you any longer this evening I'd do that. I guess you put your hat under that other chair.'

"So that was all there was to it," says Clyde. "I didn't linger no longer. I concluded I'd been deceived in that girl and I'd had a mighty lucky escape."

"And that's what makes you so happy?" I says.

"That's what makes me so happy," says he. "But I ain't denying that I feel a heap disappointed."

"And that's what makes you so plumb miserable?" I says.

"It's sure unsettling," says he. "But I'd have been taking big chances if I had overlooked conduct like that there of hers—wouldn't I?" He looked at me like a dog waiting for a bone you was finishing.

"You certainly would," I told him. "It's a cinch that after a certain point she ain't got the disposition of a No. 1 first-class angel, and that she ain't above trying to make a good impression on a person that she wants to impress good. Every once in a while you run acrost a woman like that—and now and then a man. Them angels is

(Continued on Page 173)

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(Continued from Page 170)

sort of stay-at-home folks, seems like to me."

"And not being able to cook nor nothing!" says Clyde. "I can cook, but I'll be dog-gone if I want to do it for a family. I wouldn't be happy a-doing it, and in married life the unhappiness of one means the unhappiness of both."

"You put that so well, Clyde," I says, and I went away and left him holding his head and staring at the knob of the safe with a glaze in his eyes.

Bobby had promised to send in one of the boys with them steers of mine the next morning, being as I couldn't take them myself with the old plug I'd got from the livery; so next morning I didn't have nothing to do but sit in the shade in front of Albien's store and watch out for 'em. After a while I seen their dust a-coming over the rise, and just as they got into Main Street a sweet voice at my elbow says, "Won't you please let me pass?" and I started back that violent and sudden that I nearly went over backward.

I was blocking up the way for Margarita Biglow. Of course I apologized like the polished gentleman what I am, and the smile I got was something to make a man feel for the next twenty-four hours that he amounted to some considerable and that life was plenty worth while living. She went into the store and I went into a trance, from which I was presently roused by opprobrious and disrespectful epithets requesting me to take my such-and-soed steers and be dog-gone to me.

"Drive them round to Peckinpaugh's corral, my good young man," I says; "and when you've done that come back and I'll see what can be done about altering that face of yours."

"Yes, sir," says Bobby. "Peckinpaugh's corral? Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. I'll attend to it right away, sir, having nothing else to do, and esteeming it an honor and a privilege to be permitted. Like thunder I will! Come out from behind them brindle whiskers and show signs of life, you deleterious old gorilla."

Just then the steers discovered a wagon with the box half full of hay, that some careless person had left, and they proceeded to take a light lunch. I thought it was a pity to disturb them being as Peckinpaugh wasn't none too liberal with his feed, so I invited Bobby to light and look at his saddle.

"I'd like to," says he, "but I've got to go get a package from the express office and then skip lightsomely back to the ranch. I'm busier than a buck ant right now, but I had to come in myself for that package and I thought I might as well bring your ——"

He stopped short and I could see his chest heave up as he drew in his breath. Margarita Biglow had come out of the store, her arms loaded with packages, and I'll mention that she didn't forget to give me another smile as she passed. That time it made me feel like I would some morning in February, when I poked my head out of the cabin door to see what made the eaves drip and got the first puff of the Chinook against my cheek. I don't know what I reminded Bobby of, but from the way he wheeled his horse and looked after her as she tripped along it's a cinch that he was powerful affected.

"What was you remarking, Bobby?" I asked him.

I reckon he didn't hear me. If lightning had struck the store, and a cyclone and an earthquake and a waterspout or two had followed, with Hades let out for recess close behind, I doubt if he would have noticed it. What he did notice was that Margarita had dropped a couple of her packages. One of them was a can of something, and it rolled clear to the middle of the street and might have rolled farther if Bobby hadn't stopped it. I may be mistaken by a few inches and a second or two, but I judge that can was a hundred yards from us when it struck the ground and Bobby threw his leg over from the horn of the saddle where he was resting it and put the spur to his horse. The hundred yards was covered in about the time it takes a mule to flick his left ear, and it took something less than that for Bobby to swing over and grab the can on the keen run. It was sure prompt action. A second later my young impulsive friend was standing before Margarita with his hat off and the can under his arm.

"I'll take the rest of them things and pack them for you, ma'am, if you'd just as soon let me," he says. "I'm going the same way as what you are."

"Well, I'm sure!" says Margarita, staring at him.

"No reason why you shouldn't be," says Bobby; and he had a smile of his own that made folks forget how plumb homely he was. "I'm honest as the day is long," he says. "I'm as able as Adam's second son and as willing as William."

"Was William willing?" asks Margarita, trying to keep from smiling.

"He was right hungry and they rung the dinner bell for him," says Bobby, taking the other package from her, that she'd just picked up, and tucking it under his arm with the can and holding out his hand for more.

"My name isn't even Williamette," says the young woman, mighty sober. "Will you kindly please to give me them things of mine, if you'll be so good." She held out her hand, and Bobby took and shook it, gentle and respectful, until she jerked it away, dropping a bunch of celery with the jerk, which Bobby picked up.

"Now give me them eggs and I'll compromise and let you carry the bottle," he says. "That will show you I ain't got no designs on whatever there is in it."

"It's vinegar," says Margarita. "Well, take them, then. But I must say How do you know you're going the same way as me?"

"You just make a start once, and see how quick I'll prove it," says Bobby.

I seen all this from the porch. I seen them talking and could almost hear what they said. I seen Bobby, a perfect stranger, smiling at this dream of fair young maidenhood and taking away her property from her piece by piece, and finally I heard them both laugh and watched them walk away together. Bobby's horse stood in the street right where he was left, and he looked after them sort of curious and after a while shook his head as if he disapproved a heap of such goings-on and sidled up to join the lunch party at the wagon. I waited, it must have been an hour, until the hay was all gone, and then I got on Bobby's horse and drove the steers to Peckinpaugh's and left the outfit there and went back to the store. Pretty soon along come Bobby, on foot and in a hurry.

"Where's your horse, son?" I asked him.

He looked a considerable took aback. "Why, that's so!" says he. "I did have a horse, didn't I? Well, let it go. What I need now is two horses and the best light rig there is in town. I reckon I'll see to that right away. Stable's down the street, ain't it?"

"Come back here!" I says. "Before you get out any light rigs I've got to know the whys and wherefores. Am I correct in assuming that you are going to take some young lady out riding? Yes? The said young lady being Miss Margarita Biglow? Yes? Then sit down and listen to me, because I've got something to tell you about that young lady that you had ought to know. In the first place I understood you to say that you was busy at the ranch and didn't have no time to waste?"

"Be easy," says Bobby grinning. "I won't waste no time."

"Then what have you been doing the last hour or two?" I says.

"Getting acquainted with my future wife and my future wife's family," says Bobby. "And not so dog-gone futurious at that. I tell you this so that you may know in case it has any bearings on what you were going to tell me." He looked at me straight and sober when he said that. "Go ahead, if you think it best, because I've got to get that rig."

"I'm surprised," I says. "I'm sure surprised at a man of your reasonable rapid actions fooling and frittering with rigs when you might just as well have throwed your future wife acrost your saddle right off, and lit out for the nearest preacher's, whether or no."

"I don't say that there ain't sense in what you say," says Bobby, "but I aim to have Mrs. Nevins travel in comfort when comfort is to be had for love or money or personal violence up to and including bloodshed if necessary. But if there's no other business ——"

"There is," I says. "I've got a high respect and admiration for a certain person, but I'm informed that angels has better dispositions in some respects, like mislaying their tempers when there's just cause and reason for it; what's more, she ain't no cook to speak of, and there's grave doubts

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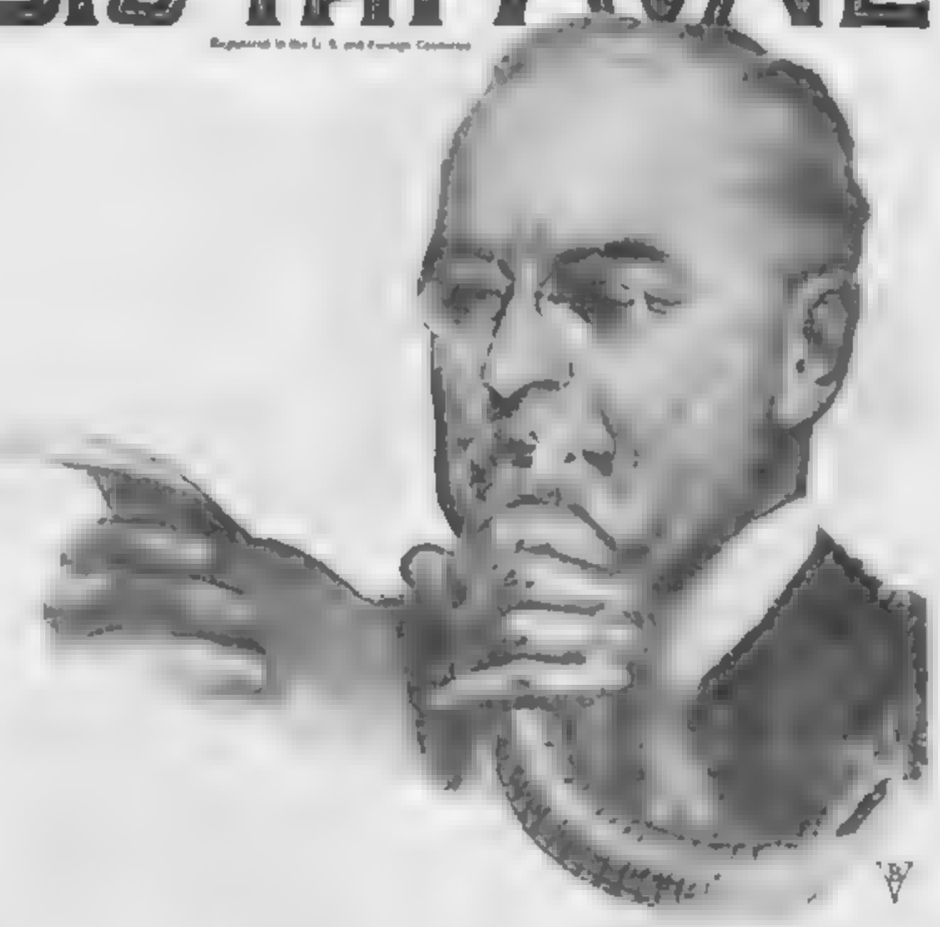

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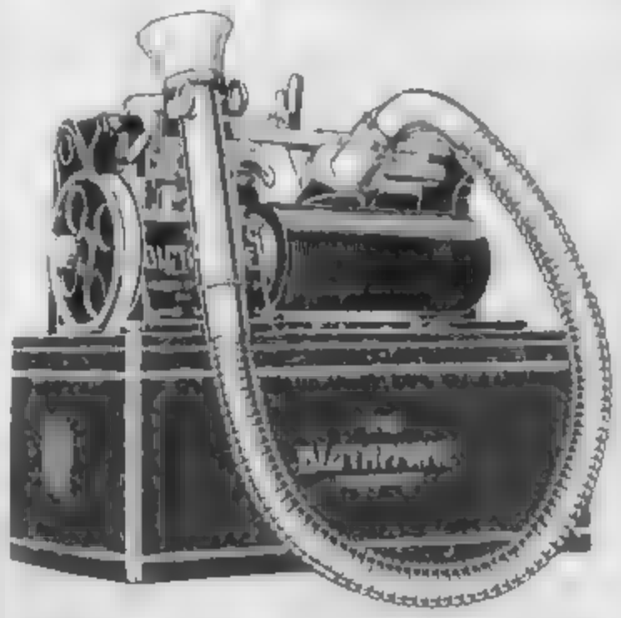

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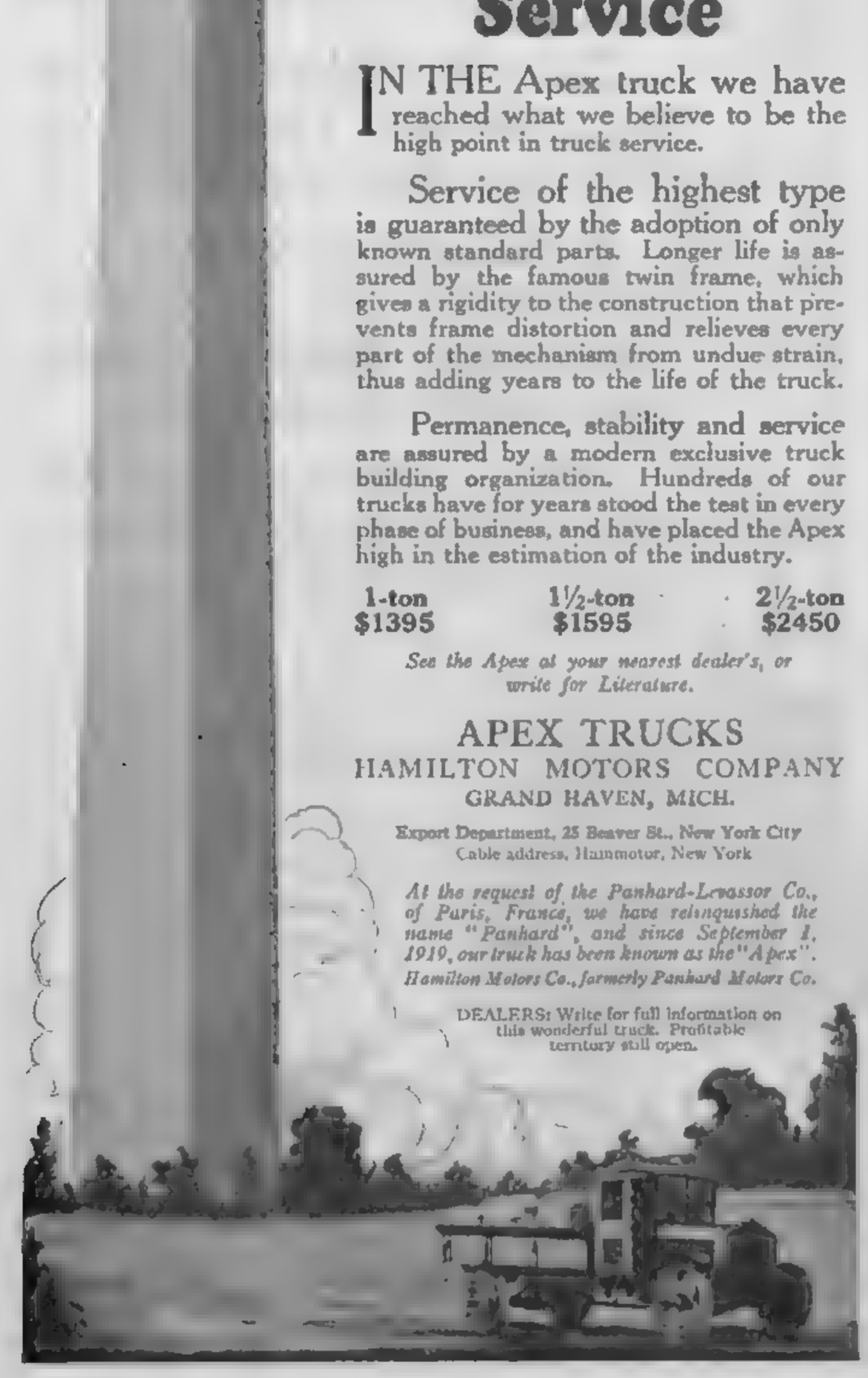

about her being able to paint pansies on a fry-pan or teach eighth-grade school. You may hear to the contrary, but what I say is, investigate. In married life the dyspepsia of one means merry something popping for two sooner or later and sooner than not. I'm talking as your friend—your old, tried and trusted friend. I say to you, investigate; look afore you leap. That's all I've got to say."

"It's a plenty," says Bobby, mighty scornful. "Why, you old stick-in-the-gumbo, do you reckon I ain't got eyes in my head and ears sticking out on each side thereof? Look! You watch me break the best records for long leaps. If I'd been short-sighted I wouldn't never have started. Can't cook! Say, haven't I got a cook at the ranch? As for mislaying temper, she may get mad at me, but I'll bet you she won't stay mad long, and if she wants to use me for a doormat I'll have 'Welcome' wove in the back of my coat and lay me down on the doorstep and enjoy myself all through the muddy weather. Investigate! I've put in a full hour investigating already; and dog-gone my wild heart! I'm going to put in sixty or seventy years more with her right under my eye if I can fool her like I expect to do. I realize I'm going to play her a low-down, mean trick, marrying her, but I ain't got no more scruples or decency than a sheep herder when it comes to that. I'm just that ornery. So long!"

His spurs clink-clanked double-quick time along the sidewalk as far as the livery, and there he disappeared. I got up and sa'ntered that way and looked in. Joe Tregear and Clippy Dargan had their best buggy trundled out and were going at it with sponge and chamois whilst Bobby and another helper of Joe's were watering a pair of matched sorrels. When they was through drinking, Bobby turned over the one he was holding to the boy. "You see that they shine!" he says. "You've got half an hour to get 'em slicked up. I'll be back maybe in twenty minutes."

"Coming with me to eat, Bobby?" I says, stepping up alongside him as he come out.

"What in blazes would I want to eat for?" he says. "Don't talk foolishness to me when I'm pressed for time. Whichaway is the barber shop? Never mind. I see the pole."

I couldn't keep up with him, but I tagged along and got there as Hank Evans was tucking a towel into his neck. "A dollar a minute for ten minutes is good pay," says Hank, dabbing on the lather with one hand and rubbing it in with the other. "I'll earn it," he says, making a lightning play on the strop. "If I cut you I'll cut so you can't cut back," he says, beginning to scrape. "You might be a-shaking up that bay rum for me while you're waiting, Mr. Stegg," he says, moving over to the other cheek. "I can talk and do this too," he proceeds, tackling the chin. "And now—there! Four minutes flat, by ginger! Set up, Mister Man, and we'll see what we can do with the upland crop in the other six."

Four more minutes was devoted to the hair trimming, and the other two was consumed by hot towels, bay rum, brushes and tonic. It was a jim-dandy job, too, and gave Hank something to brag about for the rest of his life. I thought that Bobby would naturally have a little time to take nourishment before the team was ready for him, but he seemed real peevish when I mentioned it again.

"You don't think of nothing but putting feed into yourself," he says. "Some of these days you'll get foundered and then you'll be sole mourner."

"Going to the express office for that important package?" I asked him as I trotted along.

He didn't deign no reply, but commenced to unbutton his shirt and turned into Sol Bloom's gents' furnishing and clothing, where he took said garment off before Sol could get from the back of the store to greet him. Right there the swift sale and lightning change records was smashed, and inside of ten minutes more Bobby walked out, a new being, leaving his old clothes, the best part of a hundred dollars and a strong smell of bay rum behind him.

"I'll go with you to the livery and identify you, Bobby," I says.

He stopped in his tracks. "You can go to dinner," he says, "or you can go to Jerusalem or Gehenna, but you can't go no farther with me to-day. There ain't no better company than what you are," he says, "exceptin' on occasions when there's other company that a person would prefer to have without you. I'd like to ask you to go along with us, but we would be cramped for room for one thing, and it would be highly disagreeable to me for another—if you get my meaning."

I told him that he was depriving the young lady of pleasant society, but she might be fond enough of fresh air and scenery to enjoy the ride in a way, and I went to dinner.

Ma Frush waited on me. I asked her where Myra was and she allowed, kind of short, that Myra was some place or another, and altogether wasn't as chatty as usual. Pretty soon Clyde come in, looking as if he'd been wrung out and drawed through a knot hole. He just nodded to me as he sat down and he didn't no more than toy with his vittles, which this time was about as good as what I got.

"Still happy, Clyde?" I asked him. "Too happy to eat?"

"Mr. Stegg," he says, "there's subjects that it ain't proper to jest about; but if you ain't jesting and want to know, I ain't happy but contrariwise. I'm beginning to think that I was sort of hasty the other night in the matter that I was telling you about. Sort of precipitate."

"That was ever your great fault, son," I says.

"I had ought to have took into account that that there near relative of the party in question needs licking early and often, on general principles," he says. "He was into the office a while ago and it was all I could do to keep my hands off'n him."

"Meaning little J.?" I asked.

"Meaning little J.," he says. "A freckled young limb of the devil, if you ask me. If a certain party had took the hide right off'n him on the occasion alluded to I wouldn't be disposed to blame her, come to think it over. My present opinion is that she was real sweet and patient. Another thing I'd ought to have considered was that she was in a anxious frame of mind, not knowing for sure but what I was a trifler—which I ain't. So I hadn't ought to have started in asking them harsh personal questions. I've a notion to go up to the house and apologize and set her mind at rest as to my intentions. I'd go up right now only ——"

"Yes?" I says.

"That hell's baby—er—J. was telling me about some low cow-puncher or another carrying Mar—a certain person's groceries home for her and staying there the best part of the morning exchanging coarse pleasantries with the old lady and indulging in familiarities with a certain person in a fresh and unwarranted manner, and promising J. a pony from the ranch—all lies probably. But he said a certain person was going buggy riding with this uncouth calf rustler after dinner. Say, I'd rejoice to be a member of the B. family, just to get the privilege of spanking J. I'd think he was lying about the buggy riding, but I certainly did notice a buggy going up toward the house just before I come in here. It went by so quick I couldn't see who was in it, but I don't think it was the bow-legged, frog-faced, dusty young devil in chaps that J. pointed out to me about half an hour before. The hat wasn't the same. Anyway, I think I'll wait until after supper now."

"You seem to have forgotten something, Clyde," I says. "Granting and admitting that a certain person had a good excuse for chastising her near relative, J., that don't make her no good cook and dressmaker and milliner and instructor of youth in the eighth grade and fry-pan decorator dee lucks. Ain't you overlooking them points, son?"

"No," says Clyde, "I ain't. But what do them points amount to? See here." He waved his hand at his dinner. "There's good grub, but I ain't got no stomach for it," he says. "If it was humming birds on toast and broiled goldfish and hothouse-grape pie à la mode it would be just the same without—a certain person; and with her I feel I could relish rawhide and ragweed roots. You could show me the most elegant chromo in a diamond-studded frame and it wouldn't give me the satisfaction I'd feel if there wasn't no dissensions between us—not if she'd painted it and give it nine coats of varnish. If she couldn't no more than make her mark I wouldn't care particular. I could learn her all she'd need to know. In married life the education of one—well, you know what I mean anyway. I'm a-going up to the house

(Continued on Page 177)

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REMINGTON UMC

(Continued from Page 174)

after supper and I don't care if the whole family stays round. I'm a-going to take the leap. And I'll sure make that officious bundle-carrier leap, too, if he horns in again with buggy-riding propositions. My mind is sure made up now!"

He smiled for the first time as he got up, and he walked out with a real gallus gait.

What I ought to have done was yoked up my bulls and started for Rapid, but somehow I couldn't bring myself to do it. This here life of ours is mighty dull and much about the same as a general thing, and when there's any interesting little breaks in it I love to linger where it's going on and make bets with myself on the breakage. So I allowed I'd give Blueblanket another day and see what happened. I was a-getting rusty in my pool, too, so I put in the afternoon at Gantz's parlors, improving it and working up an appetite for supper. About six o'clock I hung my cue in the rack, collected my cigars and started for Frush's, feeling as if I could assimilate all and sundry that was set before me. On the way I looked in at the livery to see if Bobby had got back. He hadn't, so I crossed the street and run into Clyde at Frush's door. I had to step back and take a second look at him before I could believe it.

The peachy blooms was back on his cheek as fresh as ever, and his little mustache was turned up at the ends as cute as a coon's tail; his eyes was bright and his necktie a baby blue, to match the stripe in his seersucker, and when he hung up his hat his hair looked as if it had been parted with a chalk line and smoothed down on either side with a flatiron. He was sure a gay and pleasing sight, and when we sat down at the table he commenced to babble like a care-free schoolgirl.

"You're looking better than what you did at noon, Clyde," I says after a while.

"I'm feeling better, Mr. Stegg," he says. "In the words of the poet:

I feel about as happy as a big sunflower
That nods and bends in the breezes,
And my heart is just as light as the winds
That blows the leaves from off the treezes.

"That's the way I'm feeling," he says. "And there's a-going to be two people happy to-night," he says.

"Making other folks happy is the secret of true happiness," I says. "I can see a certain person's eyes glisten with joy when she knows she's forgiven," I says. "There ain't no doubt about it that forgiveness is divine. But ain't you a little sort of nervous? No? Well, I reckon you're right to be cheerful while you can."

"You see I'm eating my supper to-night, don't you?" he says, smiling. And he was.

But he didn't finish it. The words was no sooner out of his mouth and a wedge of steak in than the dining-room door busted open and Bobby Nivens explodes into the room with a loud glad cry, grabs my hand and the spoon I was using and shook them until I thought my good right arm was a-going to follow what had been in the spoon.

"My dear old faithful friend!" he says, rumpling my hair. "The blithe companion of my boyhood days a-filling himself up as of yore! How are you and how's Buck and Bright? Not changed a particle since I last saw your loved face and we parted in sadness and in tears!"

He skimmed his new hat at a peg the farther side of the room, pulled out a chair and sat down—one wide white grin.

"If this ain't a sure-enough reonion!" he says, beaming at Clyde, who wasn't by no means beaming at him.

Then he turns to Ma Frush, who had come up, and tells her how the fame of her meals had reached him and drawed him from far and wide, and that he hadn't et for the nine days he'd been on the road, but he could wait for breakfast if it was a-going to make her any trouble, and a mess of foolishness like that that sent ma off to the kitchen giggling. Then he reached out and pulled my ear over to him and whispered in one of them whispers that don't carry more'n forty rods or so:

"If you ain't got no engagement and no conscientious objections to putting on a clean shirt I'd be pleased and honored by your company at my nuptials to-night."

"What!" I shouts.

He hauled off and, making a noise like a young rooster practicing voice-placing, he slapped me where I was still sore from his last attact. I looked acrost the table at Clyde, and he had turned the color of his pocket handkerchief, and his lower lip had sagged from his gums.

"At eight P. M. sharp, at the residence of the bride's parents and her little brother James," Bobby goes on. "The Reverend Spotkin officiating. Following the ceremony the happy couple will hit the cool evening breeze for the Z Bell ranch, their future home. Please omit footgear. Kiss me, Steggie! Oh, kiss me and give me your blessing!"

He seen me look at Clyde, who was a-shivering like he felt a draft, but being somewhat excited and not noticing anything out of the way, I suppose, he gives Clyde a right gracious and affable smile.

"I don't know you, gentle stranger," he says, "but I sure like you. I like everybody, me. I've known the time when my heart didn't warm to humanity like it's a-glowing now and when I wouldn't have asked you to grace my wedding without previous acquaintance, but if ——"

"I don't know you," says Clyde, shivering worse than ever and talking with his teeth shut, "and I'm sure I don't like you. I don't like your looks nor the way you talk nor yet the color of your hair—if you get the drift of my remarks."

Bobby turned to me with a pained look. "He don't like me, Steggie," he said, real plaintive. "Now how do you account for that? I come to him making the peace sign and he starts to shooting from under his blanket thisaway. What would you do? Do you reckon he knows how his unkindness hurts me or doesn't he give a durn? Would you try to win his friendship right now or do you reckon I'd better leave it to time? This is sure a sad blow."

"Let me tell you something," says Clyde, the color coming back to his face with a rush. "When you talk about sad blowing ——"

He stopped as Ma Frush came in, and waited until she'd given Bobby his supper and gone out again.

"Yes?" says Bobby, buttering a biscuit and smiling at him encouragingly.

"I was going to say that your mouth is too big and your jaw too slack," says Clyde, pushing his chair back and getting up.

"So I've been told," says Bobby, setting his teeth into the biscuit and starting to cut his steak. "You're probably right; but how can you help it, poor thing?"

"I might," says Clyde, dodging the grab I made at him and coming round the table. "Get up!" he says to Bobby, but Bobby didn't get up.

"I ain't destructive," he says to me. "He's so pretty and innocent and graceful it would be a pity to spoil him. You talk to him quietly and divert his mind, Steggie. My voice seems to irritate him."

"Dog-gone you!" Clyde shrieked.

He drew back his fist and swung it with all his force at Bobby's objectionable jaw. I reckon that swing would have done considerable damage if it had landed, but Bobby happened to stoop just then. He rose up laughing as the swing spun Clyde round; and then when the misguided lad came at him again wide open he reached in and tapped him on the nose just hard enough to start the crimson lifeblood. It was meant to be a light tap, I could see that, just a good-natured hint; but Clyde wouldn't be satisfied to take it, and made another rush, getting Bobby's fist just under the right eye and falling backward over a chair against Ma Frush and Myra, who had come a-running in.

Bobby was stepping forward to help him up, but I reckon his kind intentions was misunderstood; anyway, he didn't take but two forward steps; the rest was backward, and Myra followed him up close, swinging her broom left and right and telling him what she thought of him in no uncertain tones. If that broom had happened to been an ax Bobby would have been killed too dead to skin six or seven times before he reached the door and got out in the street, where Myra was too much of a lady to chase him.

"You miserable, ugly, bloodthirsty brute!" she said; and throwed the broom at him and hit a mule that was hitched to a post on the other side of the street, which made the mule wheel round and kick Perry Ackerman's real-estate bulletin board through his office window. I come out a minute or two later and found Bobby paying Perry for the window, and Old Bill Oliver, the marshal, coaxing the mule off the sidewalk.

"Well, how's the patient?" says Bobby, taking his hat, which I had brung out to him.

1869-1919
50TH ANNIVERSARY—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

HEINZ
OVEN BAKED BEANS

A QUICK MEAL and a ready one. A good food and a steady one. Heinz Oven Baked Beans are not made merely for convenience and emergencies.

They are made to serve frequently because they are nutritive, economical and most appetizing. The delicious baked bean taste is brought out by baking in dry heat, in real ovens—the slow, careful, painstaking, Heinz way.

Flavored, as they are, with the Heinz rich tomato sauce and tender strips of pork you will find that the family is as ready for them as they are always ready for the family.

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Some of the
57
Vinegars
Spaghetti
Tomato Ketchup
Olive Oil

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

Wheat Bubbles

And How We Create Them

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded.

The farmer sends to our hoppers the finest grains he grows.

We seal those grains in guns, then apply an hour of fearful heat. When all the wheat moisture is turned to steam, we shoot the guns and the grains explode.

That is Prof. Anderson's process. The purpose is to blast every food cell so digestion is easy and complete.

But the result is also bubble grains, thin, flaky, toasted, with a nutty taste.

The three Puffed Grains are in this way made the most enticing cereal foods in existence.

Shot From Guns

Puffed to 8 Times Normal Size

These airy, flimsy Puffed Grains are 8 times normal size.

They taste like food confections. But they are grain foods—two are whole grains—fitted for digestion as grains never were before.

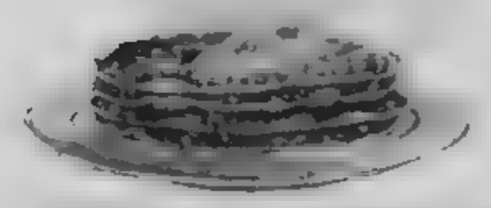
Serve with cream and sugar. Float in your bowls of milk. Mix in every fruit dish. Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat dry.

There is no other grain food which children love so well.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Corn Puffs
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour
A New Puffed Product

Also Pancakes Now

A Puffed Rice Pancake Flour Mixture



Now there is also a Puffed Rice Pancake Flour mixture, containing Puffed Rice ground. It makes fluffy pancakes with a nut-like taste—such pancakes as you never tasted. Try it. Just add milk or water. The flour is self-raising.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

"He's regained consciousness and with careful nursing, which he's sure getting, he'll probably be able to see out of both eyes by to-morrow," I told him.

"What do you reckon made that Willie-boy take that crazy spell?" Bobby muses. "I hope the young lady ain't a-going to suffer owing to her recent exertions," he continues as he walked along.

"I ain't so sure of that," I says.

What I was a-thinking of was Myra running back to help Clyde into the sitting room whether he needed help or not and a-stanching the gore and a-laving his poor eye with a gentle hand as he lay on the sofa. It reminded me of that piece of poetry about woman in our hours of ease, and I'd begun to speak it but Myra turned on me real capricious and told me that if I couldn't act like I had sense I'd better get out of here. Otherwise I'd have stayed a while longer. I'd took notice though that there were moist gleams of gratitude in Clyde's operating eye.

Bobby hung on to me until I'd got into my war sack and arrayed myself similar to a wedding guest, and then we drove the sorrels up to Biglow's, loading the preacher in on the way. Up to that time I'd thought Bobby might be trying to fool me, even when he begun to act nervous and clinging. He said he'd figured that Margarita wouldn't have no time before eight o'clock to change more'n her dress, but maybe he had delayed the game long enough for her to include her mind. He'd made the excuse to the old folks that he had to take a trip to Omaha as soon as he got back to the ranch and he'd got Henry Albien and Vandervoort, of the Drovers National, to testify that he was honest and respectable and rising and tolerable well heeled and such like, but all the same he had a sort of sinking sensation that something was a-going to happen.

And something did happen sure enough. About twenty-five minutes after he had trotted in at the door he walked out again with Mrs. Bobby Nivens on his arm, and if he had been a mile high by two miles wide he couldn't have give you more the idea of being all swelled up with pride and joyfulness; and taking a look at Margarita, blushing, half laughing and half crying, and pretty as a pink rosebud, you'd have thought she was reason a-plenty for them dimensions, if such they had been. He helped her into the rig like she was valuable eggshell china, whilst I made out to hold the sorrels' heads. It was a bright moonlight and the road lay clear and straight before them.

"Let her go, Gallagher!" Bobby sings out, and I jumped aside just quick enough and none too quick, simultaneous with a scattering fire of old shoes which mostly fell about fifty yards short; and that was the last of Bobby for a while.

"Well, Reverend," I says to the preacher a few minutes later, "I reckon we've done all the damage we can and we might as well be heading for home."

"I reckon we might, Mr. Stegg," says he.

So we set out together, and he was so entertaining that I walked a piece out of my way with him to his door. Just as we was opening the gate a figure moved out of the shadows toward us, and when it struck the moonlight we seen it had a swelled nose and a bunged-up eye.

"Mr. Spotkin," it says, "might I have a word or two with you in private?"

I waited until they got through and the Reverend had gone in and then I waited until Clyde spoke.

"I suppose you're a-wondering what this means," he says.

"Seems like it means business," I answered.

"You're right," he says. "Mr. Stegg, I understand that a certain person is married and gone off with her husband, and further that her husband never seen her before this morning but made up his mind prompt when he did see her. That's right, ain't it?"

I said it was.

"I wish that certain person joy and happiness," he says. "I feel I was mistaken in her, but all the same I wish her joy and I don't bear her husband no malice. I don't say that I like him or his ways or actions," he says, fingering his nose sort of delicate, "but I'm free to say I think he's got the right idea of rushing a thing through. And that's what I aim to do myself. I decided on that about a half an hour ago as I came out of Frush's, where Miss Myra had been tending me like a sweet and lovely angel of light. Miss Myra ain't no stranger to me and some time ago I'd even thought of asking her to be mine, so to speak, but I never appreciated what she was until to-night. That's why I come up here to see the Reverend. I aim to make sure he wouldn't go to bed before I could get Miss Myra up here. And if you'd like to attend on the ceremony ——"

"Well, well!" I says. "Good for you, Clyde! So little Myra's a-going to take pity on you! Sure I'll stand up with you."

"Er—I ain't exactly told her what my plans is yet," he says, "but I'm going right over this minute to do so. I'm a-going to rush it through. She can just throw something over her head and the Reverend is going to wait up for us. I wouldn't wait until morning, not for no money. I know what I want now and I ain't going to dally."

"Myra may have gone to bed by this time," I says as we struck Main Street.

"There's a light still a-burning in the setting-room," Clyde says. "If you don't mind waiting for a little while outside and keeping your eye on the side door I won't be more'n a few minutes. Excuse me."

He left me and run ahead. I slowed up and watched him go into the side door and then I sat down on the edge of the sidewalk and tried to get my milling thoughts steadied and bedded down. I don't think I'd got more'n two-thirds of my pipe smoked when the door opened again, a patch of yellow light.

"Here they come," I says to myself, and got up.

But I couldn't make out more than Clyde, and I couldn't make him out good after the door shut. The next thing, I seen him headed down the street at a lively clip toward the express office, but he hadn't gone a hundred yards before he stopped short and took off his hat and slammed it down on the ground. Then he looked round and seen me and come pelting up. He hadn't picked up his hat and his hair was every which way and the rich green and dark purple of his eye showed up strong against a dead white.

"Will you do me a favor, Mr. Stegg?" he asks, in a trained, husky voice. "If you'll kindly oblige me by going back to the Reverend Spotkins.

"Tell him—tell him that I'll see him later and explain, but—but he won't need to wait up for me."

He started to say something else, but he couldn't seem to get it out, and then he turned and scooted off again. I saw him go into the express office and heard the slam of the door, but though I hung round quite a while I didn't see so much light as a man would make striking a match. There wasn't but one conclusion to come to. Myra had had another of them streaky spells that Clyde had mistrusted when his judgment was cool, and poor Clyde had finally lep' with his eyes shut and fell short.

"And that," concluded the old bullwhacker, "is most always the way it goes."

"It didn't go so badly for him, I should say," remarked Selby judicially. "No doubt his self-esteem was jarred, but in the first instance his prudence saved him from marrying a somewhat useless, if ornamental, person; and, *secondum*, his luck snatched him from the brink of an alliance with a budding holy terror."

"It didn't, and she ain't—only on occasion," said the old bullwhacker. "I've et Mrs. Nivens' own personal cooking off a dinner-set that she done painted herself, and in all respects my opinion is that she come up to Clyde's first specifications at the start and passed them on the quarter stretch. Myra certainly kept Clyde a-waiting while she made sure and investigated and looked round like she'd told him she'd do that night he tried to stampede her, but a couple of years after she took another streak and throwed something over her head and married him. What she throwed didn't cost her more'n ten or twelve dollars then, but now, I understand, it's costing Clyde anywheres from twenty to forty dollars a throw, and she don't make her own dresses, either. So there you are."

"Then what's your theory?" asked Slyfield.

"Gentlemen," said the old bullwhacker, "in this here matter of matrimony my theory is that a man sure ought to look ahead mighty careful and go awful slow—— But shucks! It won't do him a particle of good."

How to make money in spite of high rent and expenses

THIS advertisement is for people who are looking for an opportunity to go into a good business for themselves, as well as for those already in business.

Rents are high and so are salaries. They may not seem high to landlords or to employees; but they certainly do seem large to the proprietor of a business.

He pays a good rent to be in a place where people are constantly passing; he has salaries and other expenses to pay; he has his money tied up in stock—and the people keep passing by! Only a few of them stop the rest pass by. His rent, expenses, and investment, so far as the passersby are concerned, are a dead loss.

What wouldn't he give for something to pull those crowds from the curb over to his window, to hold them there, to make them come in and buy? But they pass by, and he waits—oh how costly and heart-breaking that waiting is!

The man who starts in the Candy Kiss Business with the Machine in the Window, or the man who adds it to his present business (drugs, soda, candy, cigars, ice-cream, etc.) isn't bothered by high rents, salaries, and investment in dead stock.

You start your machine going, and the crowds come right to you. They can't pass by—they can't resist that fascinating moving show. They keep on looking until they simply *must* have some of those clean-wrapped kisses that come tumbling out of the machine.

You are established the very first week. Make your kisses good and people will come back for more. You have a business.

How about profits? Is $3,000 a year good enough for you? How about $10,000? How about $14,000? How about $21,000? These are some of the net profits our customers are making—according to their location and enterprise.

How about investment? Is $1,300 too much to put into a business that makes such profits as these?

Is the business easy to learn? Very. Your mother, your wife, or your sister has probably made good molasses taffy, and would be glad to show you how. Anyway, formulas are simple and cooking the batch is easy, and we furnish a book of formulas and give full directions for cooking. The pulling can be done by a machine which you can rent (we tell you where).

Our Candy Kiss Cutting and Wrapping Machine does the rest. The finished kisses fly out of it like butterflies.

This is one of 7 candy kiss stores in Lynn, Mass. Each of these stores has a kiss machine in the window, making kisses, drawing crowds, and selling kisses to them—getting the most possible value from the rent paid. Every store is making good money for its owner

Is selling easy? That's the heart of this business; that's the way in which it differs from most businesses. It is manufacturing, advertising and selling, all in one. Start our Kiss Machine going in your window, and the passing people immediately stop passing. They come to your window, are fascinated by the moving show. They get a desire for your clean-wrapped kisses. And they buy.

How about demand? Kisses are good—the lowest-priced good candy. Everybody likes them. Of course they sell—especially when people see your machine in the window.

Now do you want to go into this simple but profitable business? Do you want to add this profit-maker to your present business in cigars, candy, ice-cream, soda, drugs, groceries, restaurant, stationery, or something else like this? Do you want to bring the crowds to your store, make them buy kisses and whatever else you sell, and get the full value out of your rent?

Do you want to add several thousand dollars a year by getting boys to sell in factories and around town the kisses you make between the rush hours? One of our customers in an Eastern city does this—he makes very good money;—so do the boys.

If you are one of these and can operate in a city where there are crowds of passing people, you'd better write for our book and get the facts.

Or if you are a manufacturing confectioner, do you want to do a large volume of business in a few items, instead of a business made up of small sales of many scattered items? (One of our customers has 13 machines.)

Whichever kind of man you are, send for our book "Your Opportunity in the Candy Kiss Business". We have taken great care in writing it, and have tried to answer all the questions you'll want to ask about this profitable business and how to get into it.

Fill out the attached coupon and mail it to us today. Write us about yourself, your present business, and the kind of location you are thinking of. You'll get a real answer from us; for we want our customers to get into the business right and make all the money there is to be made.

COUPON. Fill out, cut out, and mail NOW. A 10 18 19

Package Machinery Company, Model K Dept.
Springfield, Massachusetts

Send your book on the Candy Kiss Business.

My present business is_____

Name_____

Address_____

Wrapping Machines for Many Products

We build wrapping machines of many kinds for economy, appearance, and protection. We save manufacturers thousands of dollars every year, and, at the same time, their packages are tighter and look better. Most of the Nationally known concerns are among our customers—for example:

Armour & Company
American Sugar Refining Co
American Tobacco Company
B T Babbitt & Company
Walter Baker & Company Ltd
Beech-Nut Packing Company
E J Brach Company
British-American Tobacco Co
Colgate & Company
Corn Products Refining Co
Cudahy Packing Company
Huyler's
Andrew Jergens Company
Kibbe Brothers Company
Lever Bros Co Ltd
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co
P Lorillard Company
National Biscuit Company
National Candy Company
National Starch Company
Pacific Coast Borax Company
Palmolive Company
Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolate Co
Postum Cereal Company
Procter & Gamble Company
R J Reynolds Tobacco Company
Swift & Company
Victor Talking Machine Company
H O Wilbur & Sons
William Wrigley Jr Company

Have you, or do you contemplate having an output of 20,000 or more packages a day? We can probably save you money. Write us and we'll tell you whether we can or not.

New York
30 Church Street

Package Machinery Company Springfield Mass.

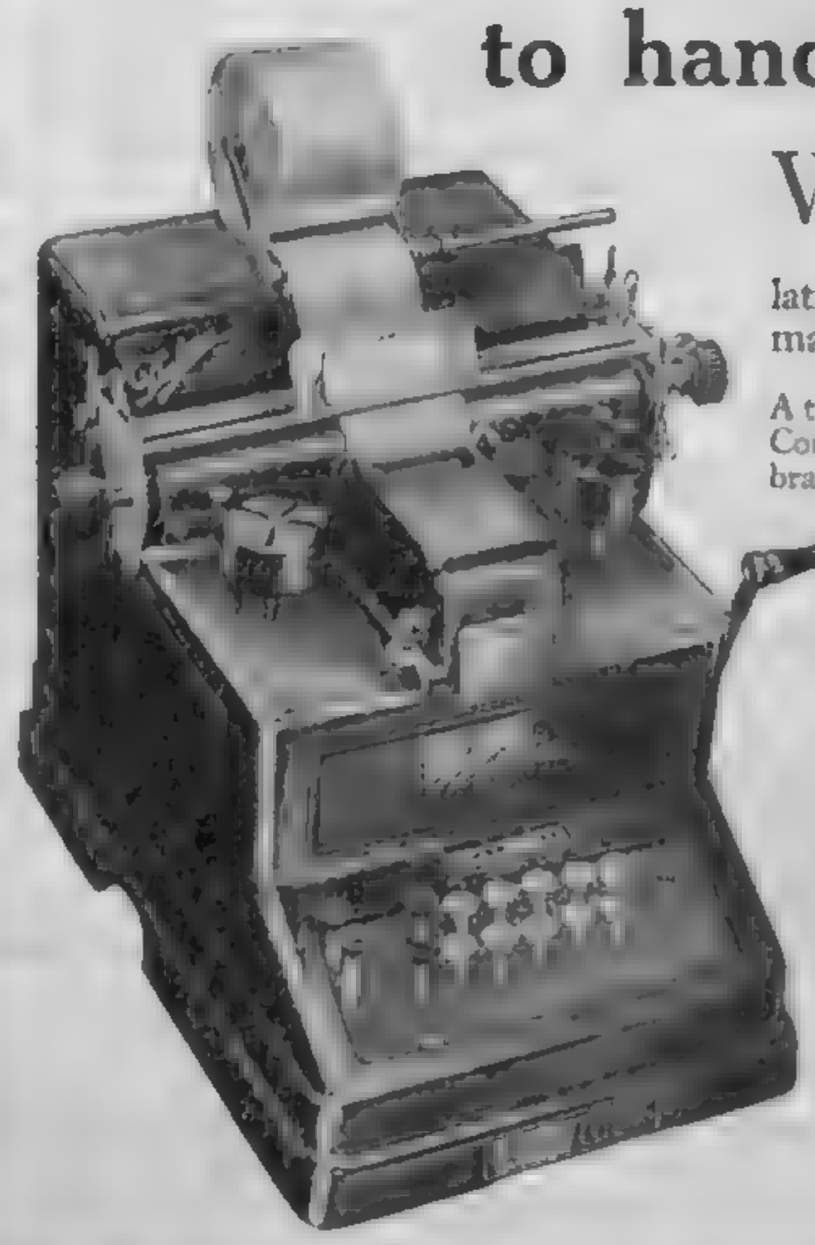
Chicago
39 So. LaSalle Street

Dalton

ADDING-CALCULATING MACHINE

Goodyear chooses 63 DALTONS

to handle branch office figure work



WE have said that the largest corporations in the country are selecting the 10-key Dalton Adding-Calculating Machine as the most practical machine for general figure work.

A typical example is the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, which has installed 63 Daltons in various branch offices during the past twelve months.

Is it not evident that the 10-key Dalton must render a greater service to merit this preference?

One reason corporations select this simple machine today is that, wherever installed, each employee immediately feels "here is a figuring machine I can use."

The employer also knows that the 10-key Dalton, which can be used by his entire office force, is a better investment than a machine which requires a specially trained operator to handle.

A demonstration in any office will show that the advantages of Dalton 10-key construction are not confined to simplicity of operation.

Here are other distinctive advantages which account for the constant and increasing demand for Daltons:

(1) Column selection eliminated. Dalton construction puts each figure into its proper column *automatically*.

(2) The brains that designed a simpler 10-key keyboard also arranged it for Touch Method operation, doubling the operator's opportunity for speed in handling figures and eliminating constant eye and head motion back and forth from figures to keyboard.

(3) An adding machine and calculating machine *combined*. The Dalton multiplies as easily as it adds, affording any office a double value because of its double service.

(4) A machine which also subtracts, divides, makes out statements, etc.

HAVE A DEMONSTRATION

Any one of our agencies in the hundred leading cities will gladly demonstrate a Dalton in your office upon request. Look for "Dalton" in your phone book or write for descriptive catalog.

Retail merchants will be sent folder "Handling the Detail of Retail" upon request.

THE DALTON ADDING MACHINE COMPANY

427 Beech Street (Norwood) Cincinnati, Ohio

Representatives for Canada, The United Typewriter Company, Toronto, and its Branches

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER TOWN

(Concluded from Page 11)

incidentally benefiting the town. He was a temperate man, and some of his rivals who had been drinking too much reformed. He was a polite man, and his rivals, who were a little brusque, recovered.

I know of no man who has actually done more for the town than George Pendleton.

Colonel Andy Miller

WHEN I went downtown in the morning I heard Colonel Andy Miller was dead, and everywhere during the day his death was discussed. Most of the men agreed he was the best citizen we had; I have heard them say the same thing of other friends who have died within the year, and there was a good deal of enthusiasm for a monument over his grave, to be built by public subscription.

In the evening I went to Colonel Miller's house. Mrs. Potter was there, and I was glad to hear that I was not expected to see Mrs. Miller, who was prostrated with grief.

Three or four other men came in, and we discussed the colonel's life. All of us remembered some incident that seemed appropriate, which we told in low voices. In the room adjoining the one in which we sat was the body, packed in ice. The dripping of the water was very disagreeable.

After we had discussed the colonel I noticed that there was a disposition to discuss the mystery of death. Everyone said something, and we all expressed the sentiment in about the same way; there did not seem to be anything new to say on the subject. Most of the callers said they would willingly stay all night if necessary, but added that they would rather not if other arrangements could be made, and gave various excuses. It turned out that Mrs. Potter intended staying; it was unnecessary for any of us to remain.

The colonel and Mrs. Potter were not friends during his life, but she seemed to have charge of the remains. I was told that she arrived at the house a few minutes before Colonel Andy's death. Mrs. Potter is usually present when there is a death in the town, and takes charge of the funeral. The undertaker goes to her, and she arranges about the pall bearers. When she is not in the room where the body lies she is upstairs with members of the family, where few are admitted. If anything is wanted Mrs. Potter gets it, and if a question is to be decided she decides it; first consulting with the family, I suppose.

It was an unworthy thought but it occurred to me that Mrs. Potter enjoyed being there and taking charge of everything. She is of little importance at any other time, and disappears from public view after a funeral, but we all hear of her again as soon as there is another death. She rarely visits any home until it is generally agreed that a sickness will prove fatal, and her coming nearly always sets the members of the family to crying; they know it will not be long before death enters the house. Mrs. Potter does not like me, but I feel sure that when it is agreed I cannot live many hours longer the front door will open quietly and Mrs. Potter will come in.

In a small town most people attend funerals as a mark of respect, and I nearly always meet Mrs. Potter; she doesn't seem to like people until after they are dead. She was married before she came here, but no one knows what became of her husband. Everybody would like to know whether she left him or whether he left her of if he is dead, but we are afraid to ask.

At funerals Mrs. Potter directs who shall enter the first carriage, who the second, who the third, and so on. After all is arranged to her satisfaction she enters a carriage herself, and is the first to arrive at the grave; she must be there to arrange things. She knows what must be done with the floral emblems; some are taken back to the house and others are left at the grave. She remains to see the grave filled up, all the others driving away as soon as the coffin is lowered and the services are over.

Colonel Andy Miller was a prominent man, aggressive and successful, but there was always something about his family life that didn't suit the women. Though it was understood that the colonel and his wife didn't get along, no one knew much about the particulars. He had a mean way of talking about marriage that gave notice that he wasn't very well satisfied with his own, and was a cynic about women—another mark of a dissatisfied husband. When the colonel and his wife were with others he had a sharp way of saying things directed at her in a distant way; and she seemed timid, as though fearing he might begin a tirade against her in public. People who passed the Miller home late at night told of hearing violent quarrels. Their two daughters were married and living in a distant state, and very much to the surprise of everyone it was announced that they would not be able to attend their father's funeral, owing to illness.

Mrs. Miller had a few friends, women who were not very popular themselves, and who seemed glad of a chance to get into the big Miller home, with its lavish furniture. Mrs. Miller had told these women, and somehow the story gained circulation, that she had never had any peace except when the colonel was away in the army. He made money and got along in the world, but seemed to hate his home because his wife was in it. When their daughters were married the Millers made much of the weddings and entertained lavishly, but Mrs. Miller dressed like the furniture in the house, the women said, and commented on it when they returned home. The men accepted the colonel, and he was a man among men, but somehow the women balked at Mrs. Miller, but without saying much about it.

At the funeral Mrs. Miller remained upstairs during the services, with Mrs. Potter. The house was full of women and the yard full of men, but the absence of any member of the family in the room where the services were held provoked the unspoken comment which frequently goes round on serious occasions. I knew that few women had been upstairs to see Mrs. Miller, and that these were those who had themselves been neglected by society.

When we were ready to start for the cemetery Mrs. Potter, who had charge of everything, waved me into the carriage in which Mrs. Miller rode.

On the way Mrs. Miller looked steadily out of the carriage window without speaking; she was going over her life, it seemed. When we stood beside the grave she didn't look at it or at the coffin or listen to the service; she was looking at the hazy distance through her black veil, trying to decide why Andy and the neighbors didn't like her.

When we rode slowly home Mrs. Miller was still silent and still trying to solve her problems. At frequent intervals she took a long breath in the peculiar way which indicates a cessation of weeping; she seemed hard and bitter, as though thinking of what she might say in her defense if her husband were not dead.

Reaching her house I assisted her to alight, and she staggered a little as we went up the walk. Mrs. Potter opened the front door and met her; they disappeared together, and I returned to my neglected work.

Cleve Moffett

IN THE river hills west of town seven out of ten farmers' wives bake biscuits three times a day. Cleve Moffett, a young farmer from that section, went to the city to accept a job. But his health soon became poor; in the course of six months many said he was crazy, and there was much worry about him in his old neighborhood when he returned.

His grandmother after looking at him said: "The trouble with the poor boy is he has been eating light bread."

So they gave him hot biscuits three times a day, and he recovered.

Should this man stop eating altogether?

He eats entirely too much—always has. He has a particular weakness for rich and indigestible foods. But now he is beginning to realize the folly of his excess, and he wants to correct it.

"Should this man stop eating altogether?" Silly question, you say. And we admit it, it is. The thing for him to do is what most men do—be careful not to eat the wrong kinds of food and not to eat over-much.

All this applies to smoking as well as to eating. The normal man needs only to be as careful and sensible in smoking as in eating, and all will be well with him. If he smokes *after meals* and not *before meals*; if he smokes with reasonable moderation and *sticks to Girards*, he will never have to worry about any ill effects from tobacco.

The Girard is made of fine full-flavored Havana tobacco from which we first remove the surplus oil-gums which sometimes give tobacco a disturbing effect. For this reason the Girard never gets on your nerves. It is America's most famous cigar, is sold in every State in the Union, and is recommended as well as smoked by doctors.

Broker size 13c *2 for 25c*

Other sizes 10c up

Ask for Girard at the next cigar counter.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf

Established 48 years — Philadelphia

GIRARD

Never gets on your nerves

In playing *one* phonograph record the ordinary *steel needle* travels 1/10 MILE in the record grooves and after completing one record the *steel* needle is *worn out* and *useless*.

Sonora — THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY — CLEAR AS A BELL

Semi-Permanent Silvered **NEEDLES**

play perfectly 50 to 100 phonograph records and in so doing travel over from 5 to 10 MILES of record surface!

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SONORA needles are for use on ALL MAKES of steel needle records.

They mellow the tone, are more convenient, saving constant needle changing, and are most economical because *they increase the life of the records.*

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CREOLE PRALINES

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Scrupulous care is maintained throughout in producing this famous candy. That's why Original Creole Pralines **(Grunewald)** made only of Louisiana cane sugar and Louisiana (whole half) pecan meats are regarded everywhere as the highest quality Creole Pralines made.

Let the kiddies eat all they want. Absolutely pure and the oil from the nut meats is good for the digestive system.

Also a delightful dessert or after-dinner dainty.

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Produced in a model, new and absolutely sanitary factory. Mail orders filled anywhere. Sent in a [illegible]

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BOX OF 12 1.50
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THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 65 [illegible] MILLION DOLLARS.

THE BUSHER PULLS A MAYS

(Continued from Page 17)

is the word till we see how matters comes along.

Your pal,

JACK.

ON TRAIN, Aug 12.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal we are on our way back to old Chi and everybody is happy even the Washington club though we took 2 out of 3 from them but they made more jack out of our serious then they ever seen before and what is 2 or 3 ball games to them you might say. Well Gleason didn't start me but you notice he stuck me in there yesterday in the 8th inning when Lefty Williams begin to wilt and put the brakes on them and that ball Judge hit would have been nuts for Gandil only for him being weak on acct. of his appendix.

Well when Gleason 1st. told me to go in there I had a notion to go in there and dink the ball up there and let the Washington boys get their name in the averages for once in their life and show Gleason I didn't give a dam but then I thought of the rest of the boys and it wasn't square to them to not give them the best I got so I cut loose and you see what happened.

Well Gleason patted me on the back when it was over and tried to give me the old oil but I just kind of smiled and pertended like I fell for it but that is the way he is Al when you win you are aces but when you have a bad day your as welcome is a gangrene.

Well it looks now like we would go right through and win the old rag as everybody has got so as they can waggle their legs without groaning and Gandil will soon have his strength back and then look out as about all as we half to do is break even and Detroit will have 1 he—ll of a time catching up with us so it looks like your old pal will get in once on the world serious dough and about time after all I have did for this club and would of been in on it in 1917 only I give up everything for my country wile the rest of the boys stayed home and made nasty remarks about the Kaiser.

Speaking about the world serious Al it looks now like Cincinnati would give the Giants some battle in the other league and if Moran can keep his club going they have got a good chance and I guess that old burg wouldn't go cuckoo if they win a championship. Well I guess the ball pk. down there can't handle the crowd that we would draw in the Polo Grounds but even if we can't make as much jack out of a serious down there all the boys on our club would about as leaf play them as it would save us time as we can get it over in 4 days if we play them where it would probably take 5 days vs. N. Y. on acct. of 1 day to make the jump. The boys was talking this A. M. about what Cicotte and Williams should ought to do to Moran a club and they would make a bum out of them and etc. but I guess after what I showed in Washington Gleason can't do no lest then start me in 1 game at the outside and then we will see if Roush and Groh is such wales when they get up vs. real pitching after the dead arm Dicks they been looking at all season.

Well old pal it is pretty near time to stick the old nose in the old feed bag and we land in old Chi this P. M. and no game tomorrow but Thursday we open up vs. Boston and I suppose it will be Cicotte as Gleason sent him on ahead to get ready. Well if he can't cut her they's others on the old pitching staff that can and 1 of them is

Your pal,

JACK.

CHI, Aug 15.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I suppose you seen what the Boston club done to Cicotte yesterday and Gleason had to take him out so as Felsch and Liebold could stand still and rest a minute but when he come in to the bench all as Gleason said to him was better luck next time Ed instead of fuming at the mouth like he done to me in Philly. So I said to Gleason I says "You send this bird on ahead of the club to be ready for this game and they make a bum out of him and all as you say to him is better luck next time Ed and the same thing came off in Philly the day I started and you went cuckoo and barked like a dog." So Gleason says "Yes you big stiff but the reason they got to Eddie was because he didn't have no stuff when he got in there but your trouble was that you had to much stuff before you ever went in." So I just laughed at him.

Well it looks more then ever like Pat Moran was going to cop in the other league the way his club made a bum out of the Giants in the serious down there and I was just thinking tonight if the big show comes off in Cincinnati why couldn't you hop on a train and breeze down there for the 1st, game that is scheduled down there and maybe that will be the game I pitch or 1 of them and it would tickle me to death to know my old pal was up there in the stand pulling for me and I promise you won't be ashamed of saying your my friend when you see me out there. It wouldn't only cost you about $6.00 or $7.00 R. R. fare and you wouldn't half to bother about no ticket to the game as the boys on our club can get 2 of them a peace to every game at the regular prices and I would leave you use 1 of mine 1 day and it wouldn't only cost you $2.00 or $3.00 and after the game we could go somewheres and hist a few as its a cinch they have still got some tucked away somewheres in that old burg as even the babys would die down there without their beer.

Maybe you will think you shouldn't ought to take no trip like that and leave Bertha home but between you and I Al the ladys is a nusance when it comes to a trip like that and besides no matter how good a man and their wife gets along when you have lived with them a few yrs. its like a sweet dream to be away from them a day or 2. Think it over Al and leave me know how you feel about it and I would say come up to 1 of the games here only what with the Swede and the 2 kids we wouldn't have no place to park you and besides we could have a better time somewheres where Florrie wasn't folling us around all the wile like a caboose.

Speaking about Florrie we had a long talk last night and it seems like she is about ready to sell out her share in the beauty parlor as she don't get along very good with the Dumonts and besides as I always say a womans place is home so I guess she is about through pairing finger nails and etc. and I am glad of it as with my salery and what I pick up in the world serious and etc. I guess they won't be no over the hills to the poor house for Mr. and Mrs. Keefe yet a wile.

Your pal,

JACK.

CHI, Aug. 20.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I and Gleason had some words today and I guess he knows now where I stand and if he don't why it is his own look out. We was playing the Washington club and Nick Altrock was out on the coaching line and I begin to kid him from the bench and I hollered hello handsome at him. So he turned around and hollered why hello Carl I didn't know you was still with us. So Gleason says why is he calling you Carl and I said I didn't know so Gleason says "Yes you do he is calling you Carl after Carl Mays because you told some of the boys you was going to Mays me and walk out on the club and Nick has heard about it." So I said "Well maybe I did say that in a jokeing way." So Gleason says "What was the joke." So I said "Well maybe they wasn't no joke but I just made the remark to some of the boys that I liked to pitch and it looked like they wasn't no chance for me to pitch here so I wished I was somewheres where I could pitch." So Gleason said "Well I will send you somewheres where you can pitch." So I said "I can pitch here if you will give me a chance." "Well" Gleason says "I am not running this cluiv to muse you but I am trying to win a pennant and I can't take no chances with a bird that has only turned out 2 good innings for me in a month." So I said "Well I can't turn out no more good innings till you stick me in there." So Gleason said "Well I will stick you in there when I get good in ready and if you want to walk out on me why walk as far is you like." So I says "I don't half to walk as the Michigan Central will take me as far is I want to go." So that shut him up Al as he knows now that if I jumped I would have a place to light and he can't afford to strengthen a club that is right on our tail you might say.

You have got to hand it to Jennings for the race they are makeing Al though we been going good to thanks to a whole lot of luck like today for inst. Cicotte was in there against a Swede name Erickson that

(Continued on Page 185)

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Seward Trunk & Bag Co.,
Petersburg, Va.
Samuel Sherman,
New York, N. Y.
Travelers Bag Manufacturing Co.,
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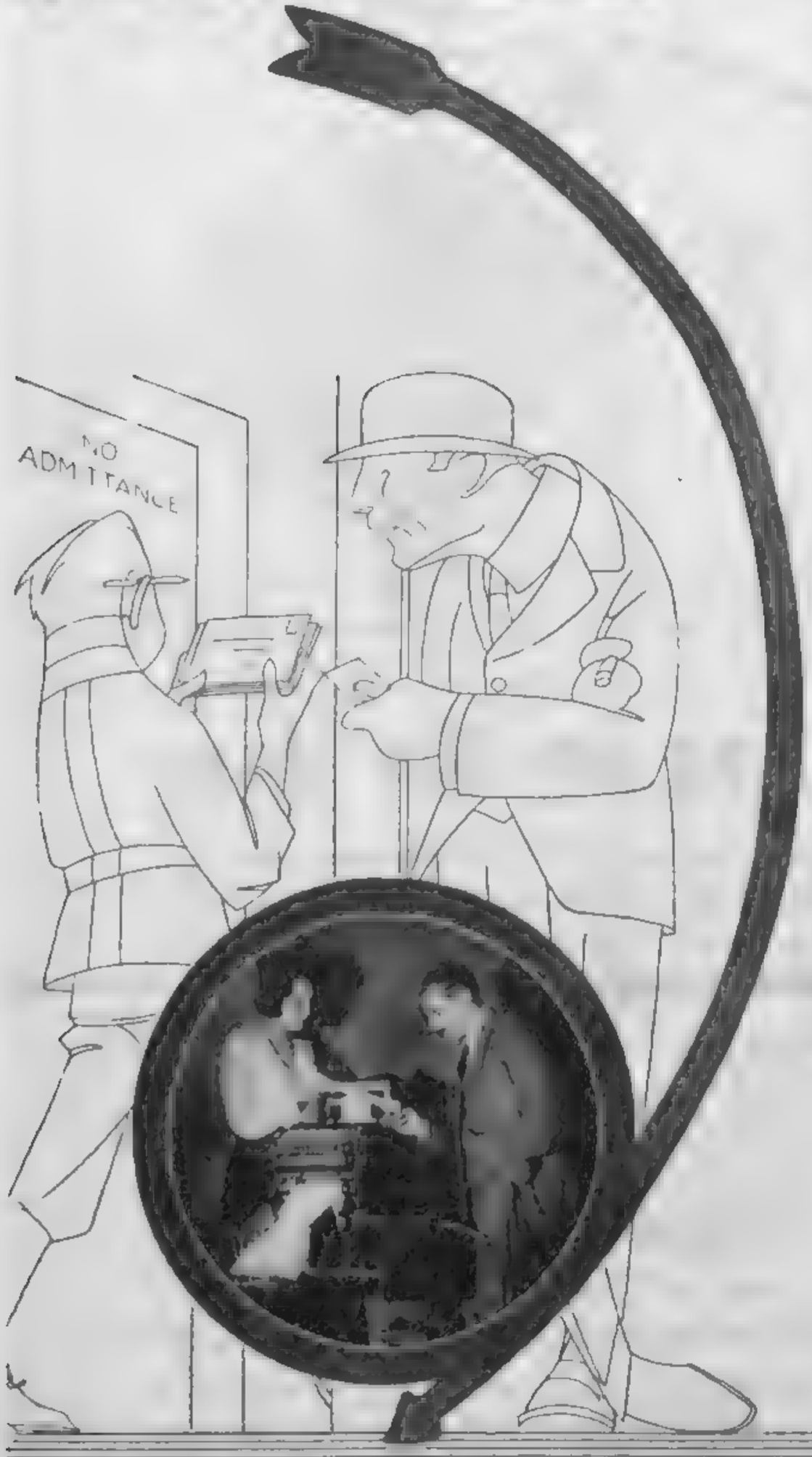

He makes the *calls*, but he *doesn't get the business.* He sits on a hard bench out in the hall, while someone else goes into the front office. He has more alibis than a dog has fleas—the line "isn't complete enough"—he "can't get deliveries"—the price is "too high"—"the H. O." doesn't understand his territory.

Every salesmanager knows this line of excuses, every business has some salesman that hands it out. But the real trouble is *lack of punch.* He doesn't *believe* in you or the goods you make, or the service you give, or the ideals and he *quits cold*—he shows about as much personality as a jelly fish. It's time to quit temporizing—get busy and either fire him or *inspire* him.

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S. E. P. 10-18

(Continued from Page 182)

the Washington club got from Detroit and the boys went out and got 10 runs for Eddie and a man that can't win with 10 runs better study for a janitor or something and a specially vs. the Washington club that if they ever scored 10 runs in 1 day the other clubs would ask for a recount. Well this Erickson certainly was good and the only boys on our club that could hit him was those that batted against him. Well Al you never see them pile up 10 runs behind me when I am in there pitching and about the only way as we can score at all with me in there is 8 bases on balls and a balk.

Well Al Florrie told the Dumonts today that she was going to quit them and sell out her share of the business and they wasn't no tears shed on neither side. She hasn't only payed in about $250.00 for the stock they was going to sell her so she will have that comeing besides a few dollars salery as she had drew ahead. Any way I am glad she is out of it and can stay home and pay a little tension to the kiddies and we are going to throw a party Sat. night to celebrate and as long is you can't be here Al why I suppose I will half to hist a couple for you.

Your pal,
JACK.

CHI, Aug. 25.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I am through. Not through with pitching baseball but through working for a cuckoo that treats a man like a dog. They's only 1 condition that I will go back to him Al and that is a contract calling for more money or a bonus or something and he has got to understand that I work in my regular turn which is the only way a pitcher can do themself justice. But he won't agree to my turns Al as trying to manage a ball club has went to his head and his brains has been A. W. O. L. for the last 2 mos. you might say. So its going to be moveing day pretty soon for your old pal and I guess you know where I am going to move without me telling you. I have all ready wired a telegram to Jennings telling him what come off and things ought to begin to pop by tomorrow at lease.

Well Al I will tell you what come off and you can judge for yourself what kind of a cuckoo this bird is. Well the last half of last wk. he had me down in the bull pen every day warming up though he didn't have no intentions of sticking me in there and God knows I was warm enough without going out and looking for it but every time I would ease up a little and try and rest he would look down there from the bench and motion to me to get busy and by the time the game was over Sat. P. M. my old souper squeeked like a rat every time I throwed a ball.

Well Sat. night we throwed a party over to the house in honor of Florrie retireing from business and I had 4 qts. of the old hard stuff layed away and I and a couple of Florrie's friends husbands finished 1 of them before supper and after supper we turned on the jazz and triped the life fantastic and I half to be oiled or I can't dance so by 11 o'clock the serch and sieze her birds could of had the run of the house and welcome. Well 1 of the husbands said he knowed a place where they had escaped from the epidemic so we went down there and they served us rat poison in tea cups and I only histed a couple to be polite but I eat something that didn't set right and when I finely got home and put on my night gown I wished it was a sroud.

Well Al I couldn't eat nothing when I got up and whatever it was I had eat the night before had gave me a fever and Florrie wanted I should call up the ball pk. and tell them I was sick but it was Williams's turn to pitch and I thought all as I would half to do would be get down in the bull pen and go through the motions but when I get to the pk. what does this cuckoo do but tell me to take my turn in the batting practice as I am going to work. So I asked him what was the matter with Williams and Gleason said he don't feel good. "Well" I said "if he felt like I do his family would be out shopping for 1 left handed casket." So Gleason said what and the he—ll is the matter with you now. So I told him my stomach. "Well" said Gleason "get in there and give them your fast one and curve and I will tell Schalk not to sign for your stomach." So that was all as I could get out of him Al and they wasn't nothing to do only grip my teeth and try and make the best of it.

Well Al to make a short story out of it I went in there so dizzy that Vick of the N. Y. club looked like he was hitting from both sides of the plate and I tried to throw a ball between him. Well I seen him fall over but he couldn't get out of the way as I catched him right over the ear and if I had of had my regular stuff on the ball they would of been brains spiashing clear up in the grand stand. Well I got 1 over for Peck and he past it up and then Schalk thought they was going to hit and run so he signed me to waist 1 and I waisted 4 and then up come Baker and I had 2 balls and nothing on him and I looked in to the bench but Gleason wasn't looking at me and I looked out to the bull pen and they wasn't nobody warming up so I pitched again and got 1 over the plate. Well I don't know what kind of baseball it is for a man to hit with 2 and 0 with birds on 1st. and 2d. and nobody out and the pitcher hog wild but that is what this bird done Al is take a lunge at the ball and Liebold couldn't of catched it without a pass out check.

Well I looked in to the bench again and Gleason didn't say I yes or no but I wasn't going to stay out there and faint away for him or no other cuckoo. So I walked in to the dug out and said I'm through. "Through with what" Gleason says. "Through with a mgr. like you that makes a man go in there and try to pitch when I am so sick I don't know what I am doing." So Gleason said "That is the way you have always pitched." So I said "Well I am not going to pitch that way or no other way for you no more but I am going to pitch for a mgr. that don't ask a man to work when he is only 2 laps this side of a corps." Who are you going to pitch for? I am going to pitch for Detroit. "Well" says Gleason "that puts them out of the race as Jennings is so crazy now that he eats grass and when you get there he will start in on his ball club." Well I said something back to him and went in the club house.

That is what come off Al and I will leave it to you if I didn't do right as how can a man work for a cuckoo that makes a bench lizard out of you for a mo. and then pitchs you 64 innings in 3 days in the bull pen and then when your sick and wore out and your souper whines every time you raise it.

Well he as much is said he wished I would go to Detroit so he can't go back on that Al or try and block the deal so as I say I wired a telegram to Jennings that I am through here and for him to hurry up with his offer.

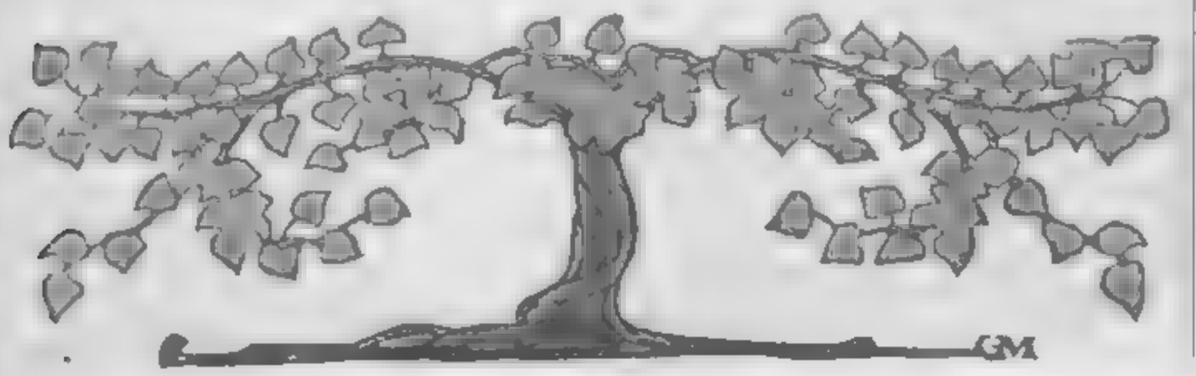
Well Gleason and the club leaves to-night for St. Louis and I have been kind of expecting that he would call up and try and square things with me but not a peep out of him and as I say he is so cuckoo that he probably won't come down off of his horse. But I should worry Al as I will soon be with a club that can win the pennant with a little help and I am the bird that can give them the kind of help they need.

I will keep you posted Al and let you know the minute I hear news. In the mean wile come on you Tigers.

Your pal,
JACK.

CHI, Aug. 29.

FRIEND AL: Well Al no news yet and I called up the ball pk. today to see if maybe they wasn't a telegram there for me though I wired Jennings my home address. They wasn't no telegram there and I don't know what to think only it may be that Jennings is wireing back and 4th. to Gleason trying to make the trade and they can't agree on turns. Well Gleason is not a sucker



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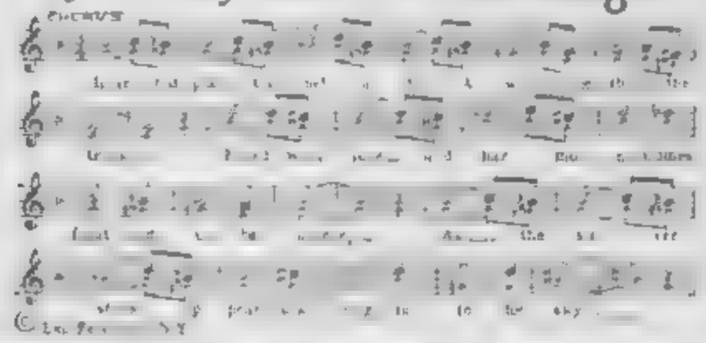

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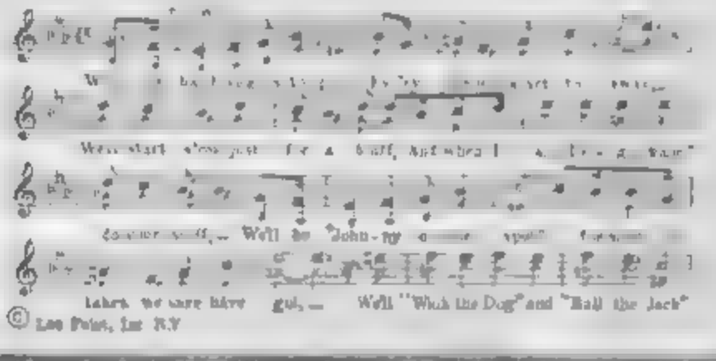
BY BENNY DAVIS SID EROMAN AND ERNIE EROMAN



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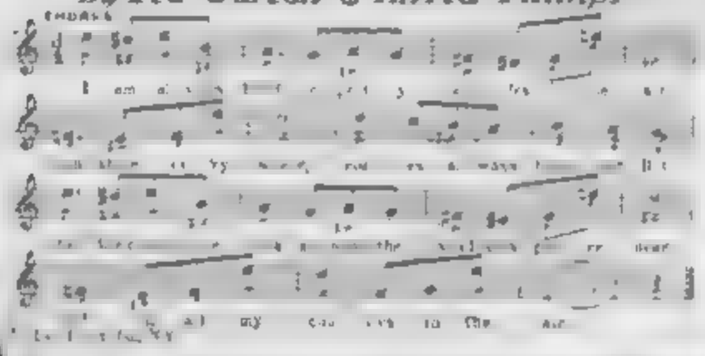
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enough to not make some kind of a deal when he knows that I won't never work for him again but or course its natural for him to hold out for the best man he can get and its natural for Jennings to not give more for me than he has to. But if it comes to a show down you can bet that Jennings will give up anybody he has to outside of Cobb or maybe Bush and I wouldn't be surprised if the final deal was me for Bob Veach and no money on the side. The White Sox has got room for another outfielder God knows wile on the other hand Veach's strength is hitting which is waisted in Detroit as they can all hit up there but dam few of them can pitch.

Of course Veach is in the game every day where most pitchers don't only work about every 4th. day but for a man like Jennings I would go in there every day the rest of the season if he asked me and work my head off to bring the old flag home to Detroit.

In the mean wile I should worry as news is sure to come sooner or later and I and Florrie is enjoying ourselfs and getting acquainted with the kiddies and still got enough jack to keep the wolfs from the door a couple of wks. at the outside.

Your pal,

JACK.

CHI, Aug. 31.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I suppose you seen the news in the paper Sat. and I am leaveing for the east tonight to join my new pals. Don't never get it in your head Al that I am not tickled to death to play for Connie Mack as he has always had my respect even if the Athaletics has been tail enders for the last few yrs. He has got the right idear Al and that is to build up a young ball club and learn them the game and by the time they are ready they are still young enough to play their best baseball and when they get good they don't win 1 championship and then crall back in their hole to die but they win 3 or 4 in a row and get enough jack to live in ease and luxery the rest of their life. Besides Al a man that plays ball for Mack knows that he will be treated like a gentleman and not barked at like a dog when things goes wrong.

Well Al the news come to me in a funny way. I was out late Friday night and overslept myself and when I woke up Florrie was up and dressed and I heard her in the next rm. and it sounded like she was sobing. Well I couldn't figure what and the he—ll she had to whine about so I hoilered to her and she come in with the morning paper in 1 hand and her nose in the other. "Oh Jack" she says "its in the paper." So I said what was in the paper and she says "They have traded you to Philadelphia you and $5000.00 for Page."

Well for a minute I felt kind of stuned and then I snatched the paper out of her hand and read it over and over again and finely I got it through my head that it was true and Florrie was still snuffleing and I guess maybe I snuffled a little to.

Well finely I seen they wasn't no use makeing a baby out of ourselfs so I griped my teeth and I says "Well lets cut out the sob stuff as this here story don't mean nothing in our young life. They can trade me to Philadelphia for all the Pages in the book but I won't go." So Florrie spruced up to and she says "That's right you just tell them they can either send you to some decent club or you will quit the game for good."

So for a wile we talked along that line Al but Sat. P. M. I said something about going down town for supper and take in a picture show and Florrie begin to snuffle again. We can't afford no partys now she said. She says "You haven't no job and I haven't and we have got less then $200.00 to our name and what is going to become of us."

Well we stayed home and we talked things over and to make a short story out of it we seen where we was makeing a sucker out of ourselfs as when you come to think of it they's no better town in the league to live in then Phila. and its near Atlantic City so as Florrie and the kids can be down there all summer you might say and I can go down nights when the club is playing at home and Florrie thinks maybe she can get in a beauty parlor there and make enough jack to help out this winter.

So all and all Al I am tickled to death the way things has came along and wile I won't get in the world serious this yr. its the long run that counts after all and when we do get going in Philly it will still be a young ball club yet that can stand the pace and cop the old rag 2 or 3 seasons in a row. And about that time Gleason's club and Jennings's to will be in the old folks home lapping up gruel.

Well I have looked up the schedule and Detroit comes to Philly the 9 of Sept. and the White Sox the 18 and I am going to ask Connie to let me work twice against the both of them and then I will show Gleason and Jennings what a fool they made out of themself and what kind of a pitcher old Jack Keefe is when I am working for a man that can talk to you without barking like a dog.

Your pal,

JACK.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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"But mine *are* bifocals—KRYPTOKS; that's why they look better."

Many a well-groomed man is unpleasantly conscious that the awkward line or seam in his bifocal glasses is conspicuously out of harmony with his general appearance. But such bifocals are old-fashioned. There is no need of the line or seam at all. KRYPTOK Glasses do away with it entirely—yet they give perfect vision for both reading and distance.

KRYPTOKS *(pronounced Crip-tocks)* cannot be distinguished from single vision glasses. They have no age revealing line or seam. KRYPTOK lenses are clear, smooth and even. That is why they are nationally accepted as "the invisible bifocals," smooth to the touch.

If you wear the old-time bifocals with the heavy "crack"—

If you have to remove (or peer over) your reading glasses to see distant objects—

Or if you fuss with two pairs of glasses—one pair for near vision, the other pair for far vision—

Then you need KRYPTOK GLASSES.

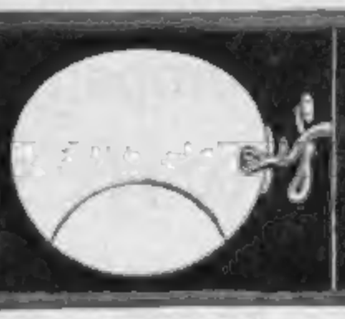
KRYPTOKS give you the advantage of near and far vision in one pair of glasses ***without*** the unsightly appearance of all other bifocals.

Ask your oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOK Glasses.

Write us direct for the KRYPTOK Booklet, "The Eyeglass Experiences of Benjamin Franklin Brown." Please give, if possible, the name and address of your optical specialist.

KRYPTOK CO., INC., 1017 OLD SOUTH BUILDING, BOSTON, MASS.

The Old Bifocal with the disfiguring seam or hump



KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

The KRYPTOK Bifocal with clear, smooth, even surfaces

Five delightful bacon dishes for luncheons and dinners

Perhaps you haven't realized that those flavory strips of meat, which add such zest to breakfast, can be prepared in an almost unlimited variety of appetizing dishes for your other meals. Here are just a few of the ways:

Omelet and Bacon

Allow one egg to each person. Beat the whites with a fork until dry. Add one tablespoonful of cream to each egg yolk, a pinch of salt and a sprinkling of pepper and beat until thick. Have frying pan hot. Pour in one tablespoonful bacon drippings. Fold beaten whites into yolk mixture and pour into pan. Cook five minutes over medium fire—then transfer to hot oven or under gas broiler to set. Cut two slices of fried Premium Bacon into small pieces. Cover half the top of omelet and fold. Serve on hot platter with fried Premium Bacon

Lima Beans and Bacon

Soak one pound lima beans over night. Drain, cover with boiling water. Add ¼ teaspoonful soda and let stand a few minutes. Drain again and rinse. Cover with warm water and cook over a slow fire until beans are tender and water is nearly all evaporated. Add 4 tablespoonfuls bacon drippings, a level teaspoonful salt, one heaping teaspoonful minced onion and a sprinkling of cayenne pepper. Serve with slices of fried Premium Bacon

Apples and Bacon

Select medium sized cooking apples. Wipe carefully but do not peel. Core and cut in half-inch slices. Fry in bacon drippings over a slow fire until well cooked, but not broken. Remove to hot plate, sprinkle with sugar and a little nutmeg—serve with fried Premium Bacon and garnish with sliced lemon and parsley. If a more substantial dish is desired serve the apples on circles of bread that have been dipped in beaten egg and browned in bacon drippings

Prospector's Potatoes

Peel and slice four medium sized potatoes. Soak in cold water one hour. Drain and dry and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cut four slices Premium Bacon into inch pieces. Cook until lightly browned. Remove bacon and brown potatoes in the drippings. When well browned, mix the bacon with the potatoes, cover closely and let steam until potatoes are thoroughly cooked. A delightful luncheon dish

Spaghetti and Bacon

Cook one package spaghetti in boiling salted water for half an hour. Turn into colander and rinse with cold water. Cut six slices Premium Bacon in inch lengths. Cook over slow fire, turning frequently. Remove bacon and fry three medium sized sliced onions in the bacon drippings until light brown. Then add two cups tomatoes, a level teaspoonful salt and a sprinkling of cayenne pepper. Cook until onions are soft. Then add bacon and spaghetti. Cook over hot water until flavors are well blended

To fry Premium Bacon have pan just hot enough to start bacon cooking immediately. Turn, reduce heat and cook slowly, turning constantly, until well done but not too brown

Ask for Swift's Premium Bacon and you will always get the same fine flavor and texture, the same even balance of fat and lean. You can buy it in the strip, sliced in the sanitary carton, or sliced in the glass jar.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Swift's Premium Bacon

Bon Ami

—for white woodwork

I make my white woodwork fresh and new with Bon Ami.

Ordinary scouring powders, being coarse and gritty, are bound to grind away paint; while Bon Ami, soft and almost as fine as flour, never damages the surface.

Made in both Cake and Powder form.

"Hasn't Scratched Yet!"

If Men Knew How to Lather, They Would Shave With More Comfort

SHAVING LATHER is applied to the beard for a double purpose. First—the soap removes the natural oil which covers each hair. Second—the water moistens and softens the beard, which it could not do if the oil were yet there. A certain amount of gentle friction aids the lather in both operations of this double duty.

Lather mixed in a cup and brushed over the face does not properly soften the beard—there is not enough friction.

The still too common habit of "rubbing in" with the fingers gives too much friction, causing irritation and often a smarting face, for which soap or razor gets unjust blame.

The logical way therefore is to make the lather on the face, where every motion of the brush both works it up and works it *in*. This gives enough friction to thoroughly soften the beard—and avoids the excess friction that may cause smart and burn.

Rub the white Colgate Stick lightly over the wet face.

Colgate's "*Handy Grip" Shaving Stick is constructed on a new principle. The soap is threaded—it *screws* into the metal grip instead of being fastened in. That same good Colgate Shaving Stick you've heard of for years!—with the added convenience of the "Handy Grip."

When you want a new supply, you need get only a Colgate "Refill" Stick—the soap alone—which is threaded to screw into the Grip, just as the original soap did. The process is as simple as putting a fresh blade in your safety razor or an electric bulb in its socket. This saves you the cost of a new metal box.

As a still further economy with Colgate's, the last half-inch or so can be *unscrewed* (using a knife-blade to unscrew the threaded soap) and pressed when wet to the top of the "Refill." It sticks—and can be all used—not a particle wasted. And this stub, usually thrown away, will, if used carefully, give you 50 extra shaves.

Lather with Colgate's Shave with comfort.

These are perhaps small economies—yes, but they are *real* ones because they save waste and needless expense—which is the basis of all thrift and efficiency, big and little.

Some men still prefer to shave with a Cream though it is the least economical way. To these men, this friendly word: Clip this paragraph and mail it to us before December 18th, 1919. We will send you, free, a trial tube of Colgate's Perfected Shaving Cream. You cannot be sure you know the best till you have used Colgate's. But we advise you to use our "Handy Grip" as the most convenient and economical way to shave. We can do this impartially as we make all three forms of shaving soap—Stick, Powder, and Cream. Address:

*Patented 1917

No "mussy rubbing-in the lather" if you use COLGATE'S

But the soap you use is as important as the method of using it. One made with too much alkali will irritate your skin—one made with too little alkali will give a "slippery" lather that does not remove the natural oil.

More than a century of soapmaking has given Colgate & Co. the experience necessary to produce a neutral soap. But that is not enough—even that success did not satisfy Colgate & Co. They have gone still further and have now produced a form of shaving soap which gives you all this comfort—and adds thereto features of convenience and economy which no other shaving soap possesses.

As easy as putting a new blade in your razor.

COLGATE & CO., DEPT. P, 199 FULTON ST., NEW YORK

COLGATE'S

"HANDY GRIP"
PATENTED 1917

The Refill Shaving Stick

"Refill": this name was coined to describe a full-size COLGATE'S Shaving Stick *threaded at the base* so as to screw into the metal "Handy Grip."

The shaving information in this Colgate advertisement was so cordially received when first published several years ago that it is now reprinted for other and new shavers. Please note also that Colgate & Co. originated and were the first to advocate "no mussy rubbing in" with the fingers.

HAVE YOU A SHAVING HOBBY?

Many men have little short cuts and fancies that are not generally known. We heard of one man who lathers his face carefully and—washes it all off and starts over again. Another one wrote us that he re-lathers his face before his shower bath.

What is your hobby?

If you have one, write us about it. Who knows but you may have discovered something new to help make even a Colgate shave better! Tell us. In any event, get the *habit*—of shaving with Colgate's.